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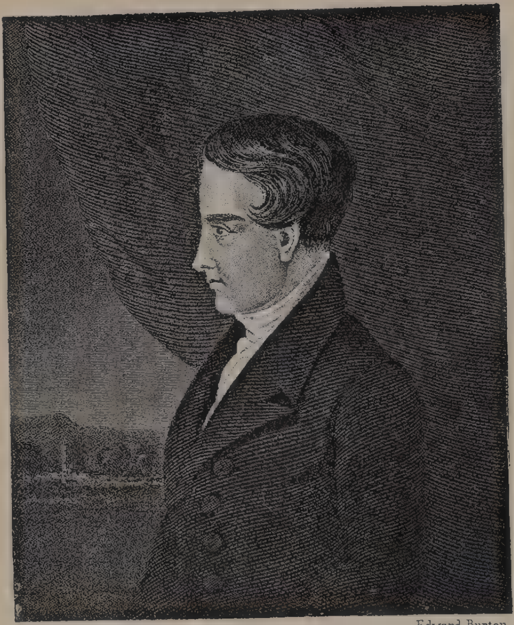
MEMOIR AND REMAINS

OF THE

REV. R. M. M'CHEYNE



Hope J. Stewart | Edward Burton

Ever yours till glory

Robt Murray McCheyne

Æt 21.

MEMOIR AND REMAINS

OF THE

REV. ROBERT MURRAY M'CHEYNE

MINISTER OF ST. PETER'S CHURCH, DUNDEE

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BY THE

REV. ANDREW A. BONAR, D.D.

MINISTER OF THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND, GLASGOW

NEW EDITION

WITH APPENDICES, FACSIMILES OF WRITINGS, AND PORTRAIT

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PREFACE TO THIS EDITION.

THE publishers of this edition have asked me to furnish an Appendix, giving additional information on such points as the results of the Mission of Inquiry into the State of the Jews, and some brief reference to the friends mentioned in the note at the close of Chap. I. The facsimiles, also, of Mr. M'Cheyne's handwriting will be valued by friends. The larger type, and a few other improvements, will be welcomed.

GLASGOW, *July* 1892.

School of Theology

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN this Memoir very much has been preserved of Mr. M‘Cheyne's own words as well as feelings. Still there is a defect quite apparent. All who knew him not only saw in him a burning and a shining light, but felt also the breathing of the hidden life of God; and there is no narrative that can fully express this peculiarity of the living man. Yet, nevertheless, as I have had the prayers of many, and have myself throughout asked the Lord to guide me with His eye, I believe He will not let this record of His servant go forth unblessed. Many of his most precious Letters will be found, in whole or in part, in this volume. The Portrait is not an exact likeness: it was executed after his death from a very imperfect sketch by himself; but it will recall his form to all who knew him. It is now a year since he rested from his labours; and this Memoir is a record of some of those works that follow him.

Collace, *March* 25, 1844.

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MEMOIR

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

HIS YOUTH, AND PREPARATION FOR THE MINISTRY.

"Many shall rejoice in his birth; for he shall be great in the sight of the Lord."—Luke i. 14.

IN the midst of the restless activity of such a day as ours, it will be felt by ministers of Christ to be useful in no common degree, to trace the steps of one who but lately left us, and who, during the last years of his short life, walked calmly in almost unbroken fellowship with the Father and the Son.

The date of his birth was 21st May 1813. About that time, as is now evident to us who can look back on the past, the Great Head had a purpose of blessing for the Church of Scotland. Eminent men of God appeared to plead the cause of Christ. The Cross was lifted up boldly in the midst of church courts which had long been ashamed of the gospel of Christ. More spirituality and deeper seriousness began a few years onward to prevail among the youth of our divinity halls. In the midst of such events, whereby the Lord was secretly preparing a rich blessing for souls in all our borders, the subject of this Memoir was born. "Many were to rejoice at his birth;" for he was one of the blessings which were beginning to be dropped down upon Scotland, though none then knew that one was born whom hundreds would look up to as their spiritual father.

The place of his birth was Edinburgh, where his parents resided. He was the youngest child of the family, and was called Robert Murray, after the name of some of his kindred.

From his infancy his sweet and affectionate temper was remarked by all who knew him. His mind was quick in its attainments; he was easily taught the common lessons of youth, and some of his peculiar endowments began early to appear. At the age of four, while recovering from some illness, he selected as his recreation the study of the Greek alphabet, and was able to name all the letters, and write them in a rude way upon a slate. A year after, he made rapid progress in the English class, and at an early period became somewhat eminent among his schoolfellows for his melodious voice and powers of recitation. There were at that time catechetical exercises held in the Tron Church, in the interval between sermons; and some friends remember the interest often excited in the hearers by his correct and sweet recitation of the Psalms and passages of Scripture. But as yet he knew not the Lord, he lived to himself, "having no hope, and without God in the world" (Eph. ii. 12).

In October 1821 he entered the High School, where he continued his literary studies during the usual period of six years. He maintained a high place in his classes, and in the Rector's class distinguished himself by eminence in geography and recitation. It was during the last year of his attendance at the High School that he first ventured on poetical composition, the subject being, "Greece, but living Greece no more." The lines are characterised chiefly by enthusiasm for liberty and Grecian heroism, for in these days his soul had never soared to a higher region. His companions speak of him as one who had even then peculiarities that drew attention: of a light, tall form—full of elasticity and vigour—ambitious, yet noble in his dispositions, disdaining everything like meanness or deceit. Some would have been apt to regard him as exhibiting many traits of a Christian character; but his susceptible mind had not, at that time, a relish for any higher joy than the refined gaieties of society, and for such pleasures as the song and the dance could yield. He himself regarded these as days of ungodliness—days wherein he cherished a pure morality, but lived in heart a Pharisee. I have heard him say that there was a correctness and propriety in his demeanour at times of devotion, and in public worship, which some, who knew not his heart, were ready to put to the account of real feeling. And this experience of his own heart made him look with jealousy on the mere outward signs of devotion in dealing with souls. He had learnt in his own case how much a soul, unawakened to a sense of guilt, may have satisfaction in performing, from the proud consciousness of integrity towards man, and a sentimental devotedness of mind that chastens the feelings without changing the heart.

He had great delight in rural scenery. Most of his summer vacations used to be spent in Dumfriesshire, and his friends in the parish of Ruthwell and its vicinity retain a vivid remembrance of his youthful days. His poetic temperament led him to visit whatever scenes were fitted to stir the soul. At all periods of his life, also, he had a love of enterprise. During the summer months he occasionally made excursions with his brother, or some intimate friend, to visit the lakes and hills of our Highlands, cherishing thereby, unawares, a fondness for travel, that was most useful to him in after days. In one of these excursions, a somewhat romantic occurrence befell the travellers, such as we might rather have expected to meet with in the records of his Eastern journey. He and his friend had set out on foot to explore, at their leisure, Dunkeld, and the Highlands in its vicinity. They spent a day at Dunkeld, and about sunset set out again with the view of crossing the hills to Strathardle. A dense mist spread over the hills soon after they began to climb. They pressed on, but lost the track that might have guided them safely to the glen. They knew not how to direct their steps to any dwelling. Night came on, and they had no resource but to couch among the heath, with no other covering than the clothes they wore. They felt hungry and cold; and, awaking at midnight, the awful stillness of the lonely mountains spread a strange fear over them. But, drawing close together, they again lay down to rest, and slept soundly till the cry of some wild birds and the morning dawn aroused them.

Entering the Edinburgh University in November 1827, he gained some prize in all the various classes he attended. In private he studied the modern languages; and gymnastic exercises at that time gave him unbounded delight. He used his pencil with much success, and then it was that his hand was prepared for sketching the scenes of the Holy Land. He had a very considerable knowledge of music, and himself sang correctly and beautifully. This, too, was a gift which was used to the glory of the Lord in after days,—wonderfully enlivening his secret devotions, and enabling him to lead the song of praise in the congregation wherever occasion required. Poetry also was a never-failing recreation; and his taste in this department drew the attention of Professor Wilson, who adjudged him the prize in the Moral Philosophy class for a poem "On the Covenanters."

In the winter of 1831 he commenced his studies in the

Divinity Hall under Dr. Chalmers, and the study of Church History under Dr. Welsh. It may be naturally asked, What led him to wish to preach salvation to his fellow-sinners? Could he say, like Robert Bruce, "*I was first called to my grace, before I obeyed my calling to the ministry?*' Few questions are more interesting than this; and our answer to it will open up some of the wonderful ways of Him "whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known" (Ps. lxxvii. 19); for the same event that awakened his soul to a true sense of sin and misery, led him to the ministry.

During his attendance at the literary and philosophical classes he felt occasional impressions, none of them perhaps of much depth. There can be no doubt that he himself looked upon the death of his eldest brother, David, as the event which awoke him from the sleep of nature, and brought in the first beam of divine light into his soul. By that providence the Lord was calling one soul to enjoy the treasures of grace, while He took the other into the possession of glory.

In this brother, who was his senior by eight or nine years, the light of divine grace shone before men with rare and solemn loveliness. His classical attainments were very high; and, after the usual preliminary studies, he had been admitted Writer to the Signet. One distinguishing quality of his character was his sensitive truthfulness. In a moment would the shadow flit across his brow, if any incident were related wherein there was the slightest exaggeration; or even when nothing but truth was spoken, if only the deliverer seemed to take up a false or exaggerated view. He must not merely speak the whole truth himself, but he must have the hearer also to apprehend the whole truth. He spent much of his leisure hours in attending to the younger members of the family. Tender and affectionate, his grieved look when they vexed him by resisting his counsels had (it is said) something in it so persuasive that it never failed in the end to prevail on those with whom his words had not succeeded. His youngest brother, at a time when he lived according to the course of this world, was the subject of many of his fervent prayers. But a deep melancholy, in a great degree the effect of bodily ailments, settled down on David's soul. Many weary months did he spend in awful gloom, till the trouble of his soul wasted away his body: but the light broke in before his death; joy from the face of a fully reconciled Father above lighted up his face; and the peace of his last days was the sweet consolation left to his afflicted friends, when, 8th July 1831, he fell asleep in Jesus.

The death of this brother, with all its circumstances, was used by the Holy Spirit to produce a deep impression on Robert's soul. In many respects—even in the gifts of a poetic mind—there had been a congeniality between him and David. The vivacity of Robert's ever active and lively mind was the chief point of difference. This vivacity admirably fitted him for public life; it needed only to be chastened and solemnised, and the event that had now occurred wrought this effect. A few months before, the happy family circle had been broken up by the departure of the second brother for India, in the Bengal Medical Service; but when, in the course of the summer, David was removed from them for ever, there were impressions left such as could never be effaced, at least from the mind of Robert. Naturally of an intensely affectionate disposition, this stroke moved his whole soul. His quiet hours seem to have been often spent in thoughts of him who was now gone to glory. There are some lines remaining in which his poetic mind has most touchingly, and with uncommon vigour, painted him whom he had lost—lines all the more interesting, because the delineation of character and form which they contain cannot fail to call up to those who knew him the image of the author himself. Some time after his brother's death he had tried to preserve the features of his well-remembered form, by attempting a portrait from memory; but, throwing aside the pencil in despair, he took up the pen, and poured out the fulness of his heart.

On Painting the Miniature Likeness of One Departed.

Alas! not perfect yet—another touch,
And still another, and another still,
Till those dull lips breathe life, and yonder eye
Lose its lacklustre hue, and be lit up
With the warm glance of living feeling. No—
It never can be! Ah, poor, powerless art!
Most vaunting, yet most impotent, thou seek'st
To trace the thousand, thousand shades and lights
That glowed conspicuous on the blessed face
Of him thou fain wouldst imitate—to bind
Down to the fragile canvas the wild play
Of thought and mild affection, which were wont
To dwell in the serious eye, and play around
The placid mouth. Thou seek'st to give again
That which the burning soul, inhabiting
Its clay-built tenement, alone can give—
To leave on cold dead matter the impress
Of living mind—to bid a line, a shade,
Speak forth, not words, but the soft intercourse

Which the immortal spirit, while on earth
It tabernacles, breathes from every pore—
Thoughts not converted into words, and hopes,
And fears, and hidden joys, and griefs, unborn
Into the world of sound, but beaming forth
In that expression which no words, or work
Of cunning artist, can express. In vain,
Alas! in vain!
Come hither, painter; com
Take up once more thine instruments—thy brush
And palette—if thy haughty art be, as thou say'st
Omnipotent, and if thy hand can dare
To wield creative power. Renew thy toil,
And let my memory, vivified by love,
Which Death's cold separation has but warmed
And rendered sacred, dictate to thy skill,
And guide thy pencil. From the jetty hair
Take off that gaudy lustre that but mocks
The true original; and let the dry,
Soft, gently-turning locks, appear instead.
What though to fashion's garish eye they seem
Untutored and ungainly! still to me,
Than folly's foppish head-gear, lovelier far
Are they, because bespeaking mental toil,
Labour assiduous, through the golden days
(Golden if so improved) of guileless youth,
Unwearied mining in the precious stores
Of classic lore—and better, nobler still,
In God's own holy writ. And scatter here
And there a thread of grey to mark the grief
That prematurely checked the bounding flow
Of the warm current in his veins, and shed
An early twilight o'er so bright a dawn.
No wrinkle sits upon that brow!—and thus
It ever was. The angry strife and cares
Of avaricious miser did not leave
Their base memorial on so fair a page.
The eyebrows next draw closer down, and throw
A softening shade o'er the mild orbs below.
Let the full eyelid, drooping, half conceal
The back-retiring eye; and point to earth
The long brown lashes that bespeak a soul
Like his who said, "I am not worthy, Lord!"
From underneath these lowly turning lids,
Let not shine forth the gaily sparkling light
Which dazzles oft, and oft deceives; nor yet
The dull unmeaning lustre that can gaze
Alike on all the world. But paint an eye
In whose half-hidden, steady light I read
A truth-inquiring mind; a fancy, too,
That could array in sweet poetic garb
The truth he found; while on his artless harp
He touched the gentlest feelings, which the blaze
Of winter's hearth warms in the homely heart.
And oh! recall the look of faith sincere,
With which that eye would scrutinise the page
That tells us of offended God appeased
By awful sacrifice upon the cross
Of Calvary—that bids us leave a world
Immersed in darkness and in death, and seek
A better country. Ah! how oft that eye
Would turn on me, with pity's tenderest look,
And, only half-upbraiding, bid me flee
From the vain idols of my boyish heart!

It was about the same time, while still feeling the sadness of this bereavement, that he wrote the fragment entitled—

"The Righteous Perisheth, and no Man layeth it to Heart."

A grave I know
Where earthly show
Is not—a mound
Whose gentle round
Sustains the load
Of a fresh sod.
Its shape is rude,
And weeds intrude
Their yellow flowers—
In gayer bowers
Unknown. The grass,
A tufted mass,
Is rank and strong,
Unsmoothed and long.
No rosebud there
Embalms the air;
No lily chaste
Adorns the waste,
Nor daisy's head
Bedecks the bed.
No myrtles wave
Above that grave;
Nor heather-bell
Is there to tell
Of gentle friend
Who sought to lend
A sweeter sleep
To him who deep
Beneath the ground
Repose has found.
No stone of woe
Is there to show
The name, or tell
How passing well
He loved his God,
And how he trod
The humble road
That leads through sorrow
To a bright morrow,
Unknown in life,
And far from strife,
He lived:—and though
The magic flow
Of genius played
Around his head,
And he could weave
"The song at eve,"
And touch the heart
With gentlest art;
Or cares beguile,
And draw the smile
Of peace from those
Who wept their woes;
Yet when the love
Of Christ above
To guilty men
Was shown him—then
He left the joys
Of worldly noise,
And humbly laid
His drooping head
Upon the cross;
And thought the loss
Of all that earth
Contained—of mirth,
Of loves, and fame,
And pleasures' name—
No sacrifice
To win the prize,
Which Christ secured
When He endured
For us the load—
The wrath of God!
With many a tear,
And many a fear,
With many a sigh
And heart-wrung cry
Of timid faith,
He sought the breath:
But which can give
The power to live—
Whose word alone
Can melt the stone,
Bid tumult cease,
And all be peace!
He sought not now
To wreathe his brow
With laurel bough.
He sought no more
To gather store
Of earthly lore,
Nor vainly strove
To share the love
Of heaven above,
With aught below
That earth can show.
The smile forsook
His cheek—his look
Was cold and sad;
And even the glad
Return of morn,
When the ripe corn
Waves o'er the plains,
And simple swains
With joy prepare
The toil to share
Of harvest, brought
No lively thought
To him.

. . .

And spring adorns
The sunny morns
With opening flowers;
And beauty showers

O'er lawn and mead;
Its virgin head
The snowdrop steeps
In dew, and peeps
The crocus forth,
Nor dreads the north.
But even the spring
No smile can bring
To him, whose eye
Sought in the sky
For brighter scenes
Where intervenes
No darkening cloud
Of sin to shroud
The gazer's view.
Thus sadly flew
The merry spring;
And gaily sing
The birds their loves
In summer groves.
But not for him
Their notes they trim
His ear is cold—
His tale is told.
Above his grave
The grass may wave—

. . .

The crowd pass by
Without a sigh
Above the spot.
They knew him not—
They could not know;
And even though,
Why should they shed
Above the dead
Who slumbers here
A single tear?
I cannot weep,
Though in my sleep
I sometimes clasp
With love's fond grasp
His gentle hand,
And see him stand
Beside my bed,
And lean his head
Upon my breast,
And bid me rest
Nor night nor day
Till I can say
That I have found
The holy ground
In which there lies
The Pearl of Price—
Till all the ties
The soul that bind,
And all the lies
The soul that blind,
Be . . .

Nothing could more fully prove the deep impression which the event made than these verses. But it was not a transient regret, nor was it the "sorrow of the world." He was in his eighteenth year when his brother died; and if this was not the year of his new birth, at least it was the year when the first streaks of dawn appeared in his soul. From that day forward his friends observed a change. His poetry was pervaded with serious thought, and all his pursuits began to be followed out in another spirit. He engaged in the labours of a Sabbath school, and began to seek God to his soul, in the diligent reading of the word, and attendance on a faithful ministry.

How important this period of his life appeared in his own view, may be gathered from his allusions to it in later days. A year after, he writes in his diary: "On this morning last year came the first overwhelming blow to my worldliness; how blessed to me, Thou, O God, only knowest, who hast made it so." Every year he marked this day as one to be remembered, and occasionally its recollections seem to have come in like a flood. In a letter to a friend (8th July 1842), upon a matter entirely local, he concludes by a postscript: "This day eleven years ago, my holy brother David entered into his rest, aged 26." And on that same day, writing a note to one of his flock in Dundee (who had asked him to furnish a preface to a work printed 1740, *Letters on Spiritual Subjects*), he commends the book, and adds: "Pray for me, that I may be made holier and wiser—less like myself, and more like my Heavenly Master; that I may not regard my life, if so be I may finish my course with joy. This day eleven years ago, I lost my loved and loving brother, and began to seek a Brother who cannot die."

It was to companions who could sympathise in his feelings that he unbosomed himself. At that period it was not common for inquiring souls to carry their case to their pastor. A conventional reserve upon these subjects prevailed even among lively believers. It almost seemed as if they were ashamed of the Son of man. This reserve appeared to him very sinful; and he felt it to be so great an evil, that in after days he was careful to encourage anxious souls to converse with him freely. The nature of his experience, however, we have some means of knowing. On one occasion, a few of us who had studied together were reviewing the Lord's dealings with our souls, and how He had brought us to Himself all very nearly at the same time, though without any special instrumentality. He stated that there was nothing sudden in his case, and that he was led to Christ through deep and ever-abiding, but not awful or distracting, convictions. In this we see the Lord's sovereignty. In bringing a soul to the Saviour, the Holy Spirit invariably leads it to very deep consciousness of sin; but then He causes this consciousness of sin to be more distressing and intolerable to some than to others. But in one point does the experience of all believing sinners agree in this matter, viz. their soul presented to their view nothing but an abyss of sin, when the grace of God that bringeth salvation appeared.

The Holy Spirit carried on His work in the subject of this Memoir, by continuing to deepen in him the conviction of his ungodliness and the pollution of his whole nature. And all his life long, he viewed his *original sin*, not as an excuse for his actual sins, but as an aggravation of them all. In this view he was of the mind of David, taught by the unerring Spirit of Truth. See Ps. li. 4, 5.

At first light dawned slowly; so slowly, that for a considerable time he still relished an occasional plunge into scenes of gaiety. Even after entering the Divinity Hall, he could be persuaded to indulge in lighter pursuits, at least during the two first years of his attendance; but it was with growing alarm.

When hurried away by such worldly joys, I find him writing thus: "*Sept.* 14.—May there be few such records as this in my biography." Then, "*Dec.* 9.—A thorn in my side—much torment." As the unholiness of his pleasures became more apparent, he writes: "*March* 10, 1832.—I hope never to play cards again." "*March* 25.—Never visit on a Sunday evening again." "*April* 10.—Absented myself from the dance; upbraidings ill to bear. But I must try to bear the cross." It seems to be in reference to the receding tide, which thus for a season repeatedly drew him back to the world, that, on 8th July 1836, he records: "This morning five years ago, my dear brother David died, and my heart for the first time knew true bereavement. Truly it was all well. Let me be dumb, for Thou didst it; and it was good for me that I was afflicted. I know not that any providence was ever more abused by man than that was by me; and yet, Lord, what mountains Thou comest over! none was ever more blessed to me." To us who can look at the results, it appears probable that the Lord permitted him thus to try many broken cisterns, and to taste the wormwood of many earthly streams, in order that in after days, by the side of the fountain of living waters, he might point to the world he had for ever left, and testify the surpassing preciousness of what he had now found.

Mr. Alexander Somerville (afterwards minister of Anderston Church, Glasgow) was his familiar friend and companion in the gay scenes of his youth. And he, too, about this time, having been brought to taste the powers of the world to come, they united their efforts for each other's welfare. They met together for the study of the Bible, and used to exercise themselves in the Septuagint Greek and the Hebrew original. But oftener still they met for prayer and solemn converse; and, carrying on all their studies in the same spirit, watched each other's steps in the narrow way.

He thought himself much profited, at this period, by investigating the subject of Election and the Free Grace of God. But it was the reading of *The Sum of Saving Knowledge*, generally appended to our Confession of Faith, that brought him to a clear understanding of the way of acceptance with God. Those who are acquainted with its admirable statements of truth, will see how well fitted it was to direct an inquiring soul. I find him some years afterwards recording: "*March* 11, 1834.—Read in the *Sum of Saving Knowledge*, the work which I think first of all wrought a saving change in me. How gladly would I renew the reading of it, if that change might be carried on to perfection!" It will be observed that he never reckoned his soul saved, notwithstanding all his convictions and views of sin, until he really went into the Holiest of all on the warrant of the Redeemer's work; for assuredly a sinner is still under wrath, until he has actually availed himself of the way to the Father opened up by Jesus. All his knowledge of his sinfulness, and all his sad feeling of his own need and danger, cannot place him one step farther off from the lake of fire. It is "he that comes to Christ" that is saved.

Before this period he had received a bias towards the ministry from his brother David, who used to speak of the ministry as the most blessed work on earth, and often expressed the greatest delight in the hope that his younger brother might one day become a minister of Christ. And now, with altered views,—with an eye that could gaze on heaven and hell, and a heart that felt the love of a reconciled God,—he sought to become a herald of salvation.

He had begun to keep a register of his studies, and the manner in which his time slipped away, some months before his brother's death. For a considerable time this register contains almost nothing but the bare incidents of the diary, and on Sabbaths the texts of the sermons he had heard. There is one gleam of serious thought—but it is the only one—during that period. On occasion of Dr. Andrew Thomson's funeral, he records the deep and universal grief that pervaded the town, and then subjoins: "Pleasing to see so much public feeling excited on the decease of so worthy a man. How much are the times changed within these eighteen centuries, since the time when Joseph besought *the body* in secret, and when he and Nicodemus were the only ones found to bear the body to the tomb!"

It is in the end of the year that evidences of a change appear. From that period and ever onward his dry register of every-day incidents is varied with such passages as the following:—

"*Nov.* 12.—Reading H. Martyn's Memoirs. Would I could imitate him, giving up father, mother, country, house, health, life, all—for Christ. And yet, what hinders? Lord, purify me, and give me strength to dedicate myself, my all, to Thee!"

"*Dec.* 4.—Reading Legh Richmond's Life. 'Pœnitentia profunda, non sine lacrymis. Nunquam me ipsum, tam vilem, tam inutilem, tam pauperim, et præcipue tam ingratum, adhuc vidi. Sint lacrymæ dedicationis meæ pignora!'" ["Deep penitence, not unmixed with tears. I never before saw myself so vile, so useless, so poor, and, above all, so ungrateful. May these tears be the pledges of my self-dedication!"] There is frequently at this period a sentence in Latin occurring like the above in the midst of other matter, apparently with the view of giving freer expression to his feelings regarding himself.

"*Dec.* 9.—Heard a street-preacher: foreign voice. Seems really in earnest. He quoted the striking passage, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come, *and let him that heareth say, Come!*' From this he seems to derive his authority. Let me learn from this man to be in earnest for the truth, and to despise the scoffing of the world."

Dec. 18.—After spending an evening too lightly, he writes: "My heart must break off from all these things. What right have I to steal and abuse my Master's time? 'Redeem it,' He is crying to me."

"*Dec.* 25.—My mind not yet calmly fixed on the Rock of Ages."

"*Jan.* 12, 1832.—Cor non pacem habet. Quare? Peccatum apud fores manet." ["My heart has not peace. Why? Sin lieth at my door."]

"*Jan.* 25.—A lovely day. Eighty-four cases of cholera at Musselburgh. How it creeps nearer and nearer like a snake! Who will be the first victim here? Let Thine everlasting arms be around us, and we shall be safe."

"*Jan.* 29, Sabbath.—Afternoon heard Mr. Bruce (then minister of the New North Church, Edinburgh) on Mal. i. 1–6. It constitutes the very gravamen of the charge against the unrenewed man, that he has affection for his earthly parent, and reverence for his earthly master, but none for God! Most noble discourse."

"*Feb.* 2.—Not a trait worth remembering! And yet these four-and-twenty hours must be accounted for."

Feb. 5, Sabbath.—In the afternoon, having heard the late Mr. Martin of St. George's,[1] he writes, on returning home: "O quam humilem, sed quam diligentissimum; quam dejectum, sed quam vigilem, quam die noctuque precantem, decet me esse quum tales viros aspicio. Juva, Pater, Fili, et Spiritus!" ["Oh, how humble, yet how diligent, how lowly, yet how watchful, how prayerful night and day it becomes me to be, when I see such men! Help, Father, Son, and Spirit!"]

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[1] He says of him on another occasion, 8th June 1834: "A man greatly beloved of whom the world was not worthy." "An apostolic man." His own calm dee holiness resembled in many respects Mr. Martin's daily walk.

From this date he seems to have sat, along with his friend Mr. Somerville, almost entirely under Mr. Bruce's ministry. He took copious notes of his lectures and sermons, which still remain among his papers.

"*Feb.* 28.—Sober conversation. Fain would I turn to the most interesting of all subjects. Cowardly backwardness: 'For whosoever is ashamed of me and my words,'" etc.

At this time, hearing, concerning a friend of the family, that she had said, "*That she was determined to keep by the world*," he penned the following lines on her melancholy decision:—

She has chosen the world,
And its paltry crowd;
She has chosen the world,
And an endless shroud!
She has chosen the world,
With its misnamed pleasures;
She has chosen the world,
Before heaven's own treasures.

She hath launched her boat
On life's giddy sea,
And her all is afloat
For eternity.
But Bethlehem's star
Is not in her view;
And her aim is far
From the harbour true.

When the storm descends
From an angry sky,
Ah! where from the winds
Shall the vessel fly?
When stars are concealed,
And rudder gone,
And heaven is sealed
To the wandering one.

The whirlpool opes
For the gallant prize;
And, with all her hopes,
To the deep she hies!
But who may tell
Of the place of woe,
Where the wicked dwell,
Where the worldlings go?

For the human heart
Can ne'er conceive
What joys are the part
Of them who believe
Nor can justly think
Of the cup of death
Which all must drink
Who despise the faith.

Away, then—oh, fly
From the joys of earth!
Her smile is a lie—
There's a sting in her mirth.
Come, leave the dreams
Of this transient night,
And bask in the beams
Of an endless light.

"*March* 6.—Wild wind and rain all day long. Hebrew class—Psalms. New beauty in the original every time I read. Dr. Welsh—lecture on Pliny's letter about the Christians of Bithynia. Professor Jameson on quartz. Dr. Chalmers grappling with Hume's arguments. Evening—Notes, and little else. Mind and body dull." This is a specimen of his register of daily study.

March 20.—After a few sentences in Latin, concluding with, "In meam animam veni, Domine Deus omnipotens," he writes: "Leaning on a staff of my own devising, it betrayed me, and broke under me. It was not Thy staff. Resolving to be a god, Thou showedst me that I was but a man. But my own staff being broken, why may I not lay hold of Thine?—Read part of the Life of Jonathan Edwards. How feeble does my spark of Christianity appear beside such a sun! But even his was a borrowed light, and the same source is still open to enlighten me."

"*April* 8.—Have found much rest in Him who bore all our burdens for us."

"*April* 26.—To-night I ventured to break the ice of unchristian silence. Why should not selfishness be buried beneath the Atlantic in matters so sacred?"

May 6, Saturday evening.—This was the evening previous to the Communion; and, in prospect of again declaring himself the Lord's at His table, he enters into a brief review of his state. He had partaken of the ordinance in May of the year before for the first time; but he was then living at ease, and saw not the solemn nature of the step he took. He now sits down and reviews the past:—

"What a mass of corruption have I been! How great a portion of my life have I spent wholly without God in the world, given up to sense and the perishing things around me! Naturally of a feeling and sentimental disposition, how much of my religion has been, and to this day is, tinged with these colours of earth! Restrained from open vice by educational views and the fear of man, how much ungodliness has reigned within me! How often has it broken through all restraints, and come out in the shape of lust and anger, mad ambitions, and unhallowed words! Though my vice was always refined, yet how subtile and how awfully prevalent it was! How complete a test was the Sabbath—spent in weariness, as much of it as was given to God's service! How I polluted it by my hypocrisies, my self-conceits, my worldly thoughts, and worldly friends! How formally and unheedingly the Bible was read,—how little was read,—so little that even now I have not read it all! How unboundedly was the wild impulse of the heart obeyed! How much more was the creature loved than the Creator!—— O great God, that didst suffer me to live whilst I so dishonoured Thee, Thou knowest the whole; and it was Thy hand alone that could awaken me from the death in which I was, and was contented to be. Gladly would I have escaped from the Shepherd that sought me as I strayed; but He took me up in His arms and carried me back; and yet He took me not for anything that was in me. I was no more fit for His service than the Australian, and no more worthy to be called and chosen. Yet why should I doubt? not that God is unwilling, not that He is unable—of both I am assured. But perhaps my old sins are too fearful, and my unbelief too glaring? Nay; I come to Christ, not *although* I am a sinner, but just *because* I am a sinner, even the chief." He then adds, "And though sentiment and constitutional enthusiasm may have a great effect on me, still I believe that my soul is in sincerity desirous and earnest about having all its concerns at rest with God and Christ,—that His kingdom occupies the most part of all my thoughts, and even of my long-polluted affections. Not unto me, not unto me, be the shadow of praise or of merit ascribed, but let all glory be given to Thy most holy name! As surely as Thou didst make the mouth with which I pray, so surely dost Thou prompt every prayer of faith which I utter. Thou hast made me all that I am, and given me all that I have."

Next day, after communicating, he writes: "I well remember when I was an enemy, and especially abhorred this ordinance as binding me down; but if I be bound to Christ in heart, I shall not dread any bands that can draw me close to Him." Evening—"Much peace. Look back, my soul, and view the mind that belonged to thee but twelve months ago. My soul, thy place is in the dust!"

"*May* 19.—Thought with more comfort than usual of being a witness for Jesus in a foreign land."

"*June* 4.—Walking with A. Somerville by Craigleith. Conversing on missions. If I am to go to the heathen to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ, this one thing must be given me, to be out of the reach of the baneful influence of esteem or contempt. If worldly motives go with me, I shall never convert a soul, and shall lose my own in the labour."

"*June* 22.—Variety of studies. Septuagint translation of Exodus and Vulgate. Bought Edwards' works. Drawing—Truly there was nothing in me that should have induced Him to choose me. I was but as the other brands upon whom the fire is already kindled, which shall burn for evermore! And as soon could the billet leap from the hearth and become a green tree, as my soul could have sprung to newness of life."

June 25.—In reference to the office of the holy ministry: "How apt are we to lose our hours in the vainest babblings, as do the world! How can this be with those chosen for the mighty office? fellow-workers with God? heralds of His Son? evangelists? men set apart to the work, chosen out of the chosen, as it were the very pick of the flocks, who are to shine as the stars for ever and ever? Alas, alas! my soul, where shalt thou appear? O Lord God, I am a little child! But Thou wilt send an angel with a live coal from off the altar, and touch my unclean lips, and put a tongue within my dry mouth so that I shall say with Isaiah, 'Here am I, send me.'" Then, after reading a little of Edwards' works: "Oh that heart and understanding may grow together, like brother and sister, leaning on one another!"

"*June* 27.—Life of David Brainerd. Most wonderful man! What conflicts, what depressions, desertions, strength, advancement, victories, within thy torn bosom! I cannot express what I think when I think of thee. To-night, more set upon missionary enterprise than ever."

"*June* 28.—Oh for Brainerd's humility and sin-loathing dispositions!"

"*June* 30.—Much carelessness, sin, and sorrow. 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from this body of sin and death?' Enter thou, my soul, into the rock, and hide thee in the dust for fear of the Lord and the glory of His majesty." And then he writes a few verses, of which the following are some stanzas:—

I will arise and seek my God,
And, bowed down beneath my load,
    Lay all my sins before Him;
Then He will wash my soul from sin,
And put a new heart me within,
    And teach me to adore Him.

O ye that fain would find the joy—
The only one that wants alloy—
    Which never is deceiving;
Come to the Well of Life with me,
And drink, as it is proffered, free,
    The gospel draught receiving.

I come to Christ, because I know
The very worst are called to go;
    And when in faith I find Him,
I'll walk in Him, and lean on Him,
Because I cannot move a limb
    Until He say, "Unbind him."

"*July* 3.—This last bitter root of worldliness that has so often betrayed me has this night so grossly, that I cannot but regard it as God's chosen way to make me loathe and forsake it for ever. I would vow; but it is much more like a weakly worm to pray. Sit in the dust, O my soul!" I believe he was enabled to keep his resolution. Once only, in the end of this year, was he again led back to gaiety; but it was the last time.

"*July* 7, Saturday.—After finishing my usual studies, tried to fast a little, with much prayer and earnest seeking of God's face, remembering what occurred this night last year." (Alluding to his brother's death.)

"*July* 22.—Had this evening a more complete understanding of that self-emptying and abasement with which it is necessary to come to Christ,—a denying of self, trampling it under foot,—a recognising of the complete righteousness and justice of God, that could do nothing else with us but condemn us utterly, and thrust us down to lowest hell,—a feeling that, even in hell, we *should* rejoice in His sovereignty, and say that all was rightly done."

"*Aug.* 15.—Little done, and as little suffered. Awfully important question, Am I redeeming the time?"

"*Aug.* 18.—Heard of the death of James Somerville[1] by fever, induced by cholera. O God, Thy ways and thoughts are not as ours! He had preached his first sermon. I saw him last on Friday, 27th July, at the College gate; shook hands, and little thought I was to see him no more on earth."

"*Sept.* 2, Sabbath evening.—Reading. Too much engrossed, and too little devotional. Preparation for a fall. Warning. We may be too engrossed with the shell even of heavenly things."

"*Sept.* 9.—Oh for true, unfeigned humility! I know I have cause to be humble; and yet I do not know one-half of that cause. I know I am proud; and yet I do not know the half of that pride."

"*Sept.* 30.—Somewhat straitened by loose Sabbath observance. Best way is to be explicit and manly."

"*Nov.* 1.—More abundant longings for the work of the ministry. Oh that Christ would but count me faithful, that a dispensation of the gospel might be committed to me!" And then he adds, "Much peace. *Peaceful, because believing.*"

Dec. 2.—Hitherto he used to spend much of the Sabbath evening in extending his notes of Mr. Bruce's sermons; but now,

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[1] Son of the minister of Drumelzier,—very promising and very amiable.

"Determined to be brief with these, for the sake of a more practical, meditative, resting, sabbatical evening."

"*Dec.* 11.—Mind quite unfitted for devotion. Prayerless prayer."

"*Dec.* 31.—God has in this past year introduced me to the preparation of the ministry,—I bless Him for that. He has helped me to give up much of my shame to name His name, and be on His side, especially before particular friends,—I bless Him for that. He has taken conclusively away friends that might have been a snare,—must have been a stumbling-block,—I bless Him for that. He has introduced me to one Christian friend, and sealed more and more my amity with another,—I bless Him for that."

Jan. 27, 1833.—On this day it had been the custom of his brother David to write a "Carmen Natale" on their father's birthday. Robert took up the domestic song this year; and in doing so, makes some beautiful and tender allusions.

Ah! where is the harp that was strung to thy praise,
So oft and so sweetly in happier days?
When the tears that we shed were the tears of our joy,
And the pleasures of home were unmixed with alloy?
The harp is now mute—its last breathings are spoken—
And the cord, though 'twas threefold, is now, alas, broken!
Yet why should we murmur, short-sighted and vain,
Since death to that loved one was undying gain?
Ah, fools! shall we grieve that he left this poor scene,
To dwell in the realms that are ever serene?
Though he sparkled the gem in our circle of love,
He is even more prized in the circles above.
And though sweetly he sung of his father on earth,
When this day would inspire him with tenderest mirth,
Yet a holier tone to his harp is now given,
As he sings to his unborn Father in heaven.

Feb. 3.—Writing to a medical friend of his brother William's, he says: "I remember long ago a remark you once made to William, which has somehow or other stuck in my head, viz. that medical men ought to make a distinct study of the Bible, purely for the sake of administering conviction and consolation to their patients. I think you also said that you had actually begun with that view. Such a determination, though formed in youth, is one which I trust riper years will not make you blush to own."

"*Feb.* 11.—Somewhat overcome. Let me see: there is a creeping defect here. Humble, purpose-like reading of the word omitted. What plant can be unwatered and not wither?"

"*Feb.* 16.—Walk to Corstorphine Hill. Exquisite clear view,

—blue water, and brown fields, and green firs. Many thoughts on the follies of my youth. How many, O Lord, may they be? Summed up in one—ungodliness!"

"*Feb.* 21.—Am I as willing as ever to preach to the lost heathen?"

"*March* 8.—Biblical criticism. This must not supersede heart-work. How apt it is!"

"*March* 12.—Oh for activity, activity, activity!"

"*March* 29.—To-day my second session (at the Divinity Hall) ends. I am now in the middle of my career. God hold me on with a steady pace!"

"*March* 31.—The bull tosses in the net! How should the Christian imitate the anxieties of the worldling!"

April 17.—He heard of the death of one whom many friends had esteemed much and lamented deeply. This led him to touch the strings of his harp again, in a measure somewhat irregular, yet sad and sweet.

"WE ALL DO FADE AS A LEAF."

SHE LIVED—
So dying-like and frail,
That every bitter gale
Of winter seemed to blow
Only to lay her low!
She lived to show how He,
Who stills the stormy sea,
Can overrule the winter's power,
And keep alive the tiniest flower—
Can bear the young lamb in His arms,
And shelter it from death's alarms.

SHE DIED—
When spring, with brightest flowers,
Was fresh'ning all the bowers,
The linnet sung her choicest lay,
When her sweet voice was hush'd for aye.
The snowdrop rose above the ground
When she beneath her pillow found,
Both cold, and white, and fair,—
She, fairest of the fair,
She died to teach us all
The loveliest must fall.
A curse is written on the brow
Of beauty; and the lover's vow
Cannot retain the flitting breath,
Nor save from all-devouring death.

SHE LIVES—
The spirit left the earth;
And He who gave her birth
Has called her to His dread abode,
To meet her Saviour and her God.
She lives, to tell how blest
Is the everlasting rest

Of those who, in the Lamb's blood laved,
Are chosen, sanctified, and saved!
How fearful is their doom
Who drop into the tomb
Without a covert from the ire
Of Him who is consuming fire!

SHE SHALL LIVE—
The grave shall yield his prize,
When, from the rending skies,
Christ shall with shouting angels come
To wake the slumberers of the tomb.
And many more shall rise
Before our longing eyes.
Oh! may we all together meet,
Embracing the Redeemer's feet!

"*May* 20.—General Assembly. The motion regarding Chapels of Ease lost by 106 to 103. Every shock of the ram is heavier and stronger, till all shall give way."

"*June* 4.—Evening almost lost. Music will not sanctify, though it make feminine the heart."

"*June* 22.—Omissions make way for commissions. Could I but take effective warning! A world's wealth would not make up for that saying, 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father.' But how shall we that are dead to sin live any longer therein?"

"*June* 30.—Self-examination. Why is a missionary life so often an object of my thoughts? Is it simply for the love I bear to souls? Then, why do I not show it more where I am? Souls are as precious here as in Burmah. Does the romance of the business not weigh anything with me?—the interest and esteem I would carry with me?—the nice journals and letters I should write and receive? Why would I so much rather go to the East than to the West Indies? Am I wholly deceiving my own heart? and have I not a spark of true missionary zeal? Lord, give me to understand and imitate the spirit of those unearthly words of Thy dear Son: 'It is enough for the disciple that he be as his Master, and the servant as his Lord.' 'He that loveth father or mother more than Me, is not worthy of Me.' *Gloria in excelsis Deo!*"

"*Aug.* 13.—Clear conviction of sin is the only true origin of dependence on another's righteousness, and therefore (strange to say!) of the Christian's peace of mind and cheerfulness."

"*Sept.* 8.—Reading Adams' *Private Thoughts.* Oh for his heart-searching humility! Ah me! on what mountains of pride must I be wandering, when all I do is tinctured with the very sins this man so deplores; yet where are my wailings, where my tears, over my love of praise?"

"*Nov.* 14.—Composition—a pleasant kind of labour. I fear the love of applause or effect goes a great way. May God keep me from preaching myself instead of Christ crucified."

"*Jan.* 15, 1834.—Heard of the death of J. S., off the Cape of Good Hope. O God! how Thou breakest into families! Must not the disease be dangerous, when a tender-hearted surgeon cuts deep into the flesh? How much more when God is the operator, 'who afflicteth not *from his heart* [מלבו] nor grieveth the children of men!' (Lam. iii. 33)."

"*Feb.* 23, Sabbath.—Rose early to seek God, and found Him whom my soul loveth. Who would not rise early to meet such company? The rains are over and gone. They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

Feb. 24.—He writes a letter to one who, he feared, was only sentimental, and not really under a sense of sin. "Is it possible, think you, for a person to be conceited of his miseries? May there not be a deep leaven of pride in telling how desolate and how unfeeling we are?—in brooding over our unearthly pains?—in our being excluded from the unsympathetic world?—in our being the invalids of Christ's hospital?" He had himself been taught by the Spirit that it is more humbling for us to *take what grace offers*, than to bewail our wants and worthlessness.

Two days after, he records, with thankful astonishment, that for the first time in his life he had been blest to awaken a soul. All who find Christ for themselves are impelled, by the holy necessity of constraining love, to seek the salvation of others. Andrew findeth his brother Peter, and Philip findeth his friend Nathanael. So was it in the case before us. He no sooner knew Christ's righteousness as his own covering, than he longed to see others clothed in the same spotless robe. And it is peculiarly interesting to read the feelings of one who was yet to be blest in plucking so many brands from the fire, when, for the first time, he saw the Lord graciously employing him in this more than angelic work. We have his own testimony. "*Feb.* 26.—After sermon. The precious tidings that a soul has been melted down by the grace of the Saviour. How blessed an answer to prayer, if it be really so! 'Can these dry bones live? Lord, Thou knowest.' What a blessed thing it is to see the first grievings of the awakened spirit, when it cries, 'I cannot see myself a sinner; I cannot pray, for my vile heart wanders!'

It has refreshed me more than a thousand sermons. I know not how to thank and admire God sufficiently for this incipient work. Lord, perfect that which Thou hast begun!" A few days after: "Lord, I thank Thee that Thou hast shown me this marvellous working, though I was but an adoring spectator rather than an instrument."

It is scarcely less interesting, in the case of one so gifted for the work of visiting the careless, and so singularly skilled in ministering the word by the bedside of the dying, to find a record of the occasion when the Lord led him forth to take his first survey of this field of labour. There existed at that time, among some of the students attending the Divinity Hall, a society, the sole object of which was to stir up each other to set apart an hour or two every week for visiting the careless and needy in the most neglected portions of the town. Our rule was, not to subtract anything from our times of study, but to devote to this work an occasional hour in the intervals between different classes, or an hour that might otherwise have been given to recreation. All of us felt the work to be trying to the flesh at the outset; but none ever repented of persevering in it. One Saturday forenoon, at the close of the usual prayer-meeting, which met in Dr. Chalmers' vestry, we went up together to a district in the Castle Hill. It was Robert's first near view of the heathenism of his native city, and the effect was enduring.

"*March* 3.—Accompanied A. B. in one of his rounds through some of the most miserable habitations I ever beheld. Such scenes I never before dreamed of. Ah! why am I such a stranger to the poor of my native town? I have passed their doors thousands of times; I have admired the huge black piles of building, with their lofty chimneys breaking the sun's rays—why have I never ventured within? How dwelleth the love of God in me? How cordial is the welcome even of the poorest and most loathsome to the voice of Christian sympathy! What imbedded masses of human beings are huddled together, unvisited by friend or minister! 'No man careth for our souls' is written over every forehead. Awake, my soul! Why should I give hours and days any longer to the vain world, when there is such a world of misery at my very door? Lord, put Thine own strength in me; confirm every good resolution; forgive my past long life of uselessness and folly."

He forthwith became one of the society's most steady members, cultivating a district in the Canongate, teaching a

Sabbath school, and distributing the Monthly Visitor, along with Mr. Somerville. His experience there was fitted to give him insight into the sinner's depravity in all its forms. His first visit in his district is thus noticed: "*March* 24.—Visited two families with tolerable success. God grant a blessing may go with us! Began in fear and weakness, and in much trembling. May the power be of God." Soon after, he narrates the following scene:—"Entered the house of ——. Heard her swearing as I came up the stair. Found her storming at three little grandchildren, whom her daughter had left with her. She is a seared, hard-hearted wretch. Read Ezek. xxxiii. Interrupted by the entrance of her second daughter, furiously demanding her marriage lines. Became more discreet. Promised to come back—never came. Her father-in-law entered, a hideous spectacle of an aged drunkard, demanding money. Left the house with warnings." Another case he particularly mentions of a sick woman, who, though careless before, suddenly seemed to float into a sea of joy, without being able to give any scriptural account of the change. She continued, I believe, to her death in this state; but he feared it was a subtile delusion of Satan as an angel of light. One soul, however, was, to all appearance, brought truly to the Rock of Ages during his and his friend's prayerful visitations. These were first-fruits.

He continues his diary, though often considerable intervals occur in the register of his spiritual state.

"*May* 9.—How kindly has God thwarted me in every instance where I sought to enslave myself! I will learn at least to glory in disappointments."

"*May* 10.—At the Communion. Felt less use for the minister than ever. Let the Master of the feast alone speak to my heart." He felt at such times, as many of the Lord's people have always done, that it is not the addresses of the ministers in serving the table, but the *Supper itself*, that ought to "satiate their souls with fatness."

May 21.—It is affecting to us to read the following entry: "This day I attained my twenty-first year. Oh, how long and how worthlessly I have lived, Thou only knowest! *Neff* died in his thirty-first year; when shall I?"[1]

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[1] It is worthy of notice how often the Lord has done much work by a few years of holy labour. In our Church, G. Gillespie and J. Durham died at thirty-six; Hugh Binning at twenty-six; Andrew Gray when scarcely at twenty-two. Of our witnesses, Patrick Hamilton was cut off at twenty-four, and Hugh M'Kail at twenty-

May 29.—He this day wrote very faithfully, yet very kindly, to one who seemed to him not a believer, and who nevertheless appropriated to herself the *promises* of God. "If you are wholly unassured of your being a believer, is it not a contradiction in terms to say that you are sure the believers' promises belong to you? Are you *an assured believer?* If so, rejoice in your heirship; and yet rejoice with trembling; for that is the very character of God's heirs. But are you *unassured*—nay, *wholly unassured?* then what mad presumption to say to your soul that these promises, being in the Bible, must belong indiscriminately to all! It is too gross a contradiction for you to compass, except in word." He then shows that *Christ's free offer* must be accepted by the sinner, and so the *promises* become his. "The sinner complies with the call or offer, 'Come unto me;' and thereafter, but not before, can claim the annexed *promise* as his: 'I will give thee rest.'"

"*Aug.* 14.—Partial fast, and seeking God's face by prayer. This day thirty years, my late dear brother was born. Oh for more love, and then will come more peace!" That same evening he wrote the hymn, "The Barren Fig Tree."

"*Oct.* 17.—Private meditation exchanged for conversation. Here is the root of the evil,—forsake God, and He forsakes us."

Some evening this month he had been reading Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted.* Deeply impressed with the affectionate and awfully solemn urgency of the man of God, he wrote—

Though Baxter's lips have long in silence hung,
And death long hush'd that sinner-wakening tongue,
Yet still, though dead, he speaks aloud to all,
And from the grave still issues forth his "Call":
Like some loud angel-voice from Zion hill,
The mighty echo rolls and rumbles still.
Oh, grant that we, when sleeping in the dust,
May thus speak forth the wisdom of the just!

Mr. M'Cheyne was peculiarly subject to attacks of fever, and by one of these was he laid down on a sick-bed on 15th November. However, this attack was of short duration, On the 21st he writes: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits. Learned more and more of the value of *Jehovah Tzidkenu.*" He had, three days before, written his well-known hymn, "I once was a stranger," etc., entitled "Jehovah Tzidkenu, the Watchword of the Reformers." It was the fruit of a slight

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six. In other churches we might mention many, such as John Janeway at twenty-three, David Brainerd at thirty, and Henry Martyn at thirty-two. Theirs was a short life, filled up with usefulness, and crowned with glory. Oh to be as they.

illness which had tried his soul, by setting it more immediately in view of the judgment-seat of Christ; and the hymn which he so sweetly sung reveals the sure and solid confidence of his soul. In reference to that same illness, he seems to have penned the following lines, 24th November:—

He tenderly binds up the broken in heart,
  The soul bowed down He will raise:
For mourning, the ointment of joy will impart:
  For heaviness, garments of praise.

Ah, come, then, and sing to the praise of our God,
  Who giveth and taketh away;
Who first by His kindness, and then by His rod,
  Would teach us, poor sinners, to pray.

For in the assembly of Jesus' first-born,
  Who anthems of gratitude raise,
Each heart has by great tribulation been torn,
  Each voice turned from wailing to praise.

"*Nov.* 9.—Heard of Edward Irving's death. I look back upon him with awe, as on the saints and martyrs of old. A holy man in spite of all his delusions and errors. He is now with his God and Saviour, whom he wronged so much, yet, I am persuaded, loved so sincerely. How should we lean for wisdom, not on ourselves, but on the God of all grace!"

"*Nov.* 21.—If nothing else will do to sever me from my sins, Lord, send me such sore and trying calamities as shall awake me from earthly slumbers. It must always be best to be alive to Thee, whatever be the quickening instrument. I tremble as I write, for oh! on every hand do I see too likely occasions for sore afflictions."

"*Feb.* 15, 1835.—To-morrow I undergo my trials before the Presbytery. May God give me courage in the hour of need. What should I fear? If God see meet to put me into the ministry, who shall keep me back? If I be not meet, why should I be thrust forward? To Thy service I desire to dedicate myself over and over again."

"*March* 1.—Bodily service. What change is there in the heart! Wild, earthly affections there are here; strong, coarse passions; bands both of iron and silk. But I thank Thee, O my God, that they make me cry, 'O wretched man!' Bodily weakness, too, depresses me."

"*March* 29.—College finished on Friday last. My last appearance there. Life itself is vanishing fast. Make haste for eternity."

In such records as these, we read God's dealings with his soul up to the time when he was licensed to preach the gospel. His preparatory discipline, both of heart and of intellect, had been directed by the Great Head of the Church in a way that remarkably qualified him for the work he was to perform in the vineyard.

His soul was prepared for the awful work of the ministry by much prayer, and much study of the word of God; by affliction in his person; by inward trials and sore temptations; by experience of the depth of corruption in his own heart, and by discoveries of the Saviour's fulness of grace. He learnt experimentally to ask, "Who is he that overcometh the world, but he that believeth that Jesus is the Son of God?" (1 John v. 5). During the four years that followed his awakening, he was oftentimes under the many waters, but was ever raised again by the same divine hand that had drawn him out at the first; till at length, though still often violently tossed, the vessel was able steadily to keep the summit of the wave. It appears that he learnt the way of salvation experimentally, ere he knew it accurately by theory and system; and thus no doubt it was that his whole ministry was little else than a giving out of his own inward life.

The Visiting Society noticed above was much blessed to the culture of his soul, and not less so the Missionary Association and the prayer meeting connected with it. None were more regular at the hour of prayer than he, and none more frequently led up our praises to the throne. He was for some time secretary to the Association, and interested himself deeply in details of missionary labours. Indeed, to the last day of his life, his thoughts often turned to foreign lands; and one of the last notes he wrote was to the secretary of the Association in Edinburgh, expressing his unabated interest in their prosperity.

During the first years of his college course, his studies did not absorb his whole attention; but no sooner was the change on his soul begun, than his studies shared in the results. A deeper sense of responsibility led him to occupy his talents for the service of Him who bestowed them. There have been few who, along with a devotedness of spirit that sought to be ever directly engaged in the Lord's work, have nevertheless retained such continued and undecaying esteem for the advantages of study. While attending the usual literary and philosophical classes, he found time to turn his attention to geology and natural history. And often in his days of most successful preaching, when, next to his own soul, his parish and his flock were his only care, he has been known to express a regret that he had not laid up in former days more stores of all useful knowledge; for he found himself able to use the jewels of the Egyptians in the service of Christ. His previous studies would sometimes flash into his mind some happy illustration of divine truth, at the very moment when he was most solemnly applying the glorious gospel to the most ignorant and vile.

His own words will best show his estimate of study, and at the same time the prayerful manner in which he felt it should be carried on. "Do get on with your studies," he wrote to a young student in 1840. "Remember you are now forming the character of your future ministry in great measure, if God spare you. If you acquire slovenly or sleepy habits of study now, you will never get the better of it. Do everything in its own time. Do everything in earnest; if it is worth doing, then do it with all your might. Above all, keep much in the presence of God. Never see the face of man till you have seen His face who is our life, our all. Pray for others; pray for your teachers, fellow-students," etc. To another he wrote: "Beware of the atmosphere of the classics. It is pernicious indeed; and you need much of the south wind breathing over the Scriptures to counteract it. True, we ought to know them; but only as chemists handle poisons—to discover their qualities, not to infect their blood with them." And again: "Pray that the Holy Spirit would not only make you a believing and holy lad, but make you wise in your studies also. A ray of divine light in the soul sometimes clears up a mathematical problem wonderfully. The smile of God calms the spirit, and the left hand of Jesus holds up the fainting head, and His Holy Spirit quickens the affection, so that even natural studies go on a million times more easily and comfortably."

Before entering the Divinity Hall, he had attended a private class for the study of Hebrew; and having afterwards attended the two sessions of Dr Brunton's college class, he made much progress in that language. He could consult the Hebrew original of the Old Testament with as much ease as most of our ministers are able to consult the Greek of the New.

It was about the time of his first year's attendance at the Hall that I began to know him as an intimate friend. During the summer vacations,—that we might redeem the time,—some of us who remained in town, when most of our fellow-students were gone to the country, used to meet once every week in the forenoon, for the purpose of investigating some point of *Systematic Divinity*, and stating to each other the amount and result of our private reading. At another time we met in a similar way, till we had overtaken the chief points of the *Popish Controversy*. Advancement in our acquaintance with the Greek and Hebrew Scriptures also brought us together; and one summer the study of *Unfulfilled Prophecy* assembled a few of us once a week, at an early morning hour, when, though our views differed much on particular points, we never failed to get food to our souls in the Scriptures we explored. But no society of this kind was more useful and pleasant to us than one which, from its object, received the name of *Exegetical*. It met during the session of the Theological classes every Saturday morning at half-past six. The study of Biblical criticism, and whatever might cast light on the word of God, was our aim; and these meetings were kept up regularly during four sessions. Mr. M'Cheyne spoke of himself as indebted to this society for much of that discipline of mind on Jewish literature and Scripture geography which was found to be so useful in the Mission of Inquiry to the Jews in after days.[1]

But these helps in study were all the while no more than supplementary. The regular systematic studies of the Hall furnished the main provision for his mental culture. Under Dr. Chalmers for Divinity, and under Dr. Welsh for Church History, a course of four years afforded no ordinary advantages for enlarging the understanding. New fields of thought were daily opened up. His notes and his diary testify that he endeavoured to retain what he heard, and that he used to read as much of the books recommended by the professors as his time enabled him to overtake. Many years after, he thankfully called to mind lessons that had been taught in these classes. Riding one day with Mr. Hamilton (of Regent Square, London) from Abernyte to Dundee, they were led to speak of the best mode of dividing a sermon. "I used," said he, "to despise Dr. Welsh's rules at the time I heard him; but now I feel I *must use* them, for nothing is more needful for making a sermon memorable and impressive than a logical arrangement."

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[1] The members of this Society were—Revs. *William Laughton*, now minister of St. Thomas's, Greenock, in connection with the Free Church; *Thomas Brown*, Free Church, Kinneff; *William Wilson*, Free Church, Carmyllie; *Horatius Bonar*, Free Church, Kelso; *Andrew A. Bonar*, Free Church, Collace; *Robert M. M'Cheyne; Alexander Somerville*, Free Church, Anderston, Glasgow; *John Thomson*, Mariners' Free Church, Leith; *Robert K. Hamilton*, Madras; *John Burne*, for some time at Madeira; *Patrick Borrowman*, Free Church, Glencairn; *Walter Wood*, Free Church, Westruther; *Henry Moncreiff*, Free Church, Kilbride; *James Cochrane*, Established Church, Cupar; *John Miller*, Secretary to Free Church Special Commission; *G. Smeaton*, Free Church, Auchterarder; *Robert Kinnear*, Free Church, Moffat; and *W. B. Clarke*, Free Church, Half-Morton. Every meeting was opened and closed with prayer. Minutes of the discussions were kept; and the essays read were preserved in volumes. A very characteristic essay of Mr. M'Cheyne's is "Lebanon and its Scenery" (inserted in the *Remains*), wherein he adduces the evidence of travellers for facts and customs which he himself was afterwards to see. Often in 1839, pleasant remembrances of these days of youthful study were suggested by what we actually witnessed; and in the essay referred to I find an interesting coincidence. He writes: "What a refreshing sight to his eye, yet undimmed with age, after resting forty years on the monotonous scenery of the desert, now to rest on Zion's olive-clad hills, and Lebanon, with its vine-clad base and overhanging forests, and towering peaks of snow!" This was the very impression on our minds when we ourselves came up from the wilderness as expressed in the *Narrative*, chap. ii.: "*May* 29.—Next morning we saw at a distance a range of hills running north and south, called by the Arabs *Djebel Khalie*. After wandering so many days in the wilderness, with its vast monotonous plains of level sand, the sight of these distant mountains was a pleasant relief to the eye; and we thought we could understand a little of the feeling with which Moses, after being forty years in the desert, would pray, 'I pray Thee, let me go over'" (Deut. iii. 25). See Appendices i. and ii. pp. 177, 186.

His intellectual powers were of a high order: clear and distinct apprehension of his subject, and felicitous illustration, characterised him among all his companions. To an eager desire for wide acquaintance with truth in all its departments, and a memory strong and accurate in retaining what he found, there was added a remarkable candour in examining what claimed to be the truth. He had also an ingenious and enterprising mind—a mind that could carry out what was suggested, when it did not strike out new light for itself. He possessed great powers of analysis; often his judgment discovered singular discrimination. His imagination seldom sought out objects of grandeur; for, as a friend has truly said of him, "he had a kind and quiet eye, which found out the living and beautiful in nature, rather than the majestic and sublime."

He might have risen to high eminence in the circles of taste and literature, but denied himself all such hopes, that he might win souls. With such peculiar talents as he possessed, his ministry might have, in any circumstances, attracted many; but these attractions were all made subsidiary to the single desire of awakening the dead in trespasses and sins. Nor would he have expected to be blessed to the salvation of souls unless he had himself been a monument of sovereign grace. In his esteem, "*to be in Christ before being in the ministry*" was a thing indispensable. He often pointed to those solemn words of Jeremiah (xxiii. 21): "*I have not sent these prophets, yet they ran; I have not spoken to them, yet they prophesied. But if they had stood in my counsel, and caused my people to hear my words, then they should* *have turned them from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings."*

It was with faith already in his heart that he went forward to the holy office of the ministry, receiving from his Lord the rod by which he was to do signs, and which, when it had opened rocks and made waters gush out, he never failed to replace upon the ark whence it was taken, giving glory to God! He knew not the way by which God was leading him; but even then he was under the guidance of the pillar-cloud. At this very period he wrote that hymn, "They sing the song of Moses." His course was then about to begin; but now that it has ended, we can look back and plainly see that the faith he therein expressed was not in vain.

CHAPTER II.

HIS LABOURS IN THE VINEYARD BEFORE ORDINATION.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi. 6.

WHILE he was still only undergoing a student's usual examinations before the Presbytery, in the spring and summer of 1835, several applications were made to him by ministers in the Church, who desired to secure his services for their part of the vineyard. He was especially urged to consider the field of labour at Larbert and Dunipace, near Stirling, under Mr. John Bonar, the pastor of these united parishes. This circumstance led him (as is often done in such cases) to ask the Presbytery of Edinburgh, under whose superintendence he had hitherto carried on his studies, to transfer the remainder of his public trials to another Presbytery, where there would be less press of business to occasion delay. This request being readily granted, his connection with Dumfriesshire led him to the Presbytery of Annan, who licensed him to preach the gospel on 1st July 1835. His feelings at the moment appear from a record of his own in the evening of the day: "Preached three probationary discourses in Annan Church, and, after an examination in Hebrew, was solemnly licensed to preach the gospel by Mr. Monylaws, the moderator. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, be stirred up to praise and magnify His holy name!' What I have so long desired as the highest honour of man, Thou at length givest me—me who dare scarcely use the words of Paul: 'Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.' Felt somewhat solemnised, though unable to feel my unworthiness as I ought. Be clothed with humility."

An event occurred the week before which cast a solemnising influence on him, and on his after fellow-traveller and brother in the gospel, who was licensed by another Presbytery that same day. This event was the lamented death of the Rev. John Brown Patterson of Falkirk—one whom the Lord had gifted with pre-eminent eloquence and learning, and who was using all for his Lord, when cut off by fever. He had spoken much before his death of the awfulness of a pastor's charge, and his early death sent home the lesson to many, with the warning that the pastor's account of souls might be suddenly required of him.

On the following Sabbath, Mr. M'Cheyne preached for the first time in Ruthwell Church, near Dumfries, on "the Pool of Bethesda"; and in the afternoon on "the Strait Gate." He writes that evening in his diary: "Found it a more awfully solemn thing than I had imagined to announce Christ authoritatively; yet a glorious privilege!" The week after (Saturday, 11th July): "Lord, put me into Thy service when and where Thou pleasest. In Thy hand all my qualities will be put to their appropriate end. Let me, then, have no anxieties." Next day, also, after preaching in St. John's Church, Leith: "Remembered, before going into the pulpit, the confession which says,[1] 'We have been more anxious about the messenger than the message.'" In preaching that day, he states: "It came across me in the pulpit, that if spared to be a minister, I might enjoy sweet flashes of communion with God in that situation. The mind is entirely wrought up to speak for God. It is possible, then, that more vivid acts of faith may be gone through then, than in quieter and sleepier moments."

It was not till the 7th of November that he began his labours at Larbert. In the interval he preached in various places, and many began to perceive the peculiar sweetness of the word in his lips. In accepting the invitation to labour in the sphere proposed, he wrote: "It has always been my aim, and it is my prayer, to have *no plans* with regard to myself, well assured as I am, that the place where the Saviour sees meet to place me must ever be the best place for me."

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[1] He here refers to the *Full and Candid Acknowledgment of Sin*, for Students and Ministers, drawn up by the Commission of Assembly in 1651, and often reprinted since.

The parish to which he had come was very large, containing six thousand souls. The parish church is at Larbert; but through the exertions of Mr. Bonar, many years ago, a second church was erected for the people of Dunipace. Mr. Hanna, afterwards minister of Skirling, had preceded Mr. M'Cheyne in the duties of assistant in his field of labour; and Mr. M'Cheyne now entered on it with a fully devoted and zealous heart, although in a weak state of health. As assistant, it was his part to preach every alternate Sabbath at Larbert and Dunipace, and during the week to visit among the population of both these districts, according as he felt himself enabled in body and soul. There was a marked difference between the two districts in their general features of character; but equal labour was bestowed on both by the minister and his assistant; and often did their prayer ascend that the windows of heaven might be opened over the two sanctuaries. Souls have been saved there. Often, however, did the faithful pastor mingle his tears with those of his younger fellow-soldier, complaining, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" There was much sowing in faith; nor was this sowing abandoned even when the returns seemed most inadequate.

Mr. M'Cheyne had great delight in remembering that Larbert was one of the places where, in other days, that holy man of God, Robert Bruce, had laboured and prayed. Writing at an after period from the Holy Land, he expressed the wish, "May the Spirit be poured upon Larbert as in Bruce's days." But more than all associations, the souls of the people, whose salvation he longed for, were ever present to his mind. A letter to Mr. Bonar, in 1837, from Dundee, shows us his yearnings over them. "What an interest I feel in Larbert and Dunipace! It is like the land of my birth. Will the Sun of Righteousness ever rise upon it, making its hills and valleys bright with the light of the knowledge of Jesus?"

No sooner was he settled in his chamber here, than he commenced his work. With him, the commencement of all labour invariably consisted in the preparation of his own soul. The forerunner of each day's visitations was a calm season of private devotion during morning hours. The walls of his chamber were witnesses of his prayerfulness,—I believe of his tears as well as of his cries. The pleasant sound of psalms often issued from his room at an early hour. Then followed the reading of the word for his own sanctification; and few have so fully realised the blessing of the 1st Psalm. His leaf did not wither, for his roots were in the waters. It was here, too, that he began to study so closely the works of Jonathan Edwards,—reckoning them a mine to be wrought, and if wrought, sure to repay the toil. Along with this author, the *Letters of Samuel Rutherford* were often in his hand. Books of general knowledge he occasionally perused; but now it was done with the steady purpose of finding in them some illustration of spiritual truth. He rose from reading *Insect Architecture*, with the observation, "God reigns in a community of ants and ichneumons, as visibly as among living men or mighty seraphim!"

His desire to grow in acquaintance with Scripture was very intense; and both Old and New Testament were his regular study. He loved to range over the wide revelation of God. "He would be a sorry student of this world," said he to a friend, "who should for ever confine his gaze to the fruitful fields and well-watered gardens of this cultivated earth. He could have no true idea of what the world was, unless he had stood upon the rocks of our mountains, and seen the bleak muirs and mosses of our barren land; unless he had paced the quarter-deck when the vessel was out of sight of land, and seen the waste of waters without any shore upon the horizon. Just so, he would be a sorry student of the Bible who would not know all that God has inspired; who would not examine into the most barren chapters to collect the good for which they were intended; who would not strive to understand all the bloody battles which are chronicled, that he might find 'bread out of the eater, and honey out of the lion.'"—(June 1836.)

His anxiety to have every possible help to holiness led him to notice what are the disadvantages of those who are not daily stirred up by the fellowship of more advanced believers. "I have found, by some experience, that in the country here my watch does not go so well as it used to do in town. By small and gradual changes I find it either gains or loses, and I am surprised to find myself different in time from all the world, and, what is worse, from the sun. The simple explanation is, that in town I met with a steeple in every street, and a good-going clock upon it; and so any aberrations in my watch were soon noticed and easily corrected. And just so I sometimes think it may be with that inner watch, whose hands point not to time but to eternity. By gradual and slow changes the wheels of my soul lag behind, or the springs of passions become too powerful; and I have no living timepiece with which I may compare, and by which I may amend my going. You will say that I may always have the sun: And so it should be; but we have many clouds which obscure the sun from our weak eyes."—(*Letter to Rev. H. Bonar, Kelso.*)

From the first he fed others by what he himself was feeding upon. His preaching was in a manner the development of his soul's experience. It was a giving out of the inward life. He loved to come up from the pastures wherein the Chief Shepherd had met him—to lead the flock entrusted to his care to the spots where he found nourishment.

In the field of his labour he found enough of work to overwhelm his spirit. The several collieries and the Carron Ironworks furnish a population who are, for the most part, either sunk in deep indifference to the truth, or are opposed to it in the spirit of infidelity. Mr. M'Cheyne at once saw that the pastor whom he had come to aid, whatever was the measure of his health, and zeal, and perseverance, had duties laid on him which were altogether beyond the power of man to overtake. When he made a few weeks' trial, the field appeared more boundless, and the mass of souls more impenetrable, than he had ever conceived.

It was probably, in some degree, his experience at this time that gave him such deep sympathy with the Church Extension Scheme, as a truly noble and Christian effort for bringing the glad tidings to the doors of a population who must otherwise remain neglected, and were themselves willing so to live and die. He conveyed his impressions on this subject to a friend abroad, in the following terms: "There is a soul-destroying cruelty in the cold-hearted opposition which is made to the multiplication of ministers in such neglected and overgrown districts as these. If one of our Royal Commissioners would but consent to undergo the bodily fatigue that a minister ought to undergo in visiting merely the sick and dying of Larbert (let alone the visitation of the whole, and preparation for the pulpit), and that for one month, I would engage that if he be able to rise out of his bed by the end of it, he would change his voice and manner at the Commission Board."

A few busy weeks passed over, occupied from morning to night in such cares and toils, when another part of the discipline he was to undergo was sent. In the end of December, strong oppression of the heart and an irritating cough caused some of his friends to fear that his lungs were affected; and for some weeks he was laid aside from public duty. On examination, it was found that though there was a dulness in the right lung, yet the material of the lungs was not affected. For a time, however, the air-vessels were so clogged and irritated, that if he had continued to preach, disease would have quickly ensued. But this also was soon removed, and, under cautious management, he resumed his work.

This temporary illness served to call forth the extreme sensitiveness of his soul to the responsibilities of his office. At its commencement—having gone to Edinburgh "in so sweet a sunshine morning that God seemed to have chosen it for him"—he wrote to Mr. Bonar: "If I am not recovered before the third Sabbath, I fear I shall not be able to bear upon my conscience the responsibility of leaving you any longer to labour alone, bearing unaided the burden of 6000 souls. No, my dear sir, I must read the will of God aright in His providence, and give way, when He bids me, to fresh and abler workmen. I hope and pray that it may be His will to restore me again to you and your parish, with a heart tutored by sickness, to speak more and more as dying to dying." Then, mentioning two of the sick: "Poor A. D. and C. H., I often think of them. I can do no more for their good, except pray for them. Tell them that I do this without ceasing."

The days when a holy pastor, who knows the blood-sprinkled way to the Father, is laid aside, are probably as much a proof of the kindness of God to his flock as days of health and activity. He is occupied, during this season of retirement, in discovering the plagues of his heart, and in going in, like Moses, to plead with God face to face for his flock, and for his own soul. Mr. M'Cheyne believed that God had this end in view with him; and that the Lord should thus deal with him at his entrance into the vineyard made him ponder these dealings the more. "Paul asked," says he, "'What wilt thou have me *to do?*' and it was answered, 'I will show him what great things he must *suffer* for my name's sake.' Thus it may be with me. I have been too anxious to do great things. The lust of praise has ever been my besetting sin; and what more befitting school could be found for me than that of suffering alone, away from the eye and ear of man?" Writing again to Mr. Bonar, he tells him: "I feel distinctly that the whole of my labour during this season of sickness and pain should be in the way of prayer and *intercession.* And yet, so strongly does Satan work in our deceitful hearts, I scarcely remember a season wherein I have been more averse to these duties. I try to 'build myself up in my most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keeping myself in the love of God, and looking for the mercy of the Lord Jesus unto eternal life.' That text of Jude has peculiar beauties for me at this season. If it be good to come under the love of God once, surely it is good to keep ourselves there. And yet how reluctant we are! I cannot doubt that boldness is offered me to enter into the holiest of all; I cannot doubt my right and title to enter continually by the new and bloody way; I cannot doubt that when I do enter in, I stand not only forgiven, but accepted in the Beloved; I cannot doubt that when I do enter in, the Spirit is willing and ready to descend like a dove, to dwell in my bosom as a Spirit of prayer and peace, enabling me to 'pray in the Holy Ghost;' and that Jesus is ready to rise up as my intercessor with the Father, praying for me though not for the world; and that the prayer-hearing God is ready to bend His ear to requests which He delights to hear and answer. I cannot doubt that thus to dwell in God is the true blessedness of my nature; and yet, strange unaccountable creature! I am too often unwilling to enter in. I go about and about the sanctuary, and I sometimes press in through the rent vail, and see the blessedness of dwelling there to be far better than that of the tents of wickedness; yet it is certain that I do not dwell within."—"My prayers follow you, especially to the sick-beds of A. D. and C. H. I hope they still survive, and that Christ may yet be glorified in them."

On resuming his labours, he found a residence in Carronvale. From this pleasant spot he used to ride out to his work. But pleasant as the spot was, yet being only partially recovered, he was not satisfied; he lamented that he was unable to overtake what a stronger labourer would have accomplished. He often cast a regretful look at the collieries; and remembering them still at a later period, he reproached himself with neglect, though most unjustly. "The places which I left utterly unbroken in upon are Kinnaird and Milton. Both of these rise up against my conscience, particularly the last, through which I have ridden so often." It was not the comfort, but the positive usefulness of the ministry, that he envied; and he judged of places by their fitness to promote this great end. He said of a neighbouring parish, which he had occasion to visit: "The manse is altogether too sweet; other men could hardly live there without saying, 'This is my rest.' I don't think ministers' manses should ever be so beautiful."

A simple incident was overruled to promote the ease and fluency of his pulpit ministrations. From the very beginning of his ministry he reprobated the custom of reading sermons, believing that to do so does exceedingly weaken the freedom and natural fervour of the messenger in delivering his message. Neither did he recite what he had written. But his custom was to impress on his memory the substance of what he had beforehand carefully written, and then to speak as he found liberty. One morning, as he rode rapidly along to Dunipace, his written sermons were dropped on the wayside. This accident prevented him having the opportunity of preparing in his usual manner; but he was enabled to preach with more than usual freedom. For the first time in his life, he discovered that he possessed the gift of extemporaneous composition, and learned, to his own surprise, that he had more composedness of mind and command of language than he had believed. This discovery, however, did not in the least degree diminish his diligent preparation. Indeed, the only use that he made of the incident at the time it occurred was, to draw a lesson of dependence on God's own immediate blessing rather than on the satisfactory preparation made. "One thing always fills the cup of my consolation, that God may work by the meanest and poorest words, as well as by the most polished and ornate,—yea, perhaps more readily, that the glory may be all His own."

His hands were again full, distributing the bread of life in fellowship with Mr. Bonar. The progress of his own soul, meanwhile, may be traced in some of the few entries that occur in his diary during this period:—

"*Feb.* 21, 1836, Sabbath.—Blessed be the Lord for another day of the Son of man. Resumed my diary, long broken off; not because I do not feel the disadvantages of it,—making you assume feelings and express rather what you wish to be than what you are,—but because the advantages seem greater. It ensures sober reflection on the events of the day as seen in God's eye. Preached twice in Larbert, on the righteousness of God, Rom. i. 16. In the morning was more engaged in preparing the head than the heart. This has been frequently my error, and I have always felt the evil of it, especially in prayer. Reform it, then, O Lord."

"*Feb.* 27.—Preached in Dunipace with more heart than ever I remember to have done, on Rom. v. 10, owing to the gospel nature of the subject and prayerful preparation. Audience smaller than usual! How happy and strange is the feeling when God gives the soul composure to stand and plead for Him! Oh that it were altogether for Him I plead, not for myself!"

"*March* 5.—Preached in Larbert with very much comfort, owing chiefly to my remedying the error of 21st Feb. Therefore the heart and the mouth were full. 'Enlarge my heart, and I shall run,' said David. 'Enlarge my heart, and I shall preach.'"

In this last remark we see the germ of his remarkably solemn ministry. His heart was filled, and his lips then spoke what he felt within his heart. He gave out not merely living water, but living water drawn at the springs that he had himself drunk of; and is not this a true gospel ministry? Some venture to try what they consider a more *intellectual* method of addressing the conscience; but ere a minister attempts this mode, he ought to see that he is one who is able to afford more deep and anxious preparation of heart than other men. Since the intellectual part of the discourse is not that which is most likely to be an arrow in the conscience, those pastors who are intellectual men must bestow tenfold more prayerfulness on their work, if they would have either their own or their people's souls affected under their word. If we are ever to preach with compassion for the perishing, we must ourselves be moved by those same views of sin and righteousness which moved the human soul of Jesus. (See Ps. xxxviii. and lv.)

About this time he occasionally contributed papers to the *Christian Herald:* one of these was "On Sudden Conversions," showing that Scripture led us to expect such. During this month he seems to have written the "Lines on Mungo Park," one of the pieces which attracted the notice of Professor Wilson. But whatever he engaged in, his aim was to honour his Master. I find him, after hearing a sermon by another, remarking (3rd April), "Some things powerful; but I thirst to hear more of Christ."

On Sabbath the 16th he writes: "Preached with some tenderness of heart. Oh, why should I not weep, as Jesus did over Jerusalem? Evening—Instructing two delightful Sabbath schools. Much bodily weariness. Gracious kindness of God in giving rest to the weary."

"*April* 13.—Went to Stirling to hear Dr. Duff once more upon his system. With greater warmth and energy than ever. He kindles as he goes. Felt almost constrained to go the whole length of his system with him. If it were only to raise up an audience, it would be defensible; but when it is to raise up teachers, it is more than defensible. I am now made willing, if God shall open the way, to go to India. Here am I; send me!"

The missionary feeling in his soul continued all his life. The Lord had really made him willing; and this preparedness to go anywhere completed his preparation for unselfish, self-denied work at home. Must there not be somewhat of this missionary tendency in all true ministers? Is any one truly the Lord's messenger who is not quite willing to go when and where the Lord calls? Is it justifiable in any to put aside a call from the north, on the ground that he *wishes* one from the south? We must be found in the position of Isaiah, if we are to be really sent of God.

"*April* 24.—Oh that this day's labour may be blessed! and not mine alone, but all Thy faithful servants all over the world, till *Thy Sabbath* come."

"*April* 26.—Visiting in Carron-shore. Well received everywhere. Truly a pleasant labour. Cheered me much. Preached to them afterwards from Prov. i."

"*May* 8.—Communion in Larbert. Served as an elder and help to the faithful. Partook with some glimpses of faith and joy. Served by a faithful old minister (Mr. Dempster of Denny), one taught of God. This morning stood by the dying—evening stood by the dead, poor J. F. having died last night. I laid my hand on her cold forehead, and tried to shut her eyes. Lord, give me strength for living to Thee!—strength also for a dying hour."

"*May* 15.—This day an annular eclipse of the sun. Kept both the services together in order to be in time. Truly a beautiful sight to see the shining edge of the sun all round the dark disc of the moon. Lord, one day Thy hand shall put out those candles; for there shall be no need of the sun to lighten the happy land: the Lamb is the light thereof; a sun that cannot be eclipsed—that cannot go down."

"*May* 17.—Visited thirteen families, and addressed them all in the evening in the school, on Jer. l. 4: 'Going and weeping.' Experienced some enlargement of soul; said some plain things; and had some desire for their salvation, that God might be praised."

"*May* 21.—Preparation for the Sabbath. My birthday. I have lived twenty-three years. Blessed be my Rock. Though I am a child in knowledge of my Bible and of Thee, yet use me for what a child can do, or a child can suffer. How few sufferings I have had in the year that is past, except in my own body. Oh that as my day is my strength may be! Give me strength for a suffering and for a dying hour!"

"*May* 22.—O Lord, when Thou workest, all discouragements vanish; when Thou art away, anything is a discouragement. Blessed be God for such a day—one of a thousand! Oh, why not always this? Watch and pray."

Being in Edinburgh this month, during the sitting of the General Assembly, he used the opportunity of revisiting some of his former charge in the Canongate. "J. S., a far-off inquirer, but surely God is leading. His hand draws out these tears. Interesting visits to L.; near death, and still in the same mind. I cannot but hope that some faith is here. Saw Mrs. M.; many tears: felt much, though I am still doubtful, and in the dark. Thou knowest, Lord!"

"*June* 11.—Yesterday up in Dunipace. It would seem as if I were afraid to name the name of Christ. Saw many worldly people greatly needing a word in season, yet could not get up my heart to speak. What I did failed almost completely. I am not worthy, Lord! To-day sought to prepare my heart for the coming Sabbath. After the example of Boston, whose life I have been reading, examined my heart with prayer and fasting. 1. Does my heart really close with the offer of salvation by Jesus? Is it my choice to be saved in the way which gives Him all the praise, and me none? Do I not only see it to be the Bible way of salvation, but does it cordially approve itself to my heart as delightful? Lord, search me and try me, for I cannot but answer, Yes, yes. 2. Is it the desire of my heart to be made altogether holy? Is there any sin I wish to retain? Is sin a grief to me, the sudden risings and overcomings thereof especially? Lord, Thou knowest all things—Thou knowest that I hate all sin, and desire to be made altogether *like Thee.* It is the sweetest word in the Bible: 'Sin *shall not* have dominion over you.' Oh, then, that I might lie low in the dust,—the lower the better,—that Jesus' righteousness and Jesus' strength alone be admired! Felt much deadness, and much grief that I cannot grieve for this deadness. Towards evening revived. Got a calm spirit through psalmody and prayer."

"*June* 12, Sabbath.—To-day a sinner preached Jesus, the same Jesus who has done all things for him, and that so lately! A day of much help, of some earnest looking-up of the heart to that alone quickening power, of much temptation to flattery and pride. Oh for breathing gales of spiritual life! Evening—Somewhat helped to lay Jesus before little children in His beauty and excellency. Much fatigue, yet some peace. Surely a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."

'*June* 15.—Day of visiting (rather a happy one) in Carronshore. Large meeting in the evening. Felt very happy after it, though mourning for *bitter speaking of the gospel.* Surely it is a gentle message, and should be spoken with angelic tenderness, especially by such a needy sinner."

Of this bitterness in preaching, he had little indeed in after days; yet so sensible was he of its being quite natural to all of us, that oftentimes he made it the subject of conversation, and used to grieve over himself if he had spoken with anything less than solemn compassion. I remember on one occasion, when we met, he asked what my last Sabbath's subject had been. It had been, "The wicked shall be turned into hell." On hearing this awful text, he asked, "Were you able to preach it *with tenderness?"* Certain it is that the tone of reproach and upbraiding is widely different from the voice of solemn warning. It is not saying hard things that pierces the consciences of our people; it is the voice of divine love heard amid the thunder. The sharpest point of the two-edged sword is not *death,* but *life;* and against self-righteous souls this latter ought to be more used than the former. For such souls can hear us tell of the open gates of hell and the unquenchable fire far more unconcernedly than of the gates of heaven wide open for their immediate return. When we preach that the glad tidings *were intended to impart immediate assurance of eternal life to every sinner that believes them,* we strike deeper upon the proud enmity of the world to God, than when we show the eternal curse and the second death.

"*June* 19, Sabbath.—Wet morning. Preached at Dunipace to a small audience, on Parable of the Tares. I thank God for that blessed parable.——In both discourses I can look back on many hateful thoughts of pride, and self-admiration, and love of praise, stealing the heart out of the service."

"*June* 22.—Carron-shore. My last. Some tears; yet I fear some like the messenger, not the message; and I fear I am so vain as to love that love. Lord, let it not be so. Perish *my* honour, but let *Thine* be exalted for ever."

"*June* 26.—True Sabbath day. Golden sky. Full church, and more liveliness than sometimes. Shall I call the liveliness of this day a gale of the Spirit, or was all natural? I know that all was not of grace; the self-admiration, the vanity, the desire of honour, the bitterness—these were all breaths of earth or hell. But was there no grace? Lord, Thou knowest. I dare not wrong Thee by saying—No! Larbert Sabbath school with the same liveliness and joy. Domestic work with the same. Praised be God! Oh that the savour of it may last through the week! By this may I test if it be all of nature, or much of grace. Alas! how I tremble for my Monday mornings—those seasons of lifelessness. Lord, bless the seeds sown this day in the hearts of my friends, by the hand of my friends, and all over the world—hasten the harvest!"

"*July* 3.—After a week of working and hurried preparation, a Sabbath of mingled peace and pain. Called, morning before preaching, to see Mrs. E., dying. Preached on the Jailor—discomposedly—with some glimpses of the genuine truth as it is in Jesus. Felt there was much mingling of experience. At times the congregation was lightened up from their dull flatness, and then they sunk again into lethargy. O Lord, make me hang on Thee to open their hearts, Thou opener of Lydia's heart. I fear Thou wilt not bless my preaching, until I am brought thus to hang on Thee. Oh keep not back a blessing for my sin! Afternoon—On the Highway of the Redeemed, with more ease and comfort. Felt the truth sometimes boiling up from my heart into my words. Some glimpses of tenderness, yet much less of that spirit than the last two Sabbaths. Again saw the dying woman. Oh when will I plead, with my tears and inward yearnings, over sinners! Oh, compassionate Lord, give me to know what manner of spirit I am of! give me Thy gentle Spirit, that neither strives nor cries. Much weariness, want of prayerfulness, and want of cleaving to Christ." Tuesday the 5th being the anniversary of his licence to preach the gospel, he writes: "Eventful week; one year I have preached *Jesus*, have I? or myself? I have often preached myself also, but Jesus I have preached."

About this time he again felt the hand of affliction, though it did not continue long. Yet it was plain to him now that personal trouble was to be one of the ingredients of that experience which helped to give a peculiar tone to his ministry.

"*July* 8.—Since Tuesday have been laid up with illness. Set by once more for a season to feel my unprofitableness and cure my pride. When shall this self-choosing temper be healed? 'Lord, I will preach, run, visit, wrestle,' said I. 'No, thou shalt lie in thy bed and suffer,' said the Lord. To-day missed some fine opportunities of speaking a word for Christ. The Lord saw I would have spoken as much for my own honour as His, and therefore shut my mouth. *I see a man cannot be a faithful minister, until he preaches Christ for Christ's sake*—until he gives up striving to attract people to himself, and seeks only to attract them to Christ. Lord, give me this! To-night some glimpses of humbling, and therefore some wrestling in social prayer. But my prayers are scarcely to be called prayer." Then, in the evening: "This day my brother has been five years absent from the body and present with the Lord, and knows more and loves more than all earthly saints together. Till the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my Beloved!"

"*July* 10.—I fear I am growing more earthly in some things. To-day I felt a difficulty in bringing in spiritual conversation immediately after preaching, when my bosom should be burning. Excused myself from dining out from other than the grand reason; though checked and corrected myself. Evening—Insensibly slid into worldly conversation. Let these things be corrected in me, O Lord, by the heart being more filled with love to Jesus, and more ejaculatory prayer."

"*July* 17, Sabbath.—Oh that I may remember my own word this day: that the hour of communion is the hour for the foxes—the little foxes—to spoil the wine. Two things that defile this day in looking back, are love of praise running through all, and consenting to listen to worldly talk at all. Oh that these may keep me humble and be my burden, leading me to the cross. Then, Satan, thou wilt be outwitted!"

"*July* 19.—Died, this day, W. M'Cheyne, my cousin-german, Relief minister, Kelso. Oh, how I repent of our vain controversies on Establishments when we last met, and that we spoke so little of Jesus! Oh that we had spoken more one to another! Lord, teach me to be always speaking as dying to dying."

"*July* 24.—Dunipace Communion—Heard Mr. Purves of Jedburgh preach, 'Therefore with joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation.' The only way to come to ordinances, and to draw from the well, is to come with the matter of acceptance settled, believing God's anger to be turned away. Truly a precious view of the freeness of the gospel very refreshing. My soul needs to be roused much to apprehend this truth."

Above (3rd July) he spoke of "mingling experience with the genuine truth as it is in Jesus." It is to this that he refers again in the last paragraph. His deep acquaintance with the human heart and passions often led him to dwell at greater length, not only on those topics whereby the sinner might be brought to discover his guilt, but also on marks that would evidence a change, than on "the glad tidings." And yet he ever felt that these blessed tidings, addressed to souls in the very gall of bitterness, were the true theme of the minister of Christ; and never did he preach other than a full salvation ready for the chief of sinners. From the very first, also, he carefully avoided the error of those who rather speculate or doctrinise about the gospel, than preach the gospel itself. Is not the true idea of preaching that of one, like Ahimaaz, coming with all-important tidings, and intent on making these tidings known? Occupied with the facts he has to tell, he has no heart to speculate on mere abstractions; nay, he is apt to forget what language he employs, excepting so far as the very grandeur of the tidings gives a glow of eloquence to his words. The glorious fact, "*By this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins*," is the burden of every sermon. The crier is sent to the openings of the gate by his Lord, to herald forth this one infinitely important truth through the whole creation under heaven.

He seems invariably to have applied for his personal benefit what he gave out to his people. We have already noticed how he used to feed on the word, not in order to prepare himself for his people, but for personal edification. To do so was a fundamental rule with him; and all pastors will feel that, if they are to prosper in their own souls, they must so use the word,—sternly refusing to admit the idea of feeding others, until satiated themselves. And for similar ends it is needful that we let the truth we hear preached sink down into our own souls. We, as well as our people, must drink in the falling shower. Mr. M'Cheyne did so. It is common to find him speaking thus: "*July* 31, Sabbath.—Afternoon, on Judas betraying Christ; much more tenderness than ever I felt before. Oh that I might abide in the bosom of Him who washed Judas' feet, and dipped

His hand in the same dish with him, and warned him, and grieved over him,—that I might catch the infection of His love, of His tenderness, so wonderful, so unfathomable."

Coming home on a Sabbath evening (7th Aug.) from Torwood Sabbath School, a person met him who suggested an opportunity of usefulness. There were two families of gipsies encamped at Torwood, within his reach. He was weary with a long day's labour; but instantly, as was his custom on such a call, set off to find them. By the side of their wood-fire he opened out the parable of the Lost Sheep, and pressed it on their souls in simple terms. He then knelt down in prayer for them, and left them somewhat impressed, and very grateful.

At this time a youthful parishioner, for whose soul he felt much anxiety, left his father's roof. Ever watchful for souls, he seized this opportunity of laying before him more fully the things belonging to his peace.

"LARBERT, *August* 8, 1836.

"MY DEAR G.,—You will be surprised to hear from me. I have often wished to be better acquainted with you; but in these sad parishes we cannot manage to know and be intimate with every one we would desire. And now you have left your father's roof and our charge; still my desires go after you, as well as the kind thoughts of many others; and since I cannot now speak to you, I take this way of expressing my thoughts to you. I do not know in what light you look upon me, whether as a grave and morose minister, or as one who might be a companion and friend; but really, it is so short a while since I was just like you, when I enjoyed the games which you now enjoy, and read the books which you now read, that I never can think of myself as anything more than a boy. This is one great reason why I write to you. The same youthful blood flows in my veins that flows in yours, the same fancies and buoyant passions dance in my bosom as in yours; so that when I would persuade you to come with me to the same Saviour, and to walk the rest of your life 'led by the Spirit of God,' I am not persuading you to anything beyond your years. I am not like a grey-headed grandfather,—then you might answer all I say by telling me that you are a boy. No; I am almost as much a boy as you are; as fond of happiness and of life as you are; as fond of scampering over the hills, and seeing all that is to be seen, as you are.

"Another thing that persuades me to write you, my dear boy, is, that I have felt in my own experience the want of having a friend to direct and counsel me. I had a kind brother as you have, who taught me many things. He gave me a Bible, and persuaded me to read it; he tried to train me as a gardener trains the apple-tree upon the wall; but all in vain. I thought myself far wiser than he, and would always take my own way; and many a time, I well remember, I have seen him reading his Bible, or shutting his closet door to pray, when I have been dressing to go to some frolic, or some dance of folly. Well, this dear friend and brother died; and though his death made a greater impression upon me than ever his life had done, still I found the misery of being *friendless.* I do not mean that I had no relations and worldly friends, for I had many; but I had no friend *who cared for my soul.* I had none to direct me to the Saviour—none to awaken my slumbering conscience—none to tell me about the blood of Jesus washing away all sin—none to tell me of the Spirit who is so willing to change the heart, and give the victory over passions. I had no minister to take me by the hand, and say, 'Come with me, and we will do thee good.' Yes, I had one friend and minister, but that was Jesus Himself, and He led me in a way that makes me give Him, and Him only, all the praise. Now, though Jesus may do this again, yet the more common way with Him is to use earthly guides. Now, if I could supply the place of such a guide to you, I should be happy. To be a finger-post is all that I want to be—pointing out the way. This is what I so much wanted myself; this is what you need not want, unless you wish.

"Tell me, dear G., would you work less pleasantly through the day—would you walk the streets with a more doleful step—would you eat your meat with less gladness of heart—would you sleep less tranquilly at night—if you had *the forgiveness of sins*, that is, if all your wicked thoughts and deeds—lies, thefts, and Sabbath-breakings—were all blotted out of God's book of remembrance? Would this make you less happy, do you think? You dare not say it would. But would the forgiveness of sins not make you more happy than you are? Perhaps you will tell me that you are very happy as you are. I quite believe you. I know that I was very happy when I was unforgiven. I know that I had great pleasure in many sins—in Sabbath-breaking, for instance. Many a delightful walk I have had,—speaking my own words, thinking my own thoughts, and seeking my own pleasure on God's holy day. I fancy few boys were ever happier in an unconverted state than I was. No sorrow clouded my brow—no tears filled my eyes, unless over some nice story-book; so that I know that you say quite true, when you say that you are happy as you are. But ah! is not this just the saddest thing of all, that you should be happy whilst you are a child of wrath,—that you should smile, and eat, and drink, and be merry, and sleep sound, when this very night you may be in *hell?* Happy while unforgiven!—a terrible happiness. It is like the Hindoo widow who sits upon the funeral pile with her dead husband, and sings songs of joy when they are setting fire to the wood with which she is to be burned. Yes, you may be quite happy in this way, till you die, my boy; but when you look back from hell, you will say, it was a miserable kind of happiness. Now, do you think it would not give you more happiness to be forgiven,—to be able to put on Jesus, and say, 'God's anger is turned away'? Would not you be happier at work, and happier in the house, and happier in your bed? I can assure you, from all that ever I have felt of it, the pleasures of being forgiven are as superior to the pleasures of an unforgiven man, as heaven is higher than hell. The peace of being forgiven reminds me of the calm, blue sky, which no earthly clamours can disturb. It lightens all labour, sweetens every morsel of bread, and makes a sick-bed all soft and downy; yea, it takes away the scowl of death. Now, forgiveness may be yours *now.* It is not given to those who are good. It is not given to any because they are less wicked than others. It is given *only* to those who, feeling that their sins have brought a curse on them which they cannot lift off, 'look unto Jesus,' as bearing all away.

"Now, my dear boy, I have no wish to weary you. If you are anything like what I was, you will have yawned many a time already over this letter. However, if the Lord deal graciously with you, and touch your young heart, as I pray He may, with a desire to be forgiven, and to be made a child of God, perhaps you will not take ill what I have written to you in much haste. As this is the first time you have been away from home, perhaps you have not learned to write letters yet; but if you have, I would like to hear from you, how you come on—what convictions you feel, if you feel any—what difficulties, what parts of the Bible puzzle you, and then I would do my best to unravel them. You read your Bible regularly, of course; but do try and understand it, and still more, to *feel* it. Read more parts than one at a time. For example, if you are reading Genesis, read a psalm also; or, if you are reading Matthew, read a small bit of an Epistle also. *Turn the Bible into prayer.* Thus, if you were reading the 1st Psalm, spread the Bible on the chair before you, and kneel, and pray, 'O Lord, give me the blessedness of the man,' etc. 'Let me not stand in the counsel of the ungodly,' etc. This is the best way of knowing the meaning of the Bible, and of learning to pray. In prayer confess your sins by name—going over those of the past day, one by one. Pray for your friends by name—father, mother, etc. etc. If you love them, surely you will pray for their souls. I know well that there are prayers constantly ascending for you from your own house; and will you not pray for them back again? Do this regularly. If you pray sincerely for others, it will make you pray for yourself.

"But I must be done. Good-bye, dear G. Remember me to your brother kindly, and believe me your sincere friend,

"R. M. M."

It is the shepherd's duty (Ezek. xxxiv. 4), in visiting his flock, to discriminate; "strengthening the diseased, healing that which was sick, binding up that which was broken, bringing again that which was driven away, seeking that which was lost." This Mr. M'Cheyne tried to do. In an after-letter to Mr. Somerville of Anderston, in reference to the people of these parishes, whom he had had means of knowing, he wrote: "Take more heed to the saints than ever I did. Speak a word in season to S. M. S. H. will drink in simple truth, but tell him to be humble-minded. Cause L. H. to learn in silence; speak not of *religion* to her, but speak to her case always. Teach A. M. to look simply at Jesus. J. A. warn and teach. Get worldliness from the B.'s if you can. Mrs. G. awake or keep awake. Speak faithfully to the B.'s. Tell me of M. C., if she is really a believer, and grows. A. K., has the light visited her? M. T. I have had some doubts of. M. G. lies sore upon my conscience; I did no good to that woman: she always managed to speak of *things about the truth.* Speak boldly. What matter in eternity the slight awkwardnesses of time!"

It was about this time that the managers and congregation of the new church, St. Peter's, Dundee, invited him to preach as one of the candidates; and, in the end of August, chose him to be their pastor, with one accord. He accepted the call under an awful sense of the work that lay before him. He would rather, he said, have made choice for himself of such a rural parish as Dunipace; but the Lord seemed to desire it otherwise. "His ways are in the sea." More than once, at a later period, he would say, "We might have thought that God would have sent a strong man to such a parish as mine, and not a feeble reed."

The first day he preached in St. Peter's as a candidate (14th August) is thus recorded: "Forenoon—Mind not altogether in a preaching frame; on the Sower. Afternoon—With more encouragement and help of the Spirit; on the voice of the Beloved, in Cant. ii. 8–17.[1] In the evening—With all my heart; on Ruth. Lord, keep me humble." Returning from St. Peter's the second time, he observed in his class of girls at Dunipace more than usual anxiety. One of them seemed to be thoroughly awakened that evening. "Thanks be to Thee, Lord, for anything," he writes that evening; for as yet he had sown without seeing fruit. It seems to have been part of the Lord's dealing with him, thus to teach him to persevere in duty and in faith, even where there was no obvious success. The arrow that was yet to wound hundreds was then receiving its point; but it lay in the quiver for a time. The Lord seemed to be touching his own heart, and melting it by what he spoke to others, rather than touching or melting the hearts of those he spoke to. But from the day of his preaching in St. Peter's, tokens of success began. His first day there, especially the evening sermon on Ruth, was blessed to two souls in Dundee; and now he sees souls begin to melt under his last words in the parish where he thought he had hitherto spent his strength in vain.

As he was now to leave this sphere, he sought out, with deep anxiety, a labourer who would help their overburdened pastor, in true love to the people's souls. He believed he had found such a labourer in Mr. Somerville, his friend who had shared his every thought and feeling in former days, and who, with a sharp sickle in his hand, was now advancing towards the harvest field. "I see plainly," he wrote to Mr. Bonar, "that my poor attempts at labour in your dear parish will soon be eclipsed. But if at length the iron front of unbelief give way, if the hard faces become furrowed with the tears of anxiety and of faith, under whatever ministry, you will rejoice, and I will rejoice, and the angels, and the Father and God of angels, will rejoice." It was in this spirit that he closed his short ten months of labour in this region.

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[1] See this characteristic sermon in the *Remains.*

His last sermons to the people of Larbert and Dunipace were on Hos. xiv. 1: "*O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God;*" and Jer. viii. 20: "*Harvest is past.*" In the evening he writes: "Lord, I feel bowed down because of the little I have done for them which Thou mightest have blessed! My bowels yearn over them, and all the more that I have done so little. Indeed, I might have done ten times as much as I have done. I might have been in every house; I might have spoken always as a minister. Lord, canst Thou bless partial, unequal efforts?"

I believe it was about this time that some of us first of all began our custom of praying specially for each other on Saturday evening, with a reference to our engagements in the ministry next day. This concert for prayer we have never since seen cause to discontinue. It has from time to time been widened in its circle; and as yet his has been the only voice that has been silenced of all that thus began to go in on each other's behalf before the Lord. Mr. M'Cheyne never failed to remember this time of prayer: "Larbert and Dunipace are always on my heart, especially on the Saturday evenings, when I pray for a glorious Sabbath!" On one occasion, in Dundee, he was asked if the accumulation of business in his parish never led him to neglect the season of prayer on a busy Saturday. His reply was, that he was not aware that it ever did. "What would my people do if I were not to pray?"

So steady was he in Sabbath preparations, from the first day to the last time he was with them, that though at prayer-meetings, or similar occasions, he did not think it needful to have much laid up before coming to address his people; yet, anxious to give them on the Sabbath what had cost him somewhat, he never, without an urgent reason, went before them without much previous meditation and prayer. His principle on this subject was embodied in a remark he made to some of us who were conversing on the matter. Being asked his view of diligent preparation for the pulpit, he reminded us of Ex. xxvii. 20: "*Beaten oil—beaten oil for the lamps of the sanctuary.*" And yet his prayerfulness was greater still. Indeed, he could not neglect fellowship with God before entering the congregation. He needed to be bathed in the love of God. His ministry was so much a bringing out of views that had first sanctified his own soul, that the healthiness of his soul was absolutely needful to the vigour and power of his ministrations.

During these ten months the Lord had done much for him, but it was chiefly in the way of discipline for a future ministry. He had been taught a minister's heart; he had been tried in the furnace; he had tasted deep personal sorrow, little of which has been recorded; he had felt the fiery darts of temptation; he had been exercised in self-examination and in much prayer; he had proved how flinty is the rock, and had learnt that in lifting the rod by which it was to be smitten, success lay in Him alone who enabled him to lift it up. And thus prepared of God for the peculiar work that awaited him, he had turned his face towards Dundee, and took up his abode in the spot where the Lord was so marvellously to visit him in his ministry.

CHAPTER III.

FIRST YEARS OF LABOUR IN DUNDEE.

> Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears and temptations."—ACTS xx. 18, 19.

THE day on which he was ordained pastor of a flock, was a day of much anxiety to his soul. He had journeyed by Perth to spend the night preceding under the roof of his kind friend, Mr. Grierson, in the manse of Errol. Next morning, ere he left the manse, three passages of Scripture occupied his mind. 1. "*Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee; because he trusteth in Thee*" (Isa. xxvi. 3). This verse was seasonable; for, as he sat meditating on the solemn duties of the day, his heart trembled. 2. "*Give thyself wholly to these things*" (1 Tim. iv. 15). "May that word" (he prayed) "sink deep into my heart." 3. "*Here am I, send me*" (Isa. vi. 8). "To go, or to stay,—to be here till death, or to visit foreign shores, whatsoever, wheresoever, whensoever Thou pleasest." He rose from his knees with the prayer, "Lord, may Thy grace come with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery."

He was ordained on 24th November 1836. The service was conducted by Mr. Roxburgh of St. John's, through whose exertions the new church had been erected, and who ever afterwards cherished the most cordial friendship towards him. On the Sabbath following he was introduced to his flock by Mr. John Bonar of Larbert, with whom he had laboured as a son in the gospel. Himself preached in the afternoon upon Isa. lxi. 1–3: "*The Spirit of the Lord is upon me*," etc.; of which he writes, "May it be prophetic of the object of my coming here!" And truly it was so. That very sermon—the first preached by him as a pastor—was the means of awakening souls, as he afterwards learnt; and ever onward the impressions left by his words seemed to spread and deepen among his people. To keep up the remembrance of this solemn day, he used in all the subsequent years of his ministry to preach from this same text on the anniversary of his ordination.[1] In the evening of that day, Mr. Bonar again preached on "*These times of refreshing*." "A noble sermon, showing the marks of such times. Ah! when shall we have them here? Lord bless this word, to help their coming! Put Thy blessing upon this day! Felt given over to God, as one bought with a price."

There was a rapid growth in his soul, perceptible to all who knew him well, from this time. Even his pulpit preparations, he used to say, became easier from this date. He had earnestly sought that the day of his ordination might be a time of new grace; he expected it would be so; and there was a peculiar work to be done by his hands, for which the Holy Spirit did speedily prepare him.

His diary does not contain much of his feelings during his residence in Dundee. His incessant labours left him little time, except what he scrupulously spent in the direct exercises of devotion. But what we have seen of his manner of study and self-examination at Larbert, is sufficient to show in what a constant state of cultivation his soul was kept; and his habits in these respects continued with him to the last. Jeremy Taylor recommends: "If thou meanest to enlarge thy religion, do it rather by enlarging thine ordinary devotions than thy extraordinary." This advice describes very accurately the plan of spiritual life on which Mr. M'Cheyne acted. He did occasionally set apart seasons for special prayer and fasting, occupying the time so set apart exclusively in devotion. But the real secret of his soul's prosperity lay in the daily enlargement of his heart in fellowship with his God. And the river deepened as it flowed on to eternity; so that he at least reached that feature of a holy pastor which Paul pointed out to Timothy (iv. 15): "His profiting did appear to all."

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[1] *The Acceptable Year of the Lord* was one of these anniversary sermons, preached November 1840.

In his own house everything was fitted to make you feel that the service of God was a cheerful service, while he sought that every arrangement of the family should bear upon eternity. His morning hours were set apart for the nourishment of his own soul; not, however, with the view of laying up a stock of grace for the rest of the day,—for manna will corrupt if laid by,—but rather with the view of "giving the eye the habit of looking upward all the day, and drawing down gleams from the reconciled countenance." He was sparing in the hours devoted to sleep, and resolutely secured time for devotion before breakfast, although often wearied and exhausted when he laid himself to rest. "A soldier of the cross," was his remark, "must endure hardness." Often he sang a psalm of praise, as soon as he arose, to stir up his soul. Three chapters of the word was his usual morning portion. This he thought little enough, for he delighted exceedingly in the Scriptures: they were better to him than thousands of gold or silver. "When you write," said he to a friend, "tell me the meaning of Scriptures." To another, in expressing his value for the word, he said, "One gem from that ocean is worth all the pebbles of earthly streams."

His chief season of relaxation seemed to be breakfast-time. He would come down with a happy countenance and a full soul; and after the sweet season of family prayer, forthwith commence forming plans for the day. When he was well, nothing seemed to afford him such true delight as to have his hands full of work. Indeed, it was often remarked that in him you found—what you rarely meet with—a man of high poetic imagination and deep devotion, who nevertheless was engaged unceasingly in the busiest and most laborious activities of his office.

His friends could observe how much his soul was engrossed during his times of study and devotion. If interrupted on such occasions, though he never seemed ruffled, yet there was a kind of gravity and silence that implied—"I wish to be alone." But he further aimed at enjoying God *all the day*. And referring on one occasion to those blank hours which so often are a believer's burden,—hours during which the soul is dry and barren,—he observed, "They are proofs of how little we are *filled* with the presence of God, how little we are *branchlike*[1] in our faith."

This careful attention to the frame of his spirit did not hinder his preparation for his people; on the contrary, it kept alive his deep conscientiousness, and kept his warm compassion ever yearning. When asked to observe a Saturday as a day of fasting and prayer, along with some others who had a special object in view, he replied, "Saturday is an awkward day for ministers; for though I love to seek help from on high, I love also diligently to set my thoughts in order for the Sabbath. I sometimes fear that you fail in this latter duty."

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[1] Compare Zech. iv. 12 with John xv. 5.

During his first years in Dundee, he often rode out in an afternoon to the ruined church of Invergowrie, to enjoy an hour's perfect solitude; for he felt meditation and prayer to be the very sinews of his work. Such notices, also, as the following, show his systematic pursuit of personal holiness:—

"*April* 9, 1837, Evening.—A very pleasant quietness. Study of the Epistle to the Hebrews. Came to a more intelligent view of the first six chapters than ever before. Much refreshed by John Newton; instructed by Edwards. Help and freedom in prayer. Lord, what a happy season is a Sabbath evening! What will heaven be!"

"*April* 16, Sabbath evening.—Much prayer and peace. Reading the Bible only."

"*June* 2.—Much peace and rest to-night. Much broken under a sense of my exceeding wickedness, which no eye can see but Thine. Much persuasion of the sufficiency of Christ, and of the constancy of His love. Oh, how sweet to work all day for God, and then to lie down at night under His smiles!"

"*June* 17, 1838.—At Dumbarney communion. Much sin and coldness two days before. Lay low at His feet; found peace only in Jesus."

"*Sept.* 25.—Spent last week at Blairgowrie; I hope not in vain. Much sin, weakness, and uselessness; much delight in the word also, while opening it up at family prayer. May God make the word fire. Opened 1 Thess., the whole; enriching to my own mind. How true is Ps. i.! yet observed in my heart a strange proneness to be entangled with the affairs of this life; not strange because I am good, but because I have been so often taught that bitterness is the end of it."

"*Sept.* 27.—Devoted chief part of Friday to fasting. Humbled and refreshed."

"*Sept.* 30, Sabbath.—Very happy in my work. Too little prayer in the morning. Must try to get early to bed on Saturday, that I may 'rise a great while before day.'" These early hours of prayer on Sabbath he endeavoured to have all his life; not for study, but for prayer. He never laboured at his sermons on a Sabbath. That day he kept for its original end, the *refreshment of his soul.* (Ex. xxxi. 17.)

The parish of St Peter's, to which he had come, was large and very destitute. It is situated at the west end of the town, and included some part of the adjacent country. The church was built in connection with the Church Extension Scheme. The parish was a *quoad sacra* parish, detached from St John's. It contains a population of four thousand souls, very many of whom never crossed the threshold of any sanctuary. His congregation amounted, at the very outset, to about eleven hundred hearers, one-third of whom came from distant parts of the town.

Here was a wide field for parochial labour. It was also a very dead region—few, even of those who were living Christians, breathing their life on others; for the surrounding mass of impenetrable heathenism had cast its sad influence even over them. His first impressions of Dundee were severe. "A city given to idolatry and hardness of heart. I fear there is much of what Isaiah speaks of: 'The prophets prophesy lies, and the people love to have it so.'"

His first months of labour were very trying. He was not strong in bodily health, and that winter a fatal influenza prevailed for two or three months, so that most of his time in his parish was spent in visiting the sick and dying. In such cases he was always ready. "Did I tell you of the boy I was asked to see on Sabbath evening, just when I got myself comfortably seated at home? I went, and was speaking to him of the freeness and fulness of Jesus, when he gasped a little and died."

In one of his first visits to the sick, the narrative of the Lord's singular dealings with one of his parishioners greatly encouraged him to carry the glad tidings to the distressed under every disadvantage. Four years before, a young woman had been seized with cholera, and was deprived of the use of speech for a whole year. The Bible was read to her, and men of God used to speak and pray with her. At the end of the year her tongue was loosed, and the first words heard from her lips were praise and thanksgiving for what the Lord had done for her soul. It was in her chamber he was now standing, hearing from her own lips what the Lord had wrought.

On another occasion, during the first year of his ministry, he witnessed the death-bed conversion of a man who, till within a few days of his end, almost denied that there was a God. This solid conversion, as he believed it to be, stirred him up to speak with all hopefulness, as well as earnestness, to the dying.

But it was, above all, to the children of God that his visitations seemed blessed. His voice, and his very eye, spoke tenderness; for personal affliction had taught him to feel sympathy with the sorrowing. Though the following be an extract from a letter, yet it will be recognised by many as exhibiting his mode of dealing with God's afflicted ones in his visitations: "There is a sweet word in Exodus (iii. 7), which was pointed out to me the other day by a poor bereaved child of God: 'I know their sorrows.' Study that; it fills the soul. Another word like it in Ps. ciii. 14: 'He knoweth our frame.' May your own soul, and that of your dear friends, be fed by these things. A dark hour makes Jesus bright. Another sweet word: 'They knew not that it was Jesus.'"

I find some specimens of his sick visits among his papers, noted down at a time when his work had not grown upon his hands. "*January* 25, 1837.—Visited Mt. M'Bain, a young woman of twenty-four, long ill of decline. Better or worse these ten years past. Spoke of '*The one thing needful*' plainly. She sat quiet. *February* 14.—Had heard she was better —found her near dying. Spoke plainly and tenderly to her, commending Christ. Used many texts. She put out her hand kindly on leaving. 15th.—Still dying like; spoke as yesterday. She never opened her eyes. 16th.—Showed her the dreadfulness of wrath: freeness of Christ; the majesty, justice, truth of God. Poor M. is fast going the way whence she shall not return. Many neighbours also always gather in. 17th.— Read Ps. xxii.; showed the sufferings of Christ; how sufficient an atonement; how feeling a High Priest. She breathed loud and groaned through pain. Died this evening at seven. I hardly ever heard her speak anything; and I will hope that thou art with Christ in glory, till I go and see. 20th.—Prayed at her funeral. Saw her laid in St. Peter's Churchyard, *the first laid there*, by her own desire, in the fresh mould where never man was laid. May it be a token that she is with Him who was laid in a new tomb."

He records another case: "*January* 4, 1837.—Sent for to Mrs. S———. Very ill; asthmatic. Spoke on '*No condemnation to them that are in Christ.*' She said, 'But am I in Christ?' seemingly very anxious. Said she had often been so, and had let it go by. 5th.—Still living; spoke to her of Christ, and of full salvation. (Myself confined in the house till the 16th.) 16th.—Much worse. Not anxious to hear, yet far from rest. Dark, uneasy eye. Asked me, 'What is it to believe?' Spoke to her on '*God, who made light shine out of darkness.*' She seemed to take up nothing. Lord, help! 17th.—Still worse; wearing away. No smile; no sign of inward peace. Spoke of '*Remember me.*' Went over the whole gospel in the form of personal address. She drowsy. 18th.—Quieter. '*My Lord and my God.*' She spoke at intervals. More cheerful; anxious that I should not go without prayer. Has much knowledge; complete command of the Bible. 19th.—Spoke on '*Convincing of sin and righteousness.*' Rather more heart to hear. 20th.—Ps. li. Her look and her words were lightsome. 23rd.—Faintish and restless; no sign of peace. '*I am the way,*' and Ps. xxv. 24th.—Still silent and little sign of anything 26th.—Ps. xl.: '*The fearful pit.*' Very plain. Could not get anything out of her. *February* 1.—Died at twelve noon; no visible mark of light, or comfort, or hope. The day shall declare it."

One other case: "*February* 5, 1839.—Called suddenly in the evening. Found him near death. Careless family. Many round him. Spoke of the freeness and sufficiency of Jesus, '*Come unto me,*' etc., and '*The wrath of God revealed from heaven.*' Told him he was going where he would see Christ! asked him if He would be his Saviour? He seemed to answer; his father said, 'He is saying, Yes.' But it was the throe of death. One or two indescribable gasps, and he died! I sat silent, and let God preach. 7th.—Spoke of the '*Widow of Nain,*' and '*Behold, I stand at the door.*'"

Attendance at funerals was often to him a season of much exercise. Should it not be to all ministers a time for solemn inquiry? Was I faithful with this soul? Could this soul have learnt salvation from me every time I saw him? And did I pray as fervently as I spoke? And if we have tender pity for souls, we will sometimes feel as Mr. M'Cheyne records: "*September* 24.—Buried A. M. Felt bitterly the word, 'If any man draw back,' etc. Never had more bitter feelings at any funeral."

All who make any pretension to the office of shepherds visit their flocks;[1] yet there is a wide difference in the kind of visits which shepherds give. One does it formally, to discharge his duty and to quiet conscience; another makes it his delight. And of those who make it their delight, one goes forth on the regular plan of addressing all in somewhat of the same style; while another speaks freely, according as the wounds of his sheep come to view. On all occasions, this difficult and trying work must be gone about with a full heart, if it is to be gone about successfully at all. There is little in it to excite, for there is not the presence of numbers, and the few you see at a time are in their calmest, everyday mood. Hence there is a need of being full of grace, and need of feeling as though God did visit every hearer by your means. Our object is not to get duty done, but to get souls saved. (2 Cor. xiii. 7.) Mr. M'Cheyne used to go forth in this spirit; and often, after visiting from house to house for several hours, he would return to some room in the place in the evening, and preach to the gathered families. "*September* 26, 1838.—Good visiting day. Twelve families; many of them go nowhere. It is a great thing to be well furnished by meditation and prayer before setting out; it makes you a far more full and faithful witness. Preached in A. F.'s house on Job: '*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*' Very sweet and precious to myself." Partly from his state of health, and partly from the vast accumulation of other labours, and the calls made on him for evangelising elsewhere, he was never able to overtake the visitation of the whole district assigned him. He was blessed to attract and reclaim very many of the most degraded; and by Sabbath schools and a regular eldership, to take superintendence of the population to a great extent. Still he himself often said that his parish had never fully shared in the advantages that attend an aggressive system of parochial labour. Once when spending a day in the rural parish of Collace, as we went in the afternoon from door to door, and spoke to the children whom we met on the road-side, he smiled and said, "Well, how I envy a country minister; for he can get acquainted with all his people, and have some insight into their real character." Many of us thought that he afterwards erred in the abundant frequency of his evangelistic labours at a time when he was still bound to a particular flock.

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[1] Baxter (*Reformed Pastor*) says: "I dare prognosticate from knowledge of the nature of true grace, that all godly ministers will make conscience of this duty, and address themselves to it, unless they be, by some extraordinary accident, disabled."

He had an evening class every week for the young people of his congregation. The Catechism and the Bible were his text-books, while he freely introduced all manner of useful illustrations. He thought himself bound to prepare diligently for his classes, that he might give accurate and simple explanations, and unite what was interesting with the most solemn and awakening views. But it was his class for young communicants that engaged his deepest care, and wherein he saw most success. He began a class of this kind previous to his first Communion, and continued to form it again some weeks before every similar occasion. His tract, published in 1840, *This do in Remembrance of Me*, may be considered as exhibiting the substance of his solemn examinations on these occasions.

He usually noted down his first impressions of his communicants, and compared these notes with what he afterwards saw in them. Thus: "M. K., sprightly and lightsome, yet sensible; she saw plainly that the converted alone should come to the Table, but stumbled at the question, If she were converted? Yet she claimed being awakened and brought to Christ." Another: "Very staid, intelligent-like person, with a steady kind of anxiety, but, I fear, no feeling of helplessness. Thought that sorrow and prayer would obtain forgiveness. Told her plainly what I thought of her case." Another: "Knows she was once Christless; now she reads, and prays, and is anxious. I doubt not there is some anxiety, yet I fear it may be only a self-reformation to recommend herself to God and to man. Told her plainly." "A. M., I fear much for him. Gave him a token with much anxiety; warned him very much." "C. P. does not seem to have any work of anxiety. He reads prayer-books, etc. Does not pray in secret. Seems not very intelligent."

He sought to encourage Sabbath schools in all the districts of his parish. The hymn, "Oil for the Lamp," was written to impress the parable on a class of Sabbath scholars in 1841. Some of his sweet, simple tracts were written for these schools. *Reasons why Children should fly to Christ* was the first, written at the New Year 1839; and *The Lambs of the Flock* was another at a later period. His heart felt for the young. One evening, after visiting some of his Sabbath schools, he writes: "Had considerable joy in teaching the children. Oh for real heart-work among them!" He could accommodate himself to their capacities; and he did not reckon it vain to use his talents in order to attract their attention, for he regarded the soul of a child as infinitely precious. Ever watchful for opportunities, on the blank leaf of a book which he had sent to a little boy of his congregation, he wrote these simple lines:—

Peace be to thee, gentle boy!
Many years of health and joy!
Love your Bible more than play,
Grow in wisdom every day.
Like the lark on hovering wing,
Early rise, and mount and sing;
Like the dove that found no rest
Till it flew to Noah's breast,
Rest not in this world of sin,
Till the Saviour take thee in.

He had a high standard in his mind as to the moral qualifications of those who should teach the young. When a female teacher was sought for to conduct an evening school in his parish for the sake of the mill-girls, he wrote to one interested in the cause: "The qualifications she should possess for sewing and knitting you will understand far better than I. She should be able to keep up in her scholars the fluency of reading, and the knowledge of the Bible and Catechism which they may have already acquired. She should be able to teach them to sing the praises of God with feeling and melody. But, far above all, she should be a Christian woman, not in name only, but in deed and in truth,—one whose heart has been touched by the Spirit of God, and who can love the souls of little children. Any teacher who wanted this last qualification, I would look upon as a curse rather than a blessing,—a centre of blasting and coldness and death, instead of a centre from which life and warmth and heavenly influence might emanate."

It was very soon after his ordination that he began his weekly prayer-meeting in the church. He had heard how meetings of this kind had been blessed in other places, and never had he any cause to regret having set apart the Thursday evening for this holy purpose. One of its first effects was to quicken those who had already believed; they were often refreshed upon these occasions even more than on the Sabbath. Some of the most solemn seasons of his ministry were at those meetings. At their commencement, he wrote to me an account of his manner of conducting them: "I give my people a Scripture to be hidden in the heart—generally a promise of the Spirit or the wonderful effects of His outpouring.[1] I give them the heads of a sermon upon it for about twenty minutes. Prayer goes before and follows. Then I read some history of Revivals, and comment in passing. I think the people are very much interested in it: a number of people come from all parts of the town. But, oh, I need much the living Spirit to my own soul! I want my life to be hid with Christ in God. At present there is too much hurry, and bustle, and outward working, to allow the calm working of the Spirit on the heart. I seldom get time to meditate, like Isaac, at evening-tide, except when I am tired; but the dew comes down when all nature is at rest—when every leaf is still."

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[1] The first text he gave to be thus hidden in the heart was Isaiah xxxiv. 15: "Until the Spirit be poured out from on high."

A specimen of the happy freedom and familiar illustrations which his people felt to be peculiar to these meetings, may be found in the notes taken by one of his hearers, of *Expositions of the Epistles to the Seven Churches*, given during the year 1838. He had himself great delight in the Thursday evening meetings. "They will doubtless be remembered in eternity with songs of praise," said he, on one occasion; and at another time, observing the tender frame of a soul which was manifested at these seasons, he said, "There is a stillness to the last word,—not as on Sabbaths, a rushing down at the end of the prayer, as if glad to get out of God's presence." So many believing and so many inquiring souls used to attend, and so few of the worldlings, that you seemed to breathe the atmosphere of heaven.

But it was his Sabbath day's services that brought multitudes together, and were soon felt throughout the town. He was ever so ready to assist his brethren, so much engaged in every good work, and latterly so often interrupted by inquiries, that it might be thought he had no time for careful preparation, and might be excused for the absence of it. But, in truth, he never preached without careful attention bestowed on his subject. He might, indeed, have little time,—often the hours of a Saturday was all the time he could obtain,—but his daily study of the Scriptures stored his mind, and formed a continual preparation. Much of his Sabbath services was a drawing out of what he had carried in during busy days of the week.

His voice was remarkably clear,—his manner attractive by its mild dignity. His form itself drew the eye.[1] He spoke from the pulpit as one earnestly occupied with the souls before him. He made them feel sympathy with what he spoke, for his own eye and heart were on them. He was, at the same time, able to bring out illustrations at once simple and felicitous, often with poetic skill and elegance. He wished to use Saxon words, for the sake of being understood by the most illiterate in his audience. And while his style was singularly clear, this clearness itself was so much the consequence of his being able thoroughly to analyse and explain his subject, that all his hearers alike reaped the benefit.

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[1] "Gration est pulchro veniens e corpore virtus."

He went about his public work with awful reverence. So evident was this, that I remember a countryman in my parish observed to me, "Before he opened his lips, as he came along the passage, there was something about him that sorely affected me." In the vestry there was never any idle conversation; all was preparation of heart in approaching God; and a short prayer preceded his entering the pulpit. Surely in going forth to speak for God, a man may well be overawed! Surely in putting forth his hand to sow the seed of the kingdom, a man may even tremble! And surely we should aim at nothing less than to pour forth the truth upon our people through the channel of our own living and deeply affected souls.

After announcing the subject of his discourse, he used generally to show the position it occupied in the context, and then proceed to bring out the doctrines of the text, in the manner of our old divines. This done, he divided his subject, and herein he was eminently skilful. "The heads of his sermons," said a friend, "were not the milestones that tell you how near you are to your journey's end, but they were nails which fixed and fastened all he said. Divisions are often dry; but not so *his* divisions,—they were so textual and so feeling, and they brought out the spirit of a passage so surprisingly."

It was his wish to arrive nearer at the primitive mode of expounding Scripture in his sermons. Hence when one asked him, If he was never afraid of running short of sermons some day? he replied, "No; I am just an interpreter of Scripture in my sermons; and when the Bible runs dry, then I shall." And in the same spirit he carefully avoided the too common mode of accommodating texts,—fastening a doctrine on the words, not drawing it from the obvious connection of the passage. He endeavoured at all times to *preach the mind of the Spirit in a passage;* for he feared that to do otherwise would be to grieve the Spirit who had written it. Interpretation was thus a solemn matter to him. And yet, adhering scrupulously to this sure principle, he felt himself in no way restrained from using, for every day's necessities, all parts of the Old Testament as much as the New. His manner was first to ascertain the primary sense and application, and so proceed to handle it for present use. Thus, on Isa. xxvi. 16–19, he began: "This passage, I believe, refers *literally* to the conversion of God's ancient people." He regarded the *prophecies* as *history yet to be*, and drew lessons from them accordingly as he would have done from the past. Every spiritual gift being in the hands of Jesus, if he found Moses or Paul in the possession of precious things, he forthwith was led to follow them into the presence of that same Lord who gave them all their grace.

There is a wide difference between preaching *doctrine* and preaching *Christ*. Mr. M'Cheyne preached all the doctrines of Scripture as understood by our Confession of Faith, dwelling upon ruin by the Fall, and recovery by the Mediator. "The things of the human heart, and the things of the Divine Mind," were in substance his constant theme. From personal experience of deep temptation, he could lay open the secrets of the heart, so that he once said, "He supposed the reason why some of the worst sinners in Dundee had come to hear him was, because his heart exhibited so much likeness to theirs." Still it was not *doctrine* alone that he preached; it was *Christ*, from whom all doctrine shoots forth as rays from a centre. He sought to hang every vessel and flagon upon Him. "It is strange," he wrote, after preaching on Rev. i. 15: "It is strange how sweet and precious it is to preach directly about Christ, compared with all other subjects of preaching." And he often expressed a dislike of the phrase "*giving attention to religion*," because it seemed to substitute doctrine, and a devout way of thinking, for *Christ Himself*.

It is difficult to convey to those who never knew him a correct idea of the sweetness and holy unction of his preaching. Some of his sermons, printed from his own MSS. (although almost all are first copies), may convey a correct idea of his style and mode of preaching doctrine. But there are no notes that give any true idea of his affectionate appeals to the heart, and searching applications. These he seldom wrote; they were poured forth at the moment when his heart filled with his subject; for his rule was to set before his hearers a body of truth first,—and there always was a vast amount of Bible truth in his discourses,—and then urge home the application. His exhortations flowed from his doctrine, and thus had both variety and power. He was systematic in this; for he observed: "Appeals to the careless, etc., come with power on the back of some massy truth. See how Paul does (Acts xiii. 40), 'Beware, *therefore*, lest,' etc., and (Heb. ii. 1), '*Therefore* we should,'" etc.

He was sometimes a little unguarded in his statements, when his heart was deeply moved and his feelings stirred, and sometimes he was too long in his addresses; but this also arose from the fulness of his soul. "Another word," he thought, "may be blessed, though the last has made no impression."

Many will remember for ever the blessed communion Sabbaths that were enjoyed in St. Peter's. From the very first these communion seasons were remarkably owned of God. The awe of His presence used to be upon His people, and the house filled with the odour of the ointment, when His name was poured forth (Song i. 3). But on common Sabbaths also many soon began to journey long distances to attend St. Peter's,—many from country parishes, who would return home with their hearts burning, as they talked of what they had heard that day.

Mr. M'Cheyne knew the snare of popularity, and naturally was one that would have been fascinated by it; but the Lord kept him.

He was sometimes extraordinarily helped in his preaching; but at other times, though not perceived by his hearers, his soul felt as if left to its own resources. The cry of Rowland Hill was constantly on his lips, "Master, help!" and often is it written at the close of his sermon. Much affliction, also, was a thorn in the flesh to him. He described himself as often "strong as a giant when in the church, but like a willow-wand when all was over." But, certainly, above all, his abiding sense of the divine favour was his safeguard. He began his ministry in Dundee with this sunshine on his way. "As yet I have been kept not only in the light of His reconciled countenance, but very much under the guiding eye of our providing God. Indeed, as I remember good old Swartz used to say, 'I could not have imagined that He could have been so gracious to us.'" I believe that while he had some sorer conflicts, he had also far deeper joy after his return from Palestine than in the early part of his ministry, though from the very commencement of it he enjoyed that sense of the love of God which "keeps the heart and mind" (Phil. iv. 7). This was the true secret of his holy walk, and of his calm humility. But for this, his ambition would have become the only principle of many an action; but now the sweeter love of God constrained him, and the natural ambition of his spirit could be discerned only as suggesting to him the idea of making attempts which others would have declined.

What monotony there is in the ministry of many! Duty presses on the heels of duty in an endless circle. But it is not so when the Spirit is quickening both the pastor and his flock. Then there is all the variety of life. It was so here. The Lord began to work by his means almost from the first day he came. There was ever one and another stricken, and going apart to weep alone.

The flocking of souls to his ministry, and the deep interest excited, drew the attention of many, and raised the wish in some quarters to have him as their pastor. He had not been many months engaged in his laborious work when he was solicited to remove to the parish of Skirling, near Biggar. It was an offer that presented great advantages above his own field of labour as to worldly gain, and in respect of the prospect it held out of comparative ease and comfort; for the parish was small and the emolument great. But as it is required of a bishop, that he be "not greedy of filthy lucre," nay, that he be "one who has no love of money" (*ἀφιλαργυρος*, 1 Tim. iii. 3) at all, so was it true that in him these qualifications eminently shone. His remarks in a letter to his father contain the honest expression of his feelings: "I am set down among nearly 4000 people; 1100 people have taken seats in my church. I bring my message, such as it is, within the reach of that great company every Sabbath day. I dare not leave 3000 or 4000, for 300 people. Had this been offered me before, I would have seen it a direct intimation from God, and would heartily have embraced it. How I should have delighted to feed so precious a little flock,—to watch over every family,—to know every heart,—'to allure to brighter worlds and lead the way!' But God has not so ordered it. He has set me down among the noisy mechanics and political weavers of this godless town. He will make the money sufficient. He that paid His taxes from a fish's mouth will supply all my need." He had already expressed the hope, "Perhaps the Lord will make this wilderness of chimney-tops to be green and beautiful as the garden of the Lord, a field which the Lord hath blessed!"

His health was delicate; and the harassing care and endless fatigue incident to his position, in a town like Dundee, seemed unsuitable to his spirit. This belief led to another attempt to remove him to a country sphere. In the summer of this same year (1837) he was strongly urged to preach as a candidate for the vacant parish of St. Martin's, near Perth, and assured of the appointment if he would only come forward. But he declined again: "My Master has placed me here with His own hand; and I never will, directly or indirectly, seek to be removed."

There were circumstances in this latter case that made the call on him appear urgent in several points of view. In coming to a resolution, he mentions one interesting element in the decision, in a letter to me, dated 8th August. "I was much troubled about being asked to go to a neighbouring parish at present vacant, and made it a matter of prayer; and I mention it now because of the wonderful answer to prayer which I think I received from God. I prayed that in order to settle my own mind completely about staying, He would awaken some of my people. I agreed that that should be a sign He would wish me to stay. The next morning I think, or at least the second morning, there came to me two young persons I had never seen before, in great distress. What brought this to my mind was, that they came to me again yesterday, and their distress is greatly increased. Indeed, I never saw any people in such anguish about their soul. I cannot but regard this as a real answer to prayer. I have also several other persons in deep distress, and I feel that I am quite helpless in comforting them. I would fain be like Noah, who put out his hand and took in the weary dove; but God makes me stand by and feel that I am a child. Will God never cast the scenes of our labour near each other? We are in His hand; let Him do as seemeth Him good. Pray for me, for my people, for my own soul, that I be not a castaway."

Few godly pastors can be willing to change the scene of their labours, unless it be plain that the Cloudy Pillar is pointing them away. It is perilous for men to choose for themselves; and too often has it happened that the minister who, on slight grounds, moved away from his former watch-tower, has had reason to mourn over the disappointment of his hopes in his larger and wider sphere. But while this is admitted, probably it may appear unwarrantable in Mr. M'Cheyne to have prayed for a sign of the Lord's will. It is to be observed, however, that he decided the point of duty on other grounds; and it was only with the view of obtaining an additional confirmation by the occurrences of Providence, that he prayed in this manner, in submission to the will of the Lord. He never held it right to decide the path of duty by any such signs or tokens; he believed that the written word supplied sufficient data for guiding the believing soul; and such providential occurrences as happened in this case he regarded as important only so far as they might be answers to prayer. Indeed, he himself has left us a glance of his views on this point in a fragment, which (for it is not dated) may have been written about this time. He had been thinking on ' Gideon's Fleece."

When God called Gideon forth to fight—
"Go, save thou Israel in thy might,"—
The faithful warrior sought a sign
That God would on his labours shine.
  The man who, at Thy dread command,
  Lifted the shield and deadly brand,
  To do Thy strange and fearful work—
  Thy work of blood and vengeance, Lord!—
  Might need assurance doubly tried,
  To prove Thou wouldst his steps betide.
But when the message which we bring
Is one to make the dumb man sing;
To bid the blind man wash and see,
The lame to leap with ecstasy;
To raise the soul that's bowed down,
To wipe away the tears and frown,
To sprinkle all the heart within
  From the accusing voice of sin—
  Then, such a sign my call to prove,
  To preach my Saviour's dying love,
  I cannot, dare not, hope to find.

In the close of the same year, 1837, he agreed to become Secretary to the Association for Church Extension in the county of Forfar. The Church Extension Scheme, though much misrepresented and much misunderstood, had in view as its genuine, sincere endeavour, to bring to overgrown parishes the advantage of a faithful minister, placed over such a number of souls as he could really visit. Mr. M'Cheyne cheerfully and diligently forwarded these objects to the utmost of his power, "It is the cause of God," said he, "and therefore I am willing to spend and be spent for it." It compelled him to ride much from place to place; but riding was an exercise of which he was fond, and which was favourable to his health. As a specimen: "*Dec.* 4, 1838.—Travelled to Montrose. Spoke along with Mr. Guthrie at a Church Extension meeting; eight or nine hundred present, Tried to do something in the Saviour's cause, both directly and indirectly. Next day at Forfar. Spoke in the same cause."

How heartily he entered into this scheme may be seen from the following extract. In a letter of an after date to Mr. Roxburgh, he says: "Every day I live, I feel more and more persuaded that it is the cause of God and of His kingdom in Scotland in our day. Many a time, when I thought myself a dying man, the souls of the perishing thousands in my own parish, who never enter any house of God, have lain heavy on my heart. Many a time I prayed that the eyes of our enemies might be opened, and that God would open the hearts of our rulers, to feel that their highest duty and greatest glory is to support the ministers of Christ, and to send these to every perishing soul in Scotland." He felt that their misery was all the greater, and their need the deeper, that such neglected souls had no wish for help, and would never ask for it themselves. Nor was it that he imagined that, if churches were built and ministers endowed, this would of itself be sufficient to reclaim the multitudes of perishing men. But he sought and expected that the Lord would send faithful men into His vineyard. These new churches were to be like cisterns—ready to catch the shower when it should fall, just as his own did in the day of the Lord's power.

His views on this subject were summed up in the following lines, written one day as he sat in company with some of his zealous brethren who were deeply engaged in the scheme :—

Give me a man of God the truth to preach,
A house of prayer within convenient reach,
Seat-rents the poorest of the poor can pay,
A spot so small one pastor can survey :
Give these—and give the Spirit's genial shower,
Scotland shall be a garden all in flower !

Another public duty to which, during all the years of his ministry, he gave constant attention, was attendance at the meetings of Presbytery. His candour, and uprightness, and Christian generosity were felt by all his brethren ; and his opinion, though the opinion of so young a man, was regarded with more than common respect. In regard to the great public questions that were then shaking the Church of Scotland, his views were decided and unhesitating. No policy, in his view, could be more ruinous to true Christianity, or more fitted to blight vital godliness, than that of Moderatism. He wrote once to a friend in Ireland : "You don't know what Moderatism is. It is a plant that our heavenly Father never planted, and I trust it is now to be rooted up." The great question of the Church's independence of the civil power in all matters spiritual, and the right of the Christian people to judge if the pastor appointed over them had the Shepherd's voice, he invariably held to be part of Scripture truth ; which, therefore, must be preached and carried into practice at all hazards. In like manner he rejoiced exceedingly in the settlements of faithful ministers.

The appointments of Mr. Baxter to Hilltown, Mr. Lewis to St. David's, and Mr. Miller to Wallacetown at a later period, are all noticed by him with expressions of thankfulness and joy; and it occasioned the same feelings if he heard of the destitution of any parish in any part of the country supplied. He writes, Sept. 20, 1838: "Present at A. B.'s ordination at Collace with great joy. Blessed be God for the gift of this pastor. Give testimony to the word of Thy grace."

Busy at home, he nevertheless always had a keenly evangelistic spirit. He might have written much, and have gained a name by his writings; but he laid everything aside when put in comparison with preaching the everlasting gospel. He scarcely ever refused an invitation to preach on a week-day; and travelling from place to place did not interrupt his fellowship with God. His occasional visits during these years were much blessed. At Blairgowrie and Collace his visits were longed for as times of special refreshment; nor was it less so at Kirriemuir, when he visited Mr. Cormick, or at Abernyte in the days when Mr. Hamilton (of Regent Square, London), and afterwards Mr. Manson, were labouring in that vineyard. It would be difficult even to enumerate the places which he watered at communion seasons; and in some of these it was testified of him, that not the words he spoke, but the *holy manner* in which he spoke, was the chief means of arresting souls.

Occasionally two or three of us, whose lot was cast within convenient distance, and whose souls panted for the same water-brooks, used to meet together to spend a whole day in confession of ministerial and personal sins, with prayer for grace, guiding ourselves by the reading of the word. At such times we used to meet in the evening with the flock of the pastor in whose house the meeting had been held through the day, and there unitedly pray for the Holy Spirit being poured down upon the people. The first time we held such a meeting, there were tokens of blessing observed by several of us; and the week after he wrote: "Has there been any fruit of the happy day we spent with you? I thought I saw some the Sabbath after, here. In due season we shall reap if we faint not; only be thou strong, and of a good courage." The incident that encouraged him is recorded in his diary. An elderly person came to tell him how the river of joy and peace in believing had that Sabbath most singularly flowed through her soul, so that she blessed God that she ever came to St. Peter's. He adds: "*N.B.*—This seems a fruit of our prayer-meeting, begun last Wednesday at Collace,—one drop of the shower."

It should have been remarked ere now, that during all his ministry he was careful to use not only the direct means appointed for the conversion of souls, but those also that appear more indirect, such as the key of discipline. In regard to the Lord's Supper, his little tract explains his views. He believed that to keep back those whose profession was a credible profession, even while the pastor might have strong doubts as to their fitness in his own mind, was not the rule laid down for us in the New Testament. At the same time, he as steadily maintained that no unconverted person *ought to come* to the Lord's Table; and on this point "they should judge themselves if they would not be judged."

When communicants came to be admitted for the first time, or when parents that had been communicants before came for baptism to their children, it was his custom to ask them solemnly if their souls were saved. His dealing was blessed to the conversion of not a few young persons who were coming carelessly forward to the communion; and himself records the blessing that attended his faithful dealing with a parent coming to speak with him about the baptism of his child. The man said that he had been taking a thought, and believed himself in the right way—that he felt his disposition better, for he could forgive injuries. Mr M'Cheyne showed him that nevertheless he was ignorant of God's righteousness. The man laid it to heart; and when Mr. M'Cheyne said that he thought it would be better to defer the baptism, at once offered to come again and speak on the matter. On a subsequent visit, he seemed really to have seen his error, and to have cast away his own righteousness. When his child was baptized, it was joy to the pastor's heart to have the good hope that the man had received salvation.

In connection with the superstitious feeling of the most depraved as to baptism, he related an affecting occurrence. A careless parent one evening entered his house, and asked him to come with him to baptize a dying child. He knew that neither this man nor his wife ever entered the door of a church; but he rose and went with him to the miserable dwelling. There an infant lay, apparently dying; and many of the female neighbours, equally depraved with the parents, stood round. He came forward to where the child was, and spoke to the parents of their ungodly state and fearful guilt before God, and concluded by showing them that, in such circumstances, he would consider it sinful in him to administer baptism to their infant. They said, "He might at least do it for the sake of the poor child." He told them that it was not baptism that saved a soul, and that out of true concern for themselves he must not do as they wished. The friends around the bed then joined the parents in upbraiding him as having no pity on the poor infant's soul! He stood among them still, and showed them that it was they who had been thus cruel to their child; and then lifted up his voice in solemn warning, and left the house amid their ignorant reproaches.

Nor did he make light of the kirk session's power to rebuke and deal with an offender. Once from the pulpit, at an ordination of elders, he gave the following testimony upon this head: "When I first entered upon the work of the ministry among you, I was exceedingly ignorant of the vast importance of church discipline. I thought that my great and almost only work was to pray and preach. I saw your souls to be so precious, and the time so short, that I devoted all my time, and care, and strength, to labour in word and doctrine. When cases of discipline were brought before me and the elders, I regarded them with something like abhorrence. It was a duty I shrank from; and I may truly say it nearly drove me from the work of the ministry among you altogether. But it pleased God, who teaches His servants in another way than man teaches, to bless some of the cases of discipline to the manifest and undeniable conversion of the souls of those under our care; and from that hour a new light broke in upon my mind, and I saw that if preaching be an ordinance of Christ, so is church discipline. I now feel very deeply persuaded that both are of God—that two keys are committed to us by Christ: the one the key of doctrine, by means of which we unlock the treasures of the Bible; the other the key of discipline, by which we open or shut the way to the sealing ordinances of the faith. Both are Christ's gift, and neither is to be resigned without sin."

There was still another means of enforcing what he preached, in the use of which he has excelled all his brethren, namely, the holy consistency of his daily walk. Aware that one idle word, one needless contention, one covetous act, may destroy in our people the effect of many a solemn expostulation and earnest warning, he was peculiarly circumspect in his everyday walk. He wished to be always in the presence of God. If he travelled, he laboured to enjoy God by the way, as well as to do good to others by dropping a word in season. In riding or walking, he seized opportunities of giving a useful tract; and, on principle, he preferred giving it to the person directly, rather than casting it on the road. The former way, he said, was more open—there was no stealth in it; and we ought to be as clear as crystal in speaking or acting for Jesus. In writing a note, however short, he sought to season it with salt. If he passed a night in a strange place, he tried to bear the place specially on his soul at the mercy-seat; and if compelled to take some rest from his too-exhausting toils, his recreations were little else than a change of occupation, from one mode of glorifying God to another.[1] His beautiful hymn, "I am a debtor," was written in May 1837, at a leisure hour.

Whatever be said in the pulpit men will not much regard, though they may feel it at the time, if the minister does not say the same in private, with equal earnestness, in speaking with his people face to face; and it must be in our moments of most familiar intercourse with them, that we are thus to put the seal to all we say in public. Familiar moments are the times when the things that are most closely twined round the heart are brought out to view; and shall we forbear, by tacit consent, to introduce the Lord that bought us into such happy hours? We must not only speak faithfully to our people in our sermons, but live faithfully for them too. Perhaps it may be found that the reason why many who preach the gospel fully and in all earnestness are not owned of God in the conversion of souls, is to be found in their defective exhibition of grace in these easy moments of life. "Them that honour me, I will honour" (1 Sam. ii. 30). It was noticed long ago that men will give you leave to *preach against* their sins as much as you will, if so be you will but be easy with them when you have done, and talk as they do, and live as they live. How much otherwise it was with Mr. M'Cheyne, all who knew him are witnesses.

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[1] Baxter's words are not less than the truth: "Recreation to a minister must be as whetting is with the mower, that is, only to be used so far as is necessary for his work. May a physician in the plague-time take any more relaxation or recreation than is necessary for his life, when so many are expecting his help in a case of life and death?" "Will you stand by and see sinners gasping under the pangs of death, and say, God doth not require me to make myself a drudge to save them? Is this the voice of ministerial or Christian compassion, or rather of *sensual laziness and diabolical cruelty?*"—*Ref. Past.* vi. 6.

His visits to friends were times when he sought to do good to their souls; and never was he satisfied unless he could guide the conversation to bear upon the things of eternity. When he could not do so, he generally remained silent. And yet his demeanour was easy and pleasant to all, exhibiting at once meekness of faith and delicacy of feeling. There was in his character a high refinement that came out in poetry and true politeness; and there was something in his graces that reminded one of his own remark, when explaining *the spices* of Song iv. 16, when he said that "some believers were a garden that had fruit-trees, and so were useful; but we ought also to have *spices*, and so be attractive." Wishing to convey his grateful feelings to a fellow-labourer in Dundee, he sent him a Hebrew Bible, with these few lines prefixed:—

Anoint mine eyes,
O holy Dove!
That I may prize
This book of love.

Unstop mine ear,
Made deaf by sin,
That I may hear
Thy voice within.

Break my hard heart,
Jesus, my Lord;
In the inmost part
Hide Thy sweet word.

It was on a similar occasion, in 1838, that he wrote the lines, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." At another time, sitting under a shady tree, and casting his eye on the hospitable dwelling in which he found a pleasant retreat, his grateful feelings flowed out to his kind friend in the lines that follow:—

"PEACE TO THIS HOUSE."

Long may peace within this dwelling
Have its resting-place;
Angel shields all harm repelling,—
God, their God of grace.

May the dove-like Spirit guide them
To the upright land!
May the Saviour-Shepherd feed them
From His gentle hand!

Never was there one more beloved as a friend, and seldom any whose death could cause so many to feel as if no other friend could ever occupy his room. Some, too, can say that so much did they learn from his holy walk, "that it is probable a day never passes wherein they have not some advantage from his friendship."[1]

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[1] Ἐγὼ μὲν δὴ κατανοῶν τοῦ ἀνδρὸς τήν τε σοφίαν καὶ τὴν γενναιότητα, οὔτε μὴ μεμνῆσθαι δύναμαι αὐτοῦ, οὔτε μεμνημένος μὴ οὐκ ἐπαινεῖν. Εἰ δέ τις τῶν ἀρετῆς ἐφϊεμενων ὠφελιμωτέρῳ τινὶ Σωκράτους συνεγένετο, ἐκεῖνον ἐγὼ τὸν ἄνδρα ἀξιομακαριστότατον νομίζω.

I find written on the leaf of one of his note-books, a short memorandum: "*Rules worth remembering.*—When visiting in a family, whether ministerially or otherwise, speak particularly to *the strangers* about eternal things. Perhaps God has brought you together just to save that soul." And then he refers to some instances which occurred to himself, in which God seemed to honour a word spoken in this incidental way.

In this spirit he was enabled for nearly three years to give his strength to his Master's service. Sickness sometimes laid him aside, and taught him what he had to suffer; but he rose from it to go forth again to his joyful labours. Often, after a toilsome day, there were inquirers waiting for him, so that he had to begin work afresh in a new form. But this was his delight; it was a kind of interruption which he allowed even on a Saturday, in the midst of his studies. He was led to resolve not to postpone any inquirers till a future time, by finding that having done so on one occasion at a pressing moment, the individuals never returned; and so alive was he to the responsibilities of his office, that he ever after feared to lose such an opportunity of speaking with souls at a time when they were aroused to concern. Busy one evening with some extra-parochial work, he was asked if any person should be admitted to see him that night. "Surely—what do we live for?" was his immediate reply. It was his manner, too, on a Saturday afternoon, to visit one or two of his sick who seemed near the point of death, with the view of being thus stirred up to a more direct application of the truth to his flock on the morrow, as dying men on the edge of eternity.

We have already observed that in his doctrine there was nothing that differed from the views of truth laid down in the standards of our Church. He saw no inconsistency in preaching an electing God, who "calleth whom He will," and a salvation free to "whosoever will"; nor in declaring the absolute sovereignty of God, and yet the unimpaired responsibility of man. He preached Christ as a gift laid down by the Father for every sinner freely to take. In the beginning of his ministry, as he preached the fulness of the glad tidings, and urged on his people that there was enough in the glad tidings to bring direct and immediate assurance to every one who really believed them, some of his flock were startled. For he ever preached, that, while it is true that there are believers, like Heman or Asaph, who do not enjoy full assurance of the love of God, yet certainly no true believer should remain satisfied in the absence of this blessed peace. Not a few had hitherto been accustomed to take for granted that they might be Christians, though they knew of no change, and had never thought of enjoying the knowledge of the love of God as their present portion. They heard that others, who were reckoned believers, had doubts; so they had come to consider fears and doubts as the very marks of a believing soul. The consequence had been, that in past days many concluded themselves to be Christians because they seemed to be in the very state of mind of which those who were reputed to be believers spoke, viz. doubt and alarm. Alas! in *their* case there could be nothing else, for they had only a name to live.

Some one wrote to him, putting several questions concerning conversion, assurance, and faith, which had been stirred up by his ministry. The import of the questions may be gathered from his reply, which was as follows:—

"1. *I doubt if there are many saints who live and die without a comfortable sense of forgiveness and acceptance with God.* The saints of whom the Bible speaks seem to have enjoyed it richly both in life and death. See the murderers of our Lord (Acts ii. 41); the Ethiopian (Acts viii. 39); the jailor (Acts xvi. 35). David also felt it, sinful man though he was (Rom. iv. 6). Paul also prayed that the Romans might have it (Rom. xv. 13). I fear this objection is generally made by those who are living in sin, and do not wish to know the dangerous road they are on.

"2. *A sense of forgiveness does not proceed from marks seen in yourself, but from a discovery of the beauty, worth, and freeness of Christ* (Ps. xxxiv. 5). We look *out* for peace, not *in*. At the same time, there is also an assurance rising from what we see in ourselves; the seal of the Spirit, love to the brethren, etc., are the chief marks.

"3. *Feeling a body of sin is a mark that we are like Paul, and that we are Christ's* (Rom. vii.; Gal. v. 17). Paul was cheerful with a body of sin; and so ought we to be. So was David, and all the saints.

"4. *I do not think there is any difference between those converted within these few years and those who were Christians before.* Many of those converted since I came are, I fear, very unholy. I fear this more than anything. I fear there is too much talk and too little reality. Still there are many good figs,—many of whom I am persuaded better things, and things that accompany salvation. The answer to your question I fear is this, that many used to be taken for Christians before, who had only a name to live, and were dead. I think there is more discrimination now. But take care and be not proud, for that goes before a fall. Take care of censorious judging of others, as if all must be converted in the same way.

"God moves in a mysterious way. He hath mercy on whom He will have mercy. To Him alone be glory."

He thus stated his views on another occasion. Referring to Song vi. 3, "My beloved is mine," following "My beloved is gone down into His garden," he said, "This is the faith of assurance,—a complete, unhesitating embracing of Christ as my righteousness and my strength and my all. A common mistake is, that this clear conviction that Christ is mine is an attainment far on in the divine life, and that it springs from evidences seen in my heart. When I see myself a new creature, Christ on the throne in my heart, love to the brethren, etc., it is often thought that I may begin then to say, 'My beloved is mine.' How different this passage! The moment Jesus comes down into the garden to the beds of spices,—the moment He reveals Himself, the soul cries out, 'My beloved is mine!' So saith Thomas (John xx. 27, 28). The moment Jesus came in and revealed His wounds, Thomas cried out, 'My Lord and my God.' He did not look to see if he was believing, or if the graces of love and humility were reigning; but all he saw and thought of was Jesus and Him crucified and risen." At a subsequent period, when preaching on Matt. xi. 28, "Come unto Me," he said, "I suppose it is almost impossible to explain what it is to come to Jesus, it is so simple. If you ask a sick person who had been healed, what it was to come and be healed, he could hardly tell you. As far as the Lord has given me light in this matter, and looking at what my own heart does in like circumstances, I do not feel that there is anything more in coming to Jesus, than just believing what God says about His Son to be true. I believe that many people keep themselves in darkness by expecting something more than this. Some of you will ask, 'Is there no *appropriating* of Christ? no *putting out the hand of faith?* no touching the hem of His garment?' I quite grant, beloved, there is such a thing, but I do think it is inseparable from believing the record. If the Lord persuades you of the glory and power of Immanuel, I feel persuaded that you cannot but choose Him. It is like opening the shutters of a dark room; the sun that moment shines in. So, the eye that is opened to the testimony of God receives Christ that moment."

In the case of a faithful ministry, success is the rule; want of it the exception. For it is written: "In doing this thou shalt both save thyself and them that hear thee" (1 Tim. iv. 16). Mr. M'Cheyne expected it, and the Lord exceeded all his hopes.

It was not yet common for persons in anxiety to go to their pastor for advice; but soon it became an almost weekly occurrence. While it was yet rare, two of his young people wrote a joint note, asking liberty to come and speak with him, "for we are anxious about our souls." Among those who came, there were those who had striven against the truth; persons who used to run out of hearing when the Bible was read,—throw down a tract if the name of God was in it,—go quickly to sleep after a Sabbath's pleasure in order to drown the fear of dropping into hell. There were many whose whole previous life had been but a threadbare profession. There were some open sinners, too. In short, the Lord glorified Himself by the variety of those whom His grace subdued, and the variety of means by which His grace reached its object.

One could tell him that the reading of the chapter in the church, with a few remarks, had been the time of her awakening. Another had been struck to the heart by some expression he used in his first prayer before sermon one Sabbath morning. But most were arrested in the preaching of the word. An interesting case was that of one who was aroused to concern during his sermon on "*Unto whom coming as unto a living stone.*" As he spoke of the Father taking the gem out of His bosom, and laying it down for a foundation-stone, she felt in her soul, "I know nothing of this precious stone; I am surely not converted." This led her to come and speak with him. She was not under deep conviction; but before going away, he said, "You are a poor, vile worm; it is a wonder the earth does not open and swallow you up." These words were blessed to produce a very awful sense of sin. She came a second time with the arrows of the Almighty drinking up her spirit. For three months she remained in this state, till, having once more come to him for counsel, the living voice of Jesus gave life to her soul while he was speaking of Christ's words, "If thou knewest the gift of God," etc., and she went away rejoicing. Some awakened souls told him that since they were brought under concern, very many sermons, which they had heard from him before, and completely forgotten, had been brought back to mind. He used to remark that this might show what the resurrection day would awaken in the souls of gospel hearers.

In dealing with souls he used to speak very plainly. One came to him who assented to his statements of the gospel, and yet refused to be comforted, always looking upon *coming to Christ* as something in addition to really believing the record God has given of His Son. He took John iii. 16, 17: "For God so loved the world, that," etc. The woman said that "God did not care for her." Upon this he at once convicted her of making God a liar; and, as she went away in deep distress, his prayer was, "Lord, give her light!"

To another person, who spoke of having times of great joy, he showed that these were times for worshipping God in the spirit. "You would come to a king when you were full dressed; so come to God, and abide in His presence as long as you can."

Sometimes he would send away souls, of whom he entertained good hope, with a text suited to their state. "If ye live after the flesh, ye shall die; but if ye, through the Spirit, do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Or he would say, "I hear of you that God has opened your heart; but remember not to trust to man's opinion. Remember an all-seeing Christ will be the judge at the great day." To another he said, "I have long hoped you were really under the wings of the Saviour; if it be so, abide there; do not be like Demas."

To a prayer-meeting, consisting of a few young men that had been awakened to flee from wrath, he gave this advice: "Guard against all ambition to excel one another in expression. Remember the most spiritual prayer is a 'groan which cannot be uttered' (Rom. viii. 26); or a cry of 'Abba, Father' (Gal. iv. 6)."

There is very little recorded in his diary during these years, but what does exist will be read with deepest interest.

"*March* 28, 1838, Thursday.—I think of making this more a journal of my people, and the success or otherwise of my ministry. The first success among my people was at the time of my first sacrament: then it appeared. My first sermon, on Isa. lxi. 1, was blessed to —— and some others. That on Ezek. xxii. 14, 'Can thine heart endure,' etc., was blessed to awaken M. L. That on Song v. 2, 'Open to me,' etc., the Sabbath after the sacrament, was blessed to another. These were happy days. M. D. was awakened by coming to the communicants' class. Another by the action sermon. At the words, 'I know thee, Judas,' she trembled, and would have risen from the table. These were glad days when one and another were awakened. The people looked very stirred and anxious, every day coming to hear the words of eternal life,—some inquiring in private every week. Now there is little of this. About fifteen cases came to my knowledge the first Sacrament, and two awakened who seem to have gone back. About eleven last sacrament,—four of these young men. Several Christians seemed quickened to greater joy, and greater love one to another. Now it appears to me there is much falling off; few seem awakened—few weep as they used to do."

"*April* 1, Sacrament day.—Sweet season we have had. Never was more straitened and unfurnished in myself, and yet much helped. Kept in perfect peace, my mind being stayed on Thee. Preached on 'My God, my God,' etc. (Ps. xxii. 1). Not fully prepared, yet found some peace in it. Fenced the tables from 'Christ's eyes of flame.' Little helped in serving the tables. Much peace in communion. Happy to be one with Christ! *I*, a vile worm; *He*, the Lord my righteousness. Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney served some tables; Mr. Somerville of Anderston served three, and preached in the evening on 'Thou art all fair, my love.' Very full and refreshing. All sweet, sweet services. Come, thou north wind, and blow, thou south, upon this garden! May this time be greatly blessed! It is my third communion; it may be my last. My Lord may come, or I may be sitting at another table soon. Moody, Candlish, and Mellis were a good preparation for this day; and the sweet word from Cumming yesterday, 'when the poor and needy seek water,' etc. Lord, grant some awakening this day,—to some bringing peace,—comfort to mourners,—fulness to believers,—an advance in holiness in me and my children! (3 John 4). Lord, wean me from my sins, from my cares, and from this passing world. May Christ be all in all to me."

"Admitted about twenty-five young communicants; kept two back, and one or two stayed back. Some of them evidently brought to Christ. May the Lord be their God, their comforter, their all! May the morrow bring still richer things to us, that we may say as of to-night, 'Thou hast kept the good wine until now.'"

Toward the close of this same year some of his notices are as follows :—

" *Oct.* 7, Evening.—In the Gaelic Chapel, on 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' with more seeming power on the people than for a while. I never remember of compelling souls to come in to Christ so much as in that discourse."

" *Oct.* 8.—A person of the name of —— came; I hope really awakened by last night's work; rather, by *Thee.* I do not know, however, whether *grace* is begun or not."

" *Oct.* 14.—Preached on 'Forgiving injuries.' Afternoon—on the Second Coming: 'Let your loins be girded about,' etc. Felt its power myself more than ever before, how the sudden coming of the Saviour constrains to a holy walk separate from sin. Evening—Preached it over in the Ferry."

" *Oct.* 21.—Met young communicants in the evening. Good hope of all but one."

" *Oct.* 22.—A Jew preached in my church, Mr. Frey, to a crowded house. Felt much moved in hearing an Israelite after the flesh."

" *Oct.* 23.—Preached to sailors aboard the 'Dr. Carey,' in the docks. About 200, very attentive and impressed like. On 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' May the seed sown on the waters be found after many days."

" *Nov.* 1, Fast-day.—Afternoon—Mr. C. on 'The thief on the Cross.' A most awakening and engaging sermon, enough to make sinners fly like a cloud, and as doves to their windows. The offers of Christ were let down very low, so that those low of stature may take hold."

" *Nov.* 5.—Mr. —— died this morning at seven o'clock. Oh that I may take warning, lest, after preaching to others, I myself be a castaway! Love of popularity is said to have been his besetting sin."

" *Dec.* 2.—Errol Communion. Heard Mr. Grierson preach on Christ's entry into Jerusalem. Served two tables. Evening—Preached to a large congregation, on 'Unto you, O men, I call,' etc. The free invitation of the Saviour. May some find Him this day!"

In addition to the other blessings which the Lord sent by his means to the place where he laboured, it was obvious to all that the tone of Christians was raised as much by his holy walk as by his heavenly ministry. Yet during these pleasant days he had much reproach to bear. He was the object of supercilious contempt to formal, cold-hearted ministers, and of bitter hatred to many of the ungodly. At this day there are both ministers and professing Christians of whom Jesus would say, "The world cannot hate you" (John vii. 7), for the world cannot hate itself; but it was not so with Mr. M'Cheyne. Very deep was the enmity borne to him by some,—all the deeper, because the only cause of it was his likeness to his Master. But nothing turned him aside. He was full of ardour, yet ever gentle, and meek, and generous; full of zeal, yet never ruffled by his zeal; and not only his strength of "first love" (Rev. ii. 4), but even its warm glow, seemed in him to suffer no decay.

Thus he spent the first years of his ministry in Dundee. The town began to feel that they had a peculiar man of God in the midst of them, for he lived as a true son of Levi. "My covenant was with him of life and peace, and I gave them to him for the fear wherewith he feared Me, and was afraid before My name. The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found on his lips; he walked with Me in peace and equity; and did turn many away from iniquity" (Mal. ii. 5, 6).

CHAPTER IV.

HIS MISSION TO PALESTINE AND THE JEWS.

"Here am I; send me."—Isa. vi. 8.

THOUGH engaged night and day with his flock in St. Peter's, Mr. M'Cheyne ever cherished a missionary spirit. "This place hardens me for a foreign land," was his remark on one occasion. This spirit he sought to kindle yet more by reading missionary intelligence for his own use, and often to his people at his weekly prayer-meeting. The necessities both of his own parish, and of the world at large, lay heavy on his soul; and when an opportunity of evangelising occurred, there was none in Scotland more ready to embrace it. He seemed one who stood with his loins girt: "Here am I; send me."

Another motive to incessant activity was the decided impression on his mind that his career would be short. From the very first days of his ministry he had a strong feeling of this nature; and his friends remember how his letters used to be sealed with this seal, "*The night cometh.*" At a time when he was apparently in his usual health, we were talking together on the subject of the Premillennial Advent. We had begun to speak of the practical influence which the belief of that doctrine might have. At length he said, "that he saw no force in the arguments generally urged against it, though he had difficulties of his own in regard to it. And perhaps" (he added) "it is well for you, who enjoy constant health, to be so firmly persuaded that Christ is thus to come; but my sickly frame makes me feel every day that my time may be very short."

He was therefore in some measure prepared, when, in the midst of his laborious duties, he was compelled to stand still and see what the Lord would do.

In the close of 1838, some symptoms appeared that alarmed his friends. His constitution, never robust, began to feel the effects of unremitting labour; for occasionally he would spend six hours in visiting, and then the same evening preach in some room to all the families whom he had that day visited. Very generally, too, on Sabbath, after preaching twice to his own flock, he was engaged in ministering somewhere else in the evening. But now, after any great exertion, he was attacked by violent palpitation of heart. It soon increased, affecting him in his hours of study; and at last it became almost constant. Upon this, his medical advisers insisted on a total cessation of his public work; for though as yet there was no organic change on his lungs, there was every reason to apprehend that that might be the result. Accordingly, with deep regret, he left Dundee to seek rest and change of occupation, hoping it would be only for a week or two.

A few days after leaving Dundee, he writes from Edinburgh, in reply to the anxious inquiries of his friend Mr. Grierson: "The beating of the heart is not now so constant as it was before. The pitcher draws more quietly at the cistern; so that, by the kind providence of our heavenly Father, I may be spared a little longer before the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken."

It was found that his complaints were such as would be likely to give way under careful treatment, and a temporary cessation from all exertion. Under his father's roof, therefore, in Edinburgh, he resigned himself to the will of his Father in heaven. But deeply did he feel the trial of being laid aside from his loved employment, though he learnt of Him who was meek and lowly, to make the burden light in His own way, by saying, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." He wrote to Mr. Grierson again, 5th January 1839: 'I hope this affliction will be blessed to me. I always feel much need of God's afflicting hand. In the whirl of active labour there is so little time for watching, and for bewailing, and seeking grace to oppose the sins of our ministry, that I always feel it a blessed thing when the Saviour takes me aside from the crowd, as He took the blind man out of the town, and removes the veil, and clears away obscuring mists, and by His word and Spirit leads to deeper peace and a holier walk. Ah! there is nothing like a calm look into the eternal world to teach us the emptiness of human praise, the sinfulness of self-seeking and vain-glory, to teach us the preciousness of Christ, who is called 'The Tried Stone.' I have been able to be twice at college to hear a lecture from Dr. Chalmers. I have also been privileged to smooth down the dying pillow of an old school-companion, leading him to a fuller joy and peace in believing. A poor heavy-laden soul, too, from Larbert, I have had the joy of leading toward the Saviour. So that even when absent from my work, and when exiled, as it were, God allows me to do some little things for His name."

He was led to look more carefully into this trying dispensation, and began to anticipate blessed results from it to his flock. He was well aware how easily the flock begin to idolise the shepherd, and how prone the shepherd is to feel somewhat pleased with this sinful partiality of his people, and to be uplifted by his success. "I sometimes think," is his remark in a letter dated 18th January, "that a great blessing may come to my people in my absence. Often God does not bless us when we are in the midst of our labours, lest we shall say, 'My hand and my eloquence have done it.' He removes us into silence, and then pours 'down a blessing so that there is no room to receive it;' so that all that see it cry out, 'It is the Lord!' This was the way in the South Sea Islands. May it really be so with my dear people!" Nor did he err in this view of the dispensation. All these ends, and more also, were to be accomplished by it.

An anticipation like that which is expressed in this and other letters, especially in his Pastoral Letter of 29th March, may justly be regarded as a proof from experience that the Lord teaches His people to expect and pray for what He means soon to work. And here the Lord accomplished His designs in the kindest of all ways; for He removed His servant for a season from the flock to which he had been so blessed, lest even His own children should begin to glory in man; but yet He took that servant to another sphere of labour in the meantime, and then, when the blessing was safely bestowed, brought him back to rejoice over it.

He was still hoping for, and submissively asking from the Lord, speedy restoration to his people in Dundee, and occasionally sending to them an epistle that breathed the true pastor's soul; when one day, as he was walking with Dr. Candlish, conversing on the Mission to Israel which had lately been resolved on, an idea seemed suddenly suggested to Dr. Candlish. He asked Mr. M'Cheyne what he would think of "being useful to the Jewish cause, during his cessation from labour, by going abroad to make personal inquiries into the state of Israel?" The idea thus suddenly suggested led to all the after results of the Mission of Inquiry. Mr. M'Cheyne found himself all at once called to carry salvation to the Jew as he had hitherto done to the Gentile, and his soul was filled with joy and wonder. His medical friends highly approved of the proposal, as being likely to conduce very much to the removal of his complaints,—the calm, steady excitement of such a journey being likely to restore the tone of his whole constitution.

Dr. Black of Aberdeen readily consented to use his remarkable talents as a scholar in this cause; and Dr. Keith intimated his expectation of soon joining the deputation. I also had been chosen to go forth on this mission of love to Israel; but some difficulties stood in the way of my leaving my charge at Collace. In these circumstances, Mr. M'Cheyne wrote to me, 12th March, from Edinburgh.

"MY DEAR A.,—I have received so many tokens for good from God in this matter, that it were a shame indeed if I did not trust Him to perfect all which concerns me. I am glad you have determined to trust all in the hands of Israel's God. I am quite ready to go this week, or next week, but am deeply anxious to be sure that you are sent with me. You know, dear A., I could not labour in this cause, nor enjoy it, if you were not to be with me in it. Would you be ready to give your Jewish lecture on the evening of Sabbath week? . . . And now, pray for us, that we may be sent of God; and, weak as we are, that we may be made Boanerges,—that we may be blessed to win some souls, and to stir up Christians to love Zion. Much interest is already excited, and I do look for a blessing. Speak to your people as on the brink of eternity. . . . As to books, I am quite at a loss. My Hebrew Bible, Greek Testament, etc., and perhaps Bridge's *Christian Ministry* for general purposes,—I mean, for keeping us in mind of our ministerial work. I do hope we shall go forth in the Spirit; and though straitened in language, may we not be blessed, as Brainerd was, through an interpreter? May we not be blessed also to save some English, and to stir up missionaries? My health is only tolerable; I would be better if we were once away. I am often so troubled as to be made willing to go or stay, to die or to live. Yet it is encouraging to be used in the Lord's service again, and in so interesting a manner. What if we should see the heavenly Jerusalem before the earthly? I am taking drawing materials, that I may carry away remembrances of the Mount of Olives, Tabor, and the Sea of Galilee."

The interest that this proposed journey excited in Scotland was very great. Nor was it merely the somewhat romantic interest attached to the land where the Lord had done most of His mighty works; there were also in it the deeper feelings of a scriptural persuasion that Israel was still "beloved for the fathers' sake." For some time previous, Jerusalem had come into mind, and many godly pastors were standing as watchmen over its ruined walls (Isa. lxii. 6), stirring up the Lord's remembrancers. Mr. M'Cheyne had been one of these. His views of the importance of the Jews in the eye of God, and therefore of their importance as a sphere of missionary labour, were very clear and decided. He agreed in the expectation expressed in one of the course of lectures delivered before the deputation set out, that we might anticipate an *outpouring of the Spirit when our Church should stretch out its hands to the Jew as well as to the Gentile.* In one letter he says: "To seek the lost sheep of the house of Israel is an object very near to my heart, as my people know it has ever been. Such an enterprise may probably draw down unspeakable blessings on the Church of Scotland, according to the promise, 'They shall prosper who love Thee.'" In another: "I now see plainly that all our views about the Jews being the chief object of missionary exertion are plain and sober truths, according to the Scripture." Again: "I feel convinced that if we pray that the world may be converted in God's way, we will seek the good of the Jews; and the more we do so, the happier we will be in our own soul. You should always keep up a knowledge of the prophecies regarding Israel." In his preaching he not unfrequently said on this subject, "We should be like God in His peculiar affections; and the whole Bible shows that God has ever had, and still has, a peculiar love to the Jews."

The news of his proposed absence alarmed his flock at Dundee. They manifested their care for him more than ever; and not a few wrote expostulatory letters. To one of these well-meant remonstrances he replied: "I rejoice exceedingly in the interest you take in me, not so much for my own sake as that I hope it is a sign you know and love the Lord Jesus. Unless God had Himself shut up the door of return to my people, and opened this new door to me, I never could have consented to go. I am not at all unwilling to spend and be spent in God's service, though I have often found that the more abundantly I love you, the less I am loved. But God has very plainly shown me that I may perform a deeply important work for His ancient people, and at the same time be in the best way of seeking a return of health."—"A minister will make a poor saviour in the day of wrath. It is not knowing a minister, or loving one, or hearing one, or having a name to live, that will save. You need to have your hand on the head of the Lamb for yourselves (Lev. i. 4). You need to have your eye on the brazen serpent for yourselves (John iii. 14, 15). I fear I will need to be a swift witness against many of my people in the day of the Lord, that they looked to me, and not to Christ, when I preached to them. I always feared that some of you loved to hear the word, who do not love to do it. I always feared there were many of you who loved the Sabbath meetings, and the class, and the Thursday evenings, who yet were not careful to walk with God, to be meek, chaste, holy, loving, harmless, Christ-like, God-like. Now, God wants you to think that the only end of a gospel ministry is that you may be holy. Believe me, God Himself could not make you happy except you be holy."

At this crisis in his people's history, he sought from the Lord one to supply his place,—one who would feed the flock and gather in wanderers during their own pastor's absence. The Lord granted him his desire by sending Mr. William C. Burns, son of the minister of Kilsyth. In a letter to him, dated 12th March, the following remarkable words occur: "You are given in answer to prayer; and these gifts are, I believe, always without exception blessed. I hope you may be a thousand times more blessed among them than ever I was. Perhaps there are many souls that would never have been saved under my ministry, who may be touched under yours; and God has taken this method of bringing you into my place. *His name is Wonderful.*"

This done, and being already disengaged from his flock, he set out for London to make arrangements for the rest of the deputation, who soon after were all sent forth by the brethren with many prayers. None had more prayers offered in their behalf than he, and they were not offered in vain. During all his journeyings the Lord strengthened him, and saved him out of all distresses.

It was a singular event—often still it looks like a dream—that four ministers should be so suddenly called away from their quiet labours in the towns and villages of Scotland, and be found in a few weeks traversing the land of Israel, with their Bibles in their hand, eye-witnesses of prophecy fulfilled, and spies of the nakedness of Israel's worship and leanness of soul. The details of that journey need not be given here. They have been already recorded in the *Narrative of a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews from the Church of Scotland in* 1839. But there are some incidents worthy to be preserved which could find a place only in such a record of private life and feelings as we are now engaged in.

When Mr. M'Cheyne was on board the vessel that carried him to London, he at once discovered an interesting young Jew, who seemed, however, unwilling to be recognised as belonging to the seed of Abraham. He made several attempts to draw this young Israelite into close conversation; and, before parting, read with him the 1st Psalm in Hebrew, and pressed home the duty of meditating on the word of the Lord. In visiting Bethnal Green, he has noted down that it was very sweet to hear Jewish children sing a hymn to Jesus, the burden of which was טָבוּחַ עָלֵינוּ, "Slain for us!"

The awful profanation of the holy Sabbath which we witnessed on the streets of Paris, called forth the following appeal, in a letter to Mr. Macdonald of Blairgowrie. His spirit had been stirred in him when he saw the city wholly given to idolatry. "Stand in the breach, dear friend, and lift up your voice like a trumpet, lest Scotland become another France. You know how many in our own parishes trample on the holy day

They do not know how sweet it is to walk with God all that holy day. Isa. lviii. 11–15 is a sweet text to preach from. Ex. xxxi. 13 is also very precious, showing that the real sanctifying of the Sabbath is one of God's signs or marks which He puts upon His people. It is one of the letters of the new name, which no one knoweth but they who receive it."

In his brief notes during the first part of the journey, he has seldom failed to mark our seasons of united prayer, such as those in the cabin of the vessel on the passage to Genoa; for these were times of refreshing to his spirit. And his feelings, as he stood in that city and surveyed its palaces, are expressed in a few lines, which he sent homeward from the spot. "A foreign land draws us nearer God. He is the only one whom we know here. We go to Him as to one we know; all else is strange. Every step I take, and every new country I see, makes me feel more that there is nothing real, nothing true, but what is everlasting. The whole world lieth in wickedness; its judgments are fast hastening. The marble palaces, among which I have been wandering to-night, shall soon sink like a millstone in the waters of God's righteous anger; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."

At Valetta, in the island of Malta, he wrote: "My heart beats a little to-day, but another sail will do me good. One thing I know, that I am in the hands of my Father in heaven, who is all love to me,—not for what I am in myself, but for the beauty He sees in Immanuel."

The classic shores of Italy and Greece are invested with a peculiar interest, such as may raise deep emotions even in a sanctified soul. "We tried to recollect many of the studies of our boyhood. But what is classic learning to us now? I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord. And yet these recollections tinged every object, and afforded us a most lawful pleasure."

During our voyage, it was his delight to search into the Scriptures, just as at home. And so much did he calculate on an unceasing study of the word during all our journey, that he took with him some notes I had written on each chapter of the Book of Leviticus, observing it would be suitable meditation for us while busy with Jewish minds. At home and abroad he had an insatiable appetite for all the word,—both for the types of the Old Testament and the plain text of the New. On one occasion, before leaving home, in studying Num. iv., he fixed the different duties assigned to the priests on his memory, by means of the following lines:—

The *Kohathites* upon their shoulder bear
The holy vessels, covered with all care;
The *Gershonites* receive an easier charge,
Two waggons full of cords and curtains large;
Merari's sons four ponderous waggons load
With boards and pillars of the house of God.

He acted on the principle that whatever God has revealed must deserve our study and prayerful investigation.

Arrived at Alexandria in Egypt, and thence proceeding onward to Palestine by the way of the desert, we found ourselves set down on a new stage of experience. Mr. M'Cheyne observed on the silence of the desert places: "It is a remarkable feeling to be quite alone in a desert place; it gives similar feelings to fasting; it brings God near. Living in tents, and moving among such lonely scenes for many days, awake many new ideas. It is a strange life we lead in the wilderness. Round and round there is a complete circle of sand and wilderness shrubs; above, a blue sky without a cloud, and a scorching sun which often made the thermometer stand at 96° in our tents. When evening came, the sun went down as it does in the ocean, and the stars came riding forth in their glory; and we used to pitch all alone, with none but our poor ignorant Bedouins and their camels, and our all-knowing, all-loving God beside us. When morning began to dawn, our habitations were taken down. Often we have found ourselves shelterless before being fully dressed. What a type of the tent of our body! Ah! how often taken down before the soul is made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." To Mr. Bonar of Larbert he writes: "I had no idea that travelling in the wilderness was so dreadful a thing as it is. The loneliness I often felt quite solemnised me. The burning sun overhead,—round and round a circle of barren sand, chequered only by a few prickly shrubs ('the heath of the wilderness,' of which Jeremiah speaks),—no rain, not a cloud, the wells often like that of Marah, and far between. I now understand well the murmurings of Israel. I feel that our journey proved and tried my own heart very much." When we look back, and remember that he who thus stands on the sandy desert road between Egypt and Palestine, and looks on its singular scenery, is one who but lately was to be found busy night and day in dealing with the souls of men in the densely peopled streets of a town teeming with population, we are led to wonder at the ways of the Lord.

But is it not a moment which may remind us that the God who sent Elijah to the brook at Cherith is the same God still? and that the wise, considerate, loving Master, who said, "Come into a desert place and rest awhile," is as loving, considerate, and wise as He was then?

At Balteen, a small village in Egypt, I well remember the indignation that fired his countenance, when our Arab attendants insisted on travelling forward on the Sabbath day, rather than continue sitting under a few palm-trees, breathing a sultry, furnace-like atmosphere, with nothing more than just such supply of food as sufficed. He could not bear the thought of being deprived of the Sabbath rest; it was needful for our souls as much in the wilderness as in the crowded city; and if few glorify God in that desolate land, so much the more were we called on to fill these solitudes with our songs of praise. It was in this light he viewed our position; and when we had prevailed, and were seated under the palms, he was excited to deep emotion, though before quite unnerved by the heat, at the sight of a row of poor wretched Egyptians who gathered round us. "Oh that I could speak their language, and tell them of salvation!" was his impassioned wish.

An event occurred at that time in which the hand of God afterwards appeared very plain, though it then seemed very dark to us. Dr. Black fell from his camel in the midst of the sandy desert, and none of all our company could conjecture what bearing on the object of our Mission this sad occurrence could have. Is it a frown on our undertaking? or can it really be a movement of His kind, guiding hand? We often spoke of it; in our visit to Galilee we thought that we saw some purposes evolving; but there was still something unexplained. Now, however, the reason appears: even that event was of the Lord, in wise and kind design. But for that fall, our fathers in the deputation would not have sailed up the Danube on their way to Vienna, and Pesth would not have been visited. This accident, which mainly disabled Dr. Black from undertaking the after fatigue of exploring Galilee, was the occasion of directing the steps of our two fathers to that station, where a severe stroke of sickness was made the means of detaining Dr. Keith till they had learned that there was an open door among the Jews. And there, accordingly, it has been that the Lord has poured down His Spirit on the Jews that have come to our missionaries so remarkably, that no Jewish Mission seems ever to have been blessed with deeper conversions. There is nothing but truth in the remark made by one of our number: "Dr. Black's fall from the camel was the first step towards Pesth." "Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord" (Ps. cvii. 42). Indeed, whether it was that we were prepared to expect, and therefore were peculiarly ready to observe, or whether it was really the case that the watchful eye of our Lord specially guided us, certain it is that we thought we could perceive the whole course we took signally marked by Providence. There were many prayers in Scotland ascending up in our behalf, and the High Priest gave the answer by shining upon our path. Mr. M'Cheyne has stated: "For much of our safety I feel indebted to the prayers of my people, I mean the Christians among them, who do not forget us. If the veil of the world's machinery were lifted off, how much we would find is done in answer to the prayers of God's children."

Many things lost somewhat of their importance in our view, when examined amid the undistracted reflections of the long desert journey, where for many days we had quiet, like the quiet of death, around us all night long, and even during the bright day. It is the more interesting on this very account, to know his feelings there on the subject of the ministry. As his camel slowly bore him over the soft, sandy soil, much did he ruminate on the happy days when he was permitted to use all his strength in preaching Jesus to dying men. "Use your health while you have it, my dear friend and brother. Do not cast away peculiar opportunities that may never come again. You know not when your last Sabbath with your people may come. Speak for eternity. Above all things, cultivate your own spirit. A word spoken by you when your conscience is clear, and your heart full of God's Spirit, is worth ten thousand words spoken in unbelief and sin. This was my great fault in the ministry. Remember it is God, and not man, that must have the glory. It is not much speaking, but much faith, that is needed. Do not forget us. Do not forget the Saturday night meeting, nor the Monday morning thanksgiving." Thus he wrote on his way to a fellow-labourer in Scotland.

On our first Sabbath in the Holy Land, our tent had been pitched in the vicinity of a colony of ants. It was in the tribe of Simeon we were encamped; it was the scenery of the Promised Land we had around us; and one of the similitudes of the blessed word was illustrated within our view. He opened his Bible at Prov. vi. 6–8, and, as he read, noted: "I. *Consider her ways.* Most souls are lost for want of consideration. II. *The ant has no guide, overseer, or ruler;* no officer, no one to command or encourage her. How differently situated is the child of God! III. *Provideth her meat in the summer,* etc. Some have thought that this teaches us to heap up money; but quite the reverse. The ants lay up no store for the future. It is all for present use. She is always busy summer and winter. The lesson is one of constant diligence in the Lord's work."

Many a time in these day, when our attendants in the evening were driving in the stakes of our tent and stretching its cords, he would lie down on the ground under some tree that sheltered him from the dew. Completely exhausted by the long day's ride, he would lie almost speechless for half an hour; and then, when the palpitation of his heart had a little abated, would propose that we two should pray together. Often, too, did he say to me, when thus stretched on the ground,—not impatiently, but very earnestly,—"Shall I ever preach to my people again?" I was often reproved by his unabated attention to personal holiness; for this care was never absent from his mind, whether he was at home in his quiet chamber, or on the sea, or in the desert. Holiness in him was manifested, not by efforts to perform duty, but in a way so natural, that you recognised therein the easy outflowing of the indwelling Spirit. The fountain springing up unto everlasting life (John iv. 14) in his soul, welled forth its living waters alike in the familiar scenes of his native Scotland, and under the olive-trees of Palestine. Prayer and meditation on the word were never forgotten; and a peace that the world could not give kept his heart and mind. When we were detained a day at Gaza, in very tantalising circumstances, his remark was, "*Jehovah Jireh;* we are at that mount again." It was sweet at any time to be with him, for both nature and grace in him drew the very heart; but there were moments of enjoyment in these regions of Palestine that drew every cord still closer, and created unknown sympathies. Such was that evening when we climbed Samson's Hill together. Sitting there, we read over the references to the place in the word of God; and then he took out his pencil and sketched the scene, as the sun was sinking in the west. This done, we sang some verses of a psalm, appropriate to the spot, offered up prayer, and, slowly descending, conversed of all we saw, and of all that was brought to mind by the scenery around us, till we reached our tent.

In approaching Jerusalem, we came up the Pass of Latroon. He writes: "The last day's journey to Jerusalem was the finest I ever had in all my life. For four hours we were ascending the rocky pass upon our patient camels. It was like the finest of our Highland scenes, only the trees and flowers, and the voice of the turtle, told us that it was Immanuel's land." Riding along, he remarked, that to have seen the plain of Judea and this mountain-pass, was enough to reward us for all our fatigue; and then began to call up passages of the Old Testament Scriptures which might seem to refer to such scenery as that before us.

During our ten days at Jerusalem, there were few objects within reach that we did not eagerly seek to visit. "We stood at the turning of the road where Jesus came near and beheld the city and wept over it. And if we had had more of the mind that was in Jesus, I think we should have wept also." This was his remark in a letter homeward; and to Mr. Bonar of Larbert he expressed his feelings in regard to the Mount of Olives and its vicinity: "I remember, the day when I saw you last, you said that there were other discoveries to be made than those in the physical world,—that there were sights to be seen in the spiritual world, and depths to be penetrated, of far greater importance. I have often thought of the truth of your remark. But if there is a place on earth where physical scenery can help us to discover divine things, I think it is Mount Olivet. Gethsemane at your feet leads your soul to meditate on Christ's love and determination to undergo divine wrath for us. The cup was set before Him there, and there He said, 'Shall I not drink it?' The spot where He wept makes you think of His divine compassion, mingling with His human tenderness,—His awful justice, that would not spare the city,—His superhuman love, that wept over its coming misery! Turning the other way, and looking to the south-east, you see Bethany, reminding you of His love to His own,—that His name is love,—that in all our afflictions He is afflicted,—that those who are in their graves shall one day come forth at His command. A little farther down you see the Dead Sea, stretching far among the mountains its still and sullen waters. This deepens and solemnises all, and makes you go away, saying, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'"

He wrote to another friend in Scotland, from Mount Zion, where we were then dwelling:—

"MOUNT ZION, *June* 12, 1839.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—Now that we are in the most wonderful spot in all this world,—where Jesus lived and walked, and prayed and died, and will come again,—I doubt not you will be anxious to hear how we come on. I am thankful that ever He privileged us to come to this land. I heard of my flock yesterday by a letter from home,—the first I have received, dated 8th May. . . . We are living in one of the missionaries' houses on Mount Zion. My window looks out upon where the Temple was, the beautiful Mount of Olives rising behind. The Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion.—Yours," etc.

One evening, after our visit to Sychar, he referred to the Bible which I had dropped into Jacob's Well. We were then resting from our journey in our tents. Soon after he penned on a leaf of his note-book the following fragment:—

My own loved Bible, must I part from thee,
Companion of my toils by land and sea;
Man of my counsels, soother of distress,
Guide of my steps through this world's wilderness!
In darkest nights, a lantern to my feet;
In gladsome days, as dropping honey sweet.
When first I parted from my quiet home,
At Thy command, for Israel's good to roam,
Thy gentle voice said, "For Jerusalem pray,
So shall Jehovah prosper all thy way."
When through the lonely wilderness we strayed,
Sighing in vain for palm-trees' cooling shade,
Thy words of comfort hushed each rising fear,
"The shadow of Thy mighty Rock is near."
And when we pitched our tents on Judah's hills,
Or thoughtful mused beside Siloa's rills;
Whene'er we climbed Mount Olivet, to gaze
Upon the sea, where stood in ancient days
The heaven-struck Sodom——
  Sweet record of the past to faith's glad eyes,
  Sweet promiser of glories yet to rise![1]

At the foot of Carmel, during the seven days we were in quarantine under the brow of the hill, we had time to recall many former scenes; and in these circumstances he wrote the hymn, "The Fountain of Siloam."

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[1] It is a somewhat curious occurrence, that the remnants of this Bible were found and drawn up from the bottom of the well, in July 1843, by Dr. Wilson and his fellow-traveller, who employed a Samaritan from Sychar to descend and examine the well.

Here, too, he had leisure to write home; and most graphically does he describe our journey from Alexandria onward.

"CARMEL, *June* 26, 1839.

"MY DEAR FATHER, MOTHER, etc.,—It is a long time since I have been able to write to you,—this being the first time since leaving Egypt that any one has appeared to carry letters for us. I must therefore begin by telling you that, by the good hand of our God upon me, I am in excellent health, and have been ever since I wrote you last. Fatigues we have had many, and much greater than I anticipated; hardships and dangers we have also encountered, but God has brought us all safely through, and in fully better condition than when we began. You must not imagine that I have altogether lost the palpitation of my heart, for it often visits me to humble and prove me; still I believe it is a good deal better than it was, and its visits are not nearly so frequent. I hope very much that, in a cold bracing climate, and with less fatigue, I may perhaps not feel it at all. I was very thankful to receive your letter, dated 8th May,—the first since leaving home. I was delighted to hear of your health and safety, and of the peaceful communion at St. Peter's. The public news was alarming and humbling.[1] I suppose I had better begin at the beginning, and go over all our journeyings from the land of Egypt through the howling wilderness to the sweet land of promise. I would have written *journalwise* (as my mother would say) from time to time, so that I might have had an interesting budget of news ready; but you must remember it is a more fatiguing thing to ride twelve or fourteen hours on a camel's back, in a sandy wilderness, than in our home excursions; and I could often do nothing more than lie down on my rug and fall asleep.

"We left Alexandria on 16th May 1839, parting from many kind friends in that strange city. We and our baggage were mounted on seventeen donkeys, like the sons of Jacob, when they carried corn out of Egypt. Our saddle was our bedding, viz. a rug to lie on, a pillow for the head, and a quilt to wrap ourselves in. We afterwards added a straw mat to put below all. We had procured two tents,—one large, and a smaller one, which Andrew and I occupy. The donkeys are nice nimble little animals, going about five miles an hour; a wild Arab accompanies each donkey. We have our two Arab servants, to whom I now introduce you,—Ibrahim, a handsome small-made Egyptian, and Achmet the cook, a dark good-natured fellow, with a white turban and bare black legs. Ibrahim speaks a little English and Italian, and Achmet Italian, in addition to their native Arabic. I soon made friends with our Arab donkey-men, learning Arabic words and phrases from them, which pleased them greatly. We journeyed by the Bay of Aboukir, close by the sea, which tempered the air of the desert. At night we reached Rosetta, a curious half-inhabited Eastern town. We saw an Eastern marriage, which highly pleased us, illustrating the parables. It was by torchlight. We slept in the convent. 17.—Spent morning in Rosetta; gave the monk a New Testament. Saw some of Egyptian misery in the bazaar. Saw the people praying in the mosque, Friday being the Moslem's day of devotion. In the evening we crossed the Nile in small boats. It is a fine river; and its water, when filtered, is sweet and pleasant. We often thought upon it in the desert. We slept that night on the sand in our tents, by the sea-shore. 18.—In six hours we came to Bourlos (you will see it in the map of the Society for Diffusing Useful Knowledge): were ferried across. Watched the fisherman casting their nets into the sea: hot—hot. In two hours more through a palmy wilderness, we came to Balteen,—'the Vale of Figs,'—an Arab village of mud huts. You little know what an Arab house is. In general, in Egypt, it is an exact square box made of mud, with a low hole for a door. The furniture is a mat and cooking things; an oven made of mud. 19.—Spent our Sabbath unoccupied in midst of the village; the poor Arabs have no Sabbath. The thermometer 84° in tent. The governor called in the evening, and drank a cup of tea with great relish. The heat we felt much all day; still it was sweet to rest and remember you all in the wilderness. 20.—At twelve at night, left Balteen by beautiful moonlight. Proceeding through a pleasant African wild of palms and brushwood, we reached the sea in two hours, and rode along, its waves washing our feet: very sleepy. We got a rest at mid-day, if rest it could be called, under that scorching sun, which I never will forget. Proceeding onward, at three o'clock we left the sea-shore, and perceived the minarets of Damietta. Before us the mirage cheated us often when we were very thirsty. We crossed the Nile again, a much smaller branch,—the only remaining one,—and soon found ourselves comfortably reclining on the divan of the British Consul, an Egyptian gentleman of some fortune and manners. He entertained us at supper in true Egyptian style; provided a room for us, where we spread our mats in peace. We spent the whole of the next day here, having sent off a Bedouin to have camels ready for us at San. The Consul entertained us in the same Egyptian style of hospitality, and sent us away the next day on board of a barge upon Lake Menzaleh. 22.—Even E—— would not have been afraid to sail upon that lake. It is nowhere more than ten feet deep, and in general only four or five. We made an awning with our mats, and spent a very happy day. At evening we entered a canal among immense reeds. In moonlight the scene was truly romantic; we slept moored to the shore all night. Next morning (23) we reached San about ten. This evening and next morning we spent in exploring the ruins of the ancient Zoan, for this we find is the very spot.

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[1] He alludes here to the decision of the House of Lords in the Auchterarder Case.

"Wandering alone, we were quite surprised to find great mounds of brick, and pottery, and vitrified stones. Andrew at last came upon beautiful obelisks. Next morning we examined all carefully, and found two sphinxes and many Egyptian obelisks. How wonderful to be treading over the ruins of the ancient capital of Egypt! Isa. xix. 12: 'Where are the princes of Zoan?' Ezek. xxx. 14: 'God has set fire in Zoan.' This is the very place where Joseph was sold as a slave, and where Moses did his wonders, Ps. lxxviii. 43. This was almost the only place where we have been in danger from the inhabitants. They are a wild race; and our Arabs were afraid of them. You would have been afraid too, if you had seen, out of the door of our tent, our Bedouins keeping watch all night with their naked sabres gleaming in the moonlight, firing off their guns now and then, and keeping up a low chaunt to keep one another awake. No evil happened to us, and we feel that many pray for us, and that God is with us. 24.—This day our journeyings on camels commenced, and continued till we came to Jerusalem. It is a strange mode of conveyance. You have seen a camel kneeling; it is in this condition that you mount; suddenly it rises first on its fore feet, and then on its hind feet. It requires great skill to hold yourself on during this operation; one time I was thrown fair over its head, but quite unhurt. When you find yourself exalted on the hunch of a camel, it is somewhat of the feeling of an aeronaut, as if you were bidding farewell to sublunary things; but when he begins to move, with solemn pace and slow, you are reminded of your terrestrial origin, and that a wrong balance or turn to the side will soon bring you down from your giddy height. You have no stirrup, and generally only your bed for your saddle; you may either sit as on horseback, or as on a side-saddle,—the latter is the pleasanter, though not the safer of the two. The camel goes about three miles an hour, and the step is so long that the motion is quite peculiar. You bend your head towards your knees every step. With a vertical sun above and a burning sand below, you may believe it is a very fatiguing mode of journeying. However, we thought of Rebecca and Abraham's servant (Gen. xxiv.), and listened with delight to the wild Bedouin's plaintive song. That night (24) we slept at Menagie, a Bedouin mud village: palm-trees and three wells, and an ocean of sand, formed the only objects of interest. 25.—Up by sunrise, and proceeded as before. The only event this day was Dr. Black's fall from his camel, which greatly alarmed us. He had fallen asleep, which you are very apt to do. We encamped and used every restorative, so that we were able to proceed the same evening to Gonatre, a miserable Arab post, having a governor. Not a tree. 26.—The Sabbath dawned sweetly; thermometer 92° in tent; could only lie on the mat and read psalms. Evening.—Gathered governor and Bedouins to hear some words of eternal life, Ibrahim interpreting. 27.—Two very long stages brought us to Katieh; thankful to God for His goodness, while we pitched by the date-trees. 28.—Spent the day at Katieh; interesting interviews with the governor, a kind Arab: thermometer 96° in tent. Same evening, proceeded through a greener desert, among flocks of goats and sheep, and encamped by a well, Bir-el-Abd. 29.—Another hot day in the desert; came in sight of the sea, which gave us a refreshing breeze; bathed in the salt lake, as hot as a warm bath. Evening.—Encampment at Abugilbany. 30.—This was our last day in the Egyptian wilderness. We entered on a much more mountainous region. The heat very great; we literally panted for a breath of wind. The Bedouins begged handkerchiefs to cover their heads, and often cast themselves under a bush for shade. Towards sunset, we came down on the old ruins of Rhinoculura, now buried in the sand; and soon after our camels kneeled down at the gates of El Arish, the last town on the Egyptian frontier. 31.—We spent in El Arish, being unable to get fresh camels. We bought a sheep for five shillings; drank freely of their delightful water,—what a blessing after the desert! Found out the river of Egypt, the boundary of Judah mentioned in the Bible—quite dry. *June* 1.—Visited the school,—a curiosity: all the children sit cross-legged on the floor, rocking to and fro, repeating something in Arabic. We had a curious interview with the governor, sitting in the gate in the ancient manner. We are quite expert now at taking off our shoes and sitting in the Eastern mode. Smoking, and coffee in very small cups, are the constant accompaniments of these visits. Left the same evening, and did not reach Sheikh Juidhe, in the land of the Philistines, till the sun was nearly bursting into view. 2.—Spent a happy Sabbath here; sang 'In Judah's land God is well known.' Singing praises in our tents is very sweet, they are so frail, like our mortal bodies; they rise easily into the ears of our present Father. Our journey through the land of the Philistines was truly pleasant. 3.—We went through a fine pasture country; immense straths; flocks of sheep and goats, and asses and camels, often came in sight. This is the very way up out of Egypt, little changed from the day that the Ethiopian went on his way rejoicing, and Joseph and Mary carried down the babe from the anger of Herod. Little changed, did I say? it is all changed; no more is there one brook of water. Every river of Egypt,—Wady Gaza, Eshcol, Sorek,—every brook we crossed, was dried up; not a drop of water. The land is changed; no more is it the rich land of Philistia. The sand struggles with the grass for mastery. The cities are changed,—where are they? The people are changed: no more the bold Philistines,—no more the children of Simeon,—no more Isaac and his herdsmen,—no more David and his horsemen; but miserable Arab shepherds,—simple people without ideas,—poor, degraded, fearful. Khanounes was the first town we entered; Scripture name unknown. The burying-ground outside the town. The well, and people coming to draw, were objects of great interest to us. The people were highly entertained with us in return. We sat down in the bazaar, and were a spectacle to all. How much we longed to have the Arabic tongue, that we might preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in God's own land! Same evening we heard the cry of the wolf, and encamped two miles from Gaza. The plague was raging, so we did not enter, but spent a delightful day in comparing its condition with God's word concerning it: 'Baldness is come upon Gaza.' The old city is buried under sand-hills, without a blade of grass, so that it is bald indeed. The herds and flocks are innumerable, fulfilling Zeph. ii.; Andrew and I climbed the hill up which Samson carried the gates. 5.—Passed through a fine olive grove for many miles, and entered the vale of Eshcol. The people were all in the fields cutting and bringing in their barley. They reap with the hook as we do. They seem to carry in at the same time upon camels. No vines in Eshcol now, no pomegranates, but some green fig-trees. Crossed the brook Sorek —dry. Spent the mid-day under the embowering shade of a fig-tree; tasted the apricots of the good land. Same evening we came to Doulis, which we take to be Eshtaol, where Samson was born. 6.—We went due east, and, after a mountain pass, saw the hills of Judah,—an immense plain intervening, all studded with little towns. From their names, we found out many Bible spots. This valley or plain is the very vale Zephatha, of which you read in 2 Chron. xiv., 'In the plain of Sephela.' Before night we entered among the hills of Judah,—very like our own Highlands,—and slept all night among the mountains, at a deserted village called Latroon. 7.—One of the most privileged days of our life. We broke up our tents by moonlight; soon the sun was up; we entered a defile of the most romantic character: wild rocks and verdant hills; wild-flowers of every colour and fragrance scented our path. Sometimes we came upon a clump of beautiful olive-trees, then wild again. The turtle's voice was heard in the land, and singing birds of sweetest note. Our camels carried us up this pass for four hours; and our turbaned Bedouins added by their strange figures to the scene. The terracing of all the hills is the most remarkable feature of Judean scenery. Every foot of the rockiest mountains may in this way be covered with vines. We thought of Isaiah wandering here, and David and Solomon. Still all was wilderness. The hand of man had been actively employed upon every mountain, but where were these labourers now? Judah is gone into captivity before the enemy. There are few men left in the land; not a vine is there. 'The vine languisheth.' We came down upon Garieh, a village embosomed in figs and pomegranates. Ascending again, we came down into the valley of Elah, where David slew Goliath. Another long and steep ascent of a most rugged hill brought us into a strange scene—a desert of sunburnt rocks. I had read of this, and knew that Jerusalem was near. I left my camel and went before, hurrying over the burning rocks. In about half an hour Jerusalem came in sight. 'How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!' Is this the perfection of beauty? 'How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in His anger!' It is, indeed, very desolate.

Read the two first chapters of Lamentations, and you have a vivid picture of our first sight of Jerusalem. We lighted off our camels within the Jaffa gate. Among those that crowded round us, we observed several Jews. I think I had better not attempt to tell you about Jerusalem. There is so much to describe, and I know not where to begin. The Consul, Mr. Young, received us most kindly, provided us a house where we might spread our mats, and helped us in every way. Mr. Nicolayson called the same evening, and insisted on our occupying one of the mission-houses on Mount Zion. The plague is still in Jerusalem, so that we must keep ourselves in quarantine. The plague only communicates by contact, so that we are not allowed to touch any one, or let any one touch us. Every night we heard the mourners going about the streets with their dismal wailings for the dead. On Sabbath Mr. Nicolayson read the prayers, and Dr. Black preached from Isa. ii. 2. Dr. Keith in the evening. Three converted Jews were among the hearers. On Monday (10) we visited the sepulchre, and a painful sight, where we can find no traces of Calvary. Same evening rode up to the Mount of Olives: past Gethsemane, a most touching spot. Visited Sir Moses Montefiore, a Jew of London, encamped on Mount Olivet; very kind to us. 11.—Went round the most of the places to be visited near Jerusalem,—Rephaim, Gihon, Siloa's brook, 'that flowed fast by the oracle of God;' the Pool of Siloam; the place where Jesus wept over the city; Bethany,—of all places my favourite; the tombs of the kings. Such a day we never spent in this world before. The climate is truly delightful,—hot at mid-day, but delightful breezes at morn and even. 12.—A business day, getting information about Jews. In the evening, walked to Aceldama,—a dreadful spot. Zion is ploughed like a field. I gathered some barley, and noticed cauliflowers planted in rows. See Mic. iii. 12. Jerusalem is indeed heaps. The quantities of rubbish would amaze you,—in one place higher than the walls. 13.—We went to Hebron, twenty miles south; Mr. Nicolayson, his son, the Consul and ladies accompanying us, all on mules and horses. Judah's cities are all waste. Except Bethlehem, we saw none but ruins till we reached Hebron. The vines are beautifully cultivated here, and make it a paradise. The hills all terraced to the top. We spent a delightful evening and all next day. We met the Jews, and had an interesting interview with them. We read Gen. xviii., and many other Bible passages, with great joy. Saw the mosque where the tomb of Abraham and Sarah is. 14.—Returned by Bethlehem to Jerusalem. Bethlehem is a sweet village, placed on the top of a rocky hill,—very white and dazzling. You see it on both sides of the hill. At Rachel's sepulchre you see Jerusalem on one hand and Bethlehem on the other,—an interesting sight,—six miles apart. On Sabbath we enjoyed the Lord's Supper in an upper chamber in Jerusalem. It was a time much to be remembered. Andrew preached in the evening from John xiv. 2, 3. 17.—The plague has been increasing, so that we think it better to depart. Last visit to Gethsemane, and Bethany, and Siloam. Evening.—Took farewell of all our friends at Jerusalem, with much sorrow, you may believe. Went due north to Ramah, by Gibeon, and slept at Beer, again in our tent, in Benjamin. 19.—Passed Bethel, where Jacob slept. Passed through the rich and rocky defile of Ephraim, by Lebonah, to Sychar. You cannot believe what a delightsome land it is. We sought anxiously for the well where Jesus sat. Andrew alone found it, and lost his Bible in it. 20.—Had a most interesting morning with the Jews of Sychar. Saw many of them; also the Samaritans in their synagogue. Same evening visited Samaria,—a wonderful place, and encamped at Sanour. 21.—Arrived at Carmel, where we now are, encamped within two yards of the sea. We have been in quarantine here seven days, as there is no plague north of this. Several English are encamped here—Lord R., Lord H., etc. We have daily conversations sitting on the sand. We are not allowed to touch even the rope of a tent. Acre is in sight across the bay. We have delightful bathing. To-morrow Lord H. leaves, and kindly offers to take this. Carmel's rocky brow is over us. We are all well and happy. On Monday we propose leaving for Tiberias and Saphet. Soon we shall be in Beyrout, and on our way to Smyrna. Do not be anxious for me. Trust us to God, who goes with us where we go. I only pray that our mission may be blessed to Israel. Sir Moses M. has arrived, and pitched his tent within fifty yards of us. Kindest regards to all that inquire after me, not forgetting dear W.—Your affectionate son," etc.

When the two elder brethren of the deputation left us for Europe, we turned southward again from Beyrout, to visit the regions of Phœnicia and Galilee. Never did Mr. M'Cheyne seem more gladsome than in gazing on these regions.

At Tyre, he remembered the request of an elder in the parish of Larbert, who had written to him before his departure, stating what he considered to be a difficulty in the ordinary expositions of the prophecies which speak of that renowned city. With great delight he examined the difficulty on the spot; and it is believed that his testimony on such points as these, when it reached some men of sceptical views in that scene of his early labours, was not unblest.

From Saphet he writes: "I sat looking down upon the lake this morning for about an hour. It was just at our feet,—the very water where Jesus walked, where He called His disciples, where He rebuked the storm, where He said, 'Children, have ye any meat?' after He rose from the dead. Jesus is the same still." To his early and familiar friend, Mr. Somerville, he thus describes the same view: "Oh, what a view of the Sea of Galilee is before you, at your feet! It is above three hours' descent to the water's edge, and yet it looks as if you could run down in as many minutes. The lake is much larger than I had imagined. It is hemmed in by mountains on every side, sleeping as calmly and softly as if it had been the sea of glass which John saw in heaven. We tried in vain to follow the course of the Jordan running through it. True, there were clear lines, such as you see in the wake of a vessel, but then these did not go straight through the lake. The hills of Bashan are very high and steep, where they run into the lake. At one point, a man pointed out to us where the tombs in the rocks are, where the demoniacs used to live; and near it the hills were exactly what the Scriptures describe, 'a steep place,' where the swine ran down into the sea. On the north-east of the sea, Hermon rises very grand, intersected with many ravines full of snow."

The day we spent at the lake—at the very water-side—was ever memorable; it was so peculiarly sweet! We felt an indescribable interest even in lifting a shell from the shore of a sea where Jesus had so often walked. It was here that two of the beautiful hymns in *The Songs of Zion* were suggested to him. The one was, "How pleasant to me," etc.; the other, "To yonder side;" but the latter lay beside him unfinished till a later period.

His complaint was now considerably abated; his strength seemed returning; and often did he long to be among his people again, though quieting his soul upon the Lord. Not a few pastors of another Church have from time to time come forth to this land, compelled by disease to seek for health in foreign regions; but how rarely do we find the pastor's heart retained,

—how rarely do we discover that the shepherd yearns still over the flock he left! But so deep was Mr. M'Cheyne's feelings toward the flock over which the Holy Ghost had made him overseer, that his concern for them became a temptation to his soul. It was not in the mere desire to preach again that he manifested this concern; for this desire might have been selfish, as he said: "No doubt there is pride in this anxiety to preach; a submissive soul would rejoice only in doing the present will of God." But his prayers for them went up daily to the throne. We had precious seasons of united prayer also for that same end, —especially one morning at sunrise in Gethsemane, and another morning at Carmel, where we joined in supplication on the silent shore at the foot of the hill as soon as day dawned, and then again at evening, on the top, where Elijah prayed.

Distance of place or peculiarities of circumstance never altered his views of duty, nor changed his feelings as a minister of Christ. In Galilee he meditated upon the aspect of ecclesiastical affairs in our beloved Scotland; and the principles he had maintained appeared to him as plainly accordant with the word of God when tried there, apart from excitement, as they did when he reviewed them in connection with their effects at home. "I hope," were his words to a brother in the ministry, "I hope the Church has been well guided and blessed; and if times of difficulty are to come, I do believe there is no position so proper for her to be in as the attitude of a missionary Church, giving freely to Jew and Gentile, as she has freely received,—so may she be found when the Lord comes."

At the foot of Lebanon, in the town of Beyrout, he was able to expound a chapter (Acts x.) at a prayer-meeting of the American brethren. This quite rejoiced his heart; for it seemed as if the Lord were restoring him, and meant again to use him in preaching the glad tidings. But shortly after, during the oppressive heat of the afternoon, he felt himself unwell. He had paid a visit to a young man from Glasgow in the town, who was ill of fever; and it is not unlikely that this visit, at a time when he was in a state of debility from previous fatigue, was the immediate occasion of his own illness. He was very soon prostrated under the fever. But his medical attendant apprehended no danger, and advised him to proceed to Smyrna, in the belief that the cool air of the sea would be much more in his favour than the sultry heat of Beyrout. Accordingly, in company with our faithful Hebrew friend, Erasmus Calman, we embarked; but, as we lay off Cyprus, the fever increased to such a height, that he lost his memory for some hours, and was racked with excessive pain in his head. When the vessel sailed, he revived considerably, but during three days no medical aid could be obtained. He scarcely ever spoke; and only once did he for a moment, on a Saturday night, lift his languid eye, as he lay on deck enjoying the breeze, to catch a distant sight of Patmos. We watched him with agonising anxiety till we reached Smyrna and the village of Bouja. Though three miles off, yet, for the sake of medical aid, he rode to this village upon a mule after sunset, ready to drop every moment with pain and burning fever. But here the Lord had prepared for him the best and kindest help. The tender and parental care of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis, in whose house he found a home, was never mentioned by him but with deepest gratitude; and the sight of the flowering jessamine, or the mention of the deep-green cypress, would invariably call up in his mind associations of Bouja and its inmates. He used to say it was his second birthplace.

During that time, like most of God's people who have been in sickness, he felt that a single passage of the word of God was more truly food to his fainting soul than anything besides. One day his spirit revived, and his eye glistened, when I spoke of the Saviour's sympathy, adducing, as the very words of Jesus, Ps. xli. 1: "*Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble,*" etc. It seemed so applicable to his own case, as a minister of the glad tidings; for often had he "considered the poor," carrying a cup of cold water to a disciple. Another passage, written for the children of God in their distress, was spoken to him when he seemed nearly insensible: "*Call upon me in the day of trouble.*" This word of God was as the drop of honey to Jonathan.

He himself thus spoke of his illness to his friends at home: "I left the foot of Lebanon when I could hardly see, or hear, or speak, or remember; I felt my faculties going, one by one, and I had every reason to expect that I would soon be with my God. It is a sore trial to be alone and dying in a foreign land, and it has made me feel, in a way that I never knew before, the necessity of having unfeigned faith in Jesus and in God. Sentiments, natural feelings, glowing fancies of divine things, will not support the soul in such an hour. There is much self-delusion in our estimation of ourselves when we are untried, and in the midst of Christian friends, whose warm feelings give a glow to ours which they do not possess in themselves." Even then he had his people in his heart. "When I got better, I used to creep out in the evenings about sunset. I often remembered you all then. I could not write, as my eyes and head were much affected; I could read but very little; I could speak very little, for I had hardly any voice; and so I had all my time to lay my people before God, and pray for a blessing on them. About the last evening I was there, we all went to the vintage, and I joined in gathering the grapes." To Mr. Somerville he wrote: "My mind was very weak when I was at the worst, and therefore the things of eternity were often dim. *I had no fear to die, for Christ had died.* Still I prayed for recovery, if it was the Lord's will. You remember you told me to be humble among your last advices. You see God is teaching me the same thing. I fear I am not thoroughly humbled. I feel the pride of my heart, and bewail it." To his kind medical friend, Dr. Gibson, in Dundee, he wrote: "I really believed that my Master had called me home, and that I would sleep beneath the dark-green cypresses of Bouja till the Lord shall come, and they that sleep in Jesus come with Him; and my most earnest prayer was for my dear flock, that God would give them a pastor after His own heart."

When we met, after an eight days' separation, on board the vessel at Constantinople, he mentioned, as one of the most interesting incidents of the week, that one evening, while walking with Mr. Lewis, they met a young Greek and his wife, both of whom were believed to be really converted souls. It created a thrill in his bosom to meet with these almost solitary representatives of the once faithful and much tried native Church of Smyrna.

Meanwhile there were movements at home that proved the Lord to be He who "alone doeth wondrous things." The cry of his servant in Asia was not forgotten; the eye of the Lord turned towards his people. It was during the time of Mr. M'Cheyne's sore sickness that his flock in Dundee were receiving blessing from the opened windows of heaven. Their pastor was lying at the gate of death, in utter helplessness. But the Lord had done this on very purpose; for He meant to show that He needed not the help of any: He could send forth new labourers, and work by new instruments, when it pleased Him. We little knew that, during the days when we were waiting at the foot of Lebanon for a vessel to carry us to Smyrna, the arm of the Lord had begun to be revealed in Scotland. On the 23rd of July the great revival at Kilsyth took place.

Mr. W. C. Burns, the same who was supplying Mr. M'Cheyne's place in his absence, was on that day preaching to his father's flock; and while pressing upon them immediate acceptance of Christ with deep solemnity, the whole of the vast assembly were overpowered. The Holy Spirit seemed to come down as a rushing mighty wind, and to fill the place. Very many were that day struck to the heart; the sanctuary was filled with distressed and inquiring souls. All Scotland heard the glad news that the sky was no longer as brass,—that the rain had begun to fall. The Spirit in mighty power began to work from that day forward in many places of the land.

Mr. Burns returned to Mr. M'Cheyne's flock on 8th August,—one of the days when Mr. M'Cheyne was stretched on his bed, praying for his people under all his own suffering. The news of the work at Kilsyth had produced a deep impression in Dundee; and two days after, the Spirit began to work in St. Peter's, at the time of the prayer-meeting in the church, in a way similar to Kilsyth. Day after day the people met for prayer and hearing the word; and the times of the apostles seemed returned, when "the Lord added to the Church daily of such as should be saved." All this time, Mr. M'Cheyne knew not how gracious the Lord had been in giving him his heart's desire. It was not till we were within sight of home that the glad news of these revivals reached our ears. But he continued, like Epaphras, "labouring fervently in prayer," and sought daily to prepare himself for a more efficient discharge of his office, should the Lord restore him to it again. He sends home this message to a fellow-labourer: "Do not forget to carry on the work in hearts brought to a Saviour. I feel this was one of my faults in the ministry. Nourish babes; comfort downcast believers; counsel those perplexed; perfect that which is lacking in their faith. Prepare them for sore trials. I fear most Christians are quite unready for days of darkness."—(*Mr. Moody Stuart.*)

Our journey led us through Moldavia, Wallachia, and Austria,—lands of darkness and of the shadow of death. Profound strangers to the truth as it is in Jesus, the people of these lands, nevertheless, profess to be Christians. Superstition and its idolatries veil the glorious object of faith from every eye. In these regions, as well as in those already traversed, Mr. M'Cheyne's anxiety for souls appeared in the efforts he made to leave at least a few words of Scripture with the Jews whom we met, however short the time of our interview. His spirit was stirred in him; and, with his Hebrew Bible in his hand, he would walk up thoughtfully and solemnly to the first Jew he could get access to, and begin by calling the man's attention to some statement of God's word. In Palestine, if the Jew did not understand Italian, he would repeat to him such texts in Hebrew as, "In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David," etc. (Zech. xiii. 1). And one evening, at the well of Doulis, when the Arab population were all clustered round the water-troughs, he looked on very wistfully, and said, "If only we had Arabic, we might sow beside all waters!"

At Jassy, after a deeply interesting day, spent in conversation with Jews who came to the inn, he said, "I will remember the faces of those men at the judgment-seat." When he came among the more educated Jews of Europe, he rejoiced to find that they could converse with him in Latin. His heart was bent on doing what he could (Mark xiv. 8), in season and out of season. "One thing," he writes, "I am deeply convinced of, that God can make the simplest statement of the gospel effectual to save souls. If only it be the true gospel, the good tidings, the message that God loved the world, and provided a ransom free to all, then God is able to make it wound the heart, and heal it too. There is deep meaning in the words of Paul: 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.'"

The abominations of Popery witnessed in Austrian Poland called forth many a prayer for the destruction of the Man of Sin. "The images and idols by the wayside are actually frightful, stamping the whole land as a kingdom of darkness. I do believe that a journey through Austria would go far to cure some of the Popery-admirers of our beloved land." He adds: "These are the marks of the beast upon this land." And in like manner our privileges in Scotland used to appear to him the more precious, when, as at Brody, we heard of Protestants who were supplied with sermon only once a year. "I must tell this to my people," said he, "when I return, to make them prize their many seasons of grace."

He estimated the importance of a town or country by its relation to the house of Israel; and his yearnings over these lost sheep resembled his bowels of compassion for his flock at home. At Tarnapol, in Galicia, he wrote home: "We are in Tarnapol, a very nice clean town, prettily situated on a winding stream, with wooded hills around. I suppose you never heard its name before; neither did I till we were there among Jews. I know not whether it has been the birthplace of warriors, or poets, or orators; its flowers have hitherto been born to blush unseen, at least by us barbarians of the north; but if God revive the dry bones of Israel that are scattered over the world, there will arise from this place an exceeding great army."

Our friend and brother in the faith, Erasmus Calman, lightened the tediousness of a long day's journey by repeating to us some Hebrew poetry. One piece was on Israel's present state of degradation; it began—

צורי גואלי
מהר וחיש פדות

As the vehicle drove along, we translated it line by line, and soon after Mr. M'Cheyne put it into verse. The following lines are a part:—

Rock and Refuge of my soul,
Swiftly let the season roll,
When Thine Israel shall arise,
Lovely in the nations' eyes!

Lord of glory, Lord of might,
As our ransomed fathers tell;
Once more for Thy people fight,
Plead for Thy loved Israel.
Give our spoilers' towers to be
Waste and desolate as we.

Hasten, Lord, the joyful year,
When Thy Zion, tempest-tossed,
Shall the silver trumpet hear:
Bring glad tidings to the lost!
Captive, cast thy cords from thee,
Loose thy neck—be free—be free!

Why dost Thou behold our sadness?
See the proud have torn away
All our years of solemn gladness,
When Thy flock kept holy-day!
Lord, Thy fruitful vine is bare,
Not one gleaning grape is there!

Rock and Refuge of my soul,
Swiftly let the season roll,
When Thine Israel shall be,
Once again, beloved and free.

In his notes he has one or two subjects marked for hymns. One of these is (Isa. ii. 3) "Come ye," etc., *a loving call to the Jews.* Another is to the same effect (Isa. i. 15), "Come, let us reason together." But these he never completed. In Cracow, having heard of the death of a friend, the wife of an

English clergyman, in the midst of her days, and in the full promise of usefulness, he began to pen a few sweet lines of comfort :—

Oft as she taught the little maids of France
To leave the garland, castanet, and dance,
And listen to the words which she would say
About the crowns that never fade away,
A new expression kindled in her eye,
A holy brightness, borrowed from the sky.
And when, returning to her native land,
She bowed beneath a Father's chastening hand,
When the quick pulse and flush upon the cheek,
A touching warning to her friends would speak,
A holy cheerfulness yet filled her eye,
Willing she was to live, willing to die.
As the good Shunamite (the Scriptures tell),
When her son died, said meekly, "It is well,"
So when Sophia lost her infant boy,
And felt how dear-bought is a mother's joy,
When with green turf the little grave she spread,
"Not lost, but gone before," she meekly said.
And now they sleep together 'neath the willow,
The same dew drops upon their silent pillow.
Return, O mourner, from this double grave,
And praise the God who all her graces gave.
Follow her faith, and let her mantle be
A cloak of holy zeal to cover thee.

The danger which he incurred from the shepherds in this region, and other similar perils to which he was exposed in company with others, have been recorded in the *Narrative.* Out of them all the Lord delivered him; and not from these perils only did He save him, but from many severe trials to his health, to which variety of climate and discomforts of accommodation subjected him. And now we were traversing Prussia, drawing nearer our own land. It was about five months since we had received letters from Scotland, our route having led us away from places which we had anticipated visiting, and where communications had been left for us. We pressed homeward somewhat anxiously, yet wondering often at past mercies. In a letter from Berlin, Mr. M'Cheyne remarked: "Our heavenly Father has brought us through so many trials and dangers that I feel persuaded He will yet carry us to the end. Like John, we shall fulfil our course. 'Are there not twelve hours in the day?' Are we not all immortal till our work is done?" His strength was rapidly increasing; the journey had answered the ends anticipated to a great extent, in his restoration to health. He was able to preach at Hamburg to the English congregation of Mr. Rheder, from whom it was that the first hint of a revival in Dundee reached his ears. He heard just so much both of

Kilsyth and Dundee as to make him long to hear more. A few days after, on board the vessel that conveyed us to England, he thus expressed his feelings:—

"SAILING UP THE THAMES, *Nov.* 6, 1839.

"MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—You will be glad to see by the date that we are once more in sight of the shores of happy England. I only wish I knew how you all are. I have not heard of you since I was in Smyrna. In vain did I inquire for letters from you at Cracow, Berlin, and Hamburg. You must have written to Warsaw, and the Resident there has not returned them to Berlin, as we desired. Andrew and I and Mr. Calman are all quite well, and thankful to God, who has brought us through every danger in so many countries. I trust our course has not been altogether fruitless, and that we may now resign our commission with some hope of good issuing from it to the Church and to Israel. I preached last Sabbath in Hamburg, for the first time since leaving England, and felt nothing the worse of it; so that I do hope it is my heavenly Father's will to restore me to usefulness again among my beloved flock. We have heard something of a reviving work at Kilsyth. We saw it noticed in one of the newspapers. I also saw the name of Dundee associated with it; so that I earnestly hope good has been doing in our Church, and the dew from on high watering our parishes, and that the flocks whose pastors have been wandering may also have shared in the blessing. We are quite ignorant of the facts, and you may believe we are anxious to hear. . . . We are now passing Woolwich, and in an hour will be in London. We are anxious to be home, but I suppose will not get away till next week. I never thought to have seen you again in this world, but now I hope to meet you once more in peace.—Believe me, your affectionate son," etc.

The day we arrived on the shores of our own land was indeed a singular day. We were intensely anxious to hear of events that had occurred at home a few months before,—the outpouring of the Spirit from on high,—while our friends were intensely interested in hearing tidings of the land of Israel and the scattered tribes. The reception of the deputation on their return, and the fruits of their mission, are well known, and have been elsewhere recorded.

Mr. M'Cheyne listened with deepest interest to the accounts given of what had taken place in Dundee during the month of August, when he lay at the gates of death in Bouja. The Lord had indeed fulfilled his hopes, and answered his prayers. His assistant, Mr. Burns, had been honoured of God to open the flood-gate at Dundee as well as at Kilsyth. For some time before, Mr. Burns had seen symptoms of deeper attention than usual, and of real anxiety in some that had hitherto been careless. But it was after his return from Kilsyth that the people began to melt before the Lord. On Thursday, the second day after his return, at the close of the usual evening prayer-meeting in St. Peter's, and when the minds of many were deeply solemnised by the tidings which had reached them, he spoke a few words about what had for some days detained him from them, and invited those to remain who felt the need of an outpouring of the Spirit to convert them. About a hundred remained; and at the conclusion of a solemn address to these anxious souls, suddenly the power of God seemed to descend, and all were bathed in tears. At a similar meeting next evening, in the church, there was much melting of heart and intense desire after the Beloved of the Father; and on adjourning to the vestry, the arm of the Lord was revealed. No sooner was the vestry-door opened to admit those who might feel anxious to converse, than a vast number pressed in with awful eagerness. It was like a pent-up flood breaking forth; tears were streaming from the eyes of many, and some fell on the ground groaning, and weeping, and crying for mercy. Onward from that evening, meetings were held every day for many weeks; and the extraordinary nature of the work justified and called for extraordinary services. The whole town was moved. Many believers doubted; the ungodly raged; but the Word of God grew mightily and prevailed. Instances occurred where whole families were affected at once, and each could be found mourning apart, affording a specimen of the times spoken of by Zechariah (xii. 12). Mr. Baxter of Hilltown, Mr. Hamilton, then assistant at Abernyte, and other men of God in the vicinity, hastened to aid in the work. Mr. Roxburgh of St. John's, and Mr. Lewis of St. David's, examined the work impartially and judiciously, and testified it to be of God. Dr. M'Donald of Ferintosh, a man of God well experienced in revivals, came to the spot and put to his seal also, and continued in town, preaching in St. David's Church to the anxious multitudes, during ten days. How many of those who were thus awfully awakened were really brought to the truth, it was impossible to ascertain. When Mr. M'Cheyne arrived, drop after drop was still falling from the clouds.

Such in substance were the accounts he heard before he reached Dundee. They were such as made his heart rejoice. He had no envy at another instrument having been so honoured in the place where he himself had laboured with many tears and temptations. In true Christian magnanimity, he rejoiced that the work of the Lord was done, by whatever hand. Full of praise and wonder, he set his foot once more on the shore of Dundee.

CHAPTER V.

DAYS OF REVIVAL.

"They shall spring up as among the grass, as willows by the water-courses."
—Isa. xliv. 4.

HIS people, who had never ceased to pray for him, welcomed his arrival among them with the greatest joy. He reached Dundee on a Thursday afternoon; and in the evening of the same day,—being the usual time for prayer in St. Peter's,—after a short meditation, he hastened to the church, there to render thanks to the Lord, and to speak once more to his flock. The appearance of the church that evening, and the aspect of the people, he never could forget. Many of his brethren were present to welcome him, and to hear the first words of his opened lips. There was not a seat in the church unoccupied, the passages were completely filled, and the stairs up to the pulpit were crowded, on the one side with the aged, on the other with eagerly-listening children. Many a face was seen anxiously gazing on their restored pastor; many were weeping under the unhealed wounds of conviction; all were still and calm, intensely earnest to hear. He gave out Ps. lxvi.; and the manner of singing which had been remarked since the revival began appeared to him peculiarly sweet,—"so tender and affecting, as if the people felt that they were praising a present God." After solemn prayer with them, he was able to preach for above an hour. Not knowing how long he might be permitted to proclaim the glad tidings, he seized that opportunity, not to tell of his journeyings, but to show the way of life to sinners. His subject was 1 Cor. ii. 1–4

—the matter, the manner, and the accompaniments of Paul's preaching. It was a night to be remembered.

On coming out of the church, he found the road to his house crowded with old and young, who were waiting to welcome him back. He had to shake hands with many at the same time; and before this happy multitude would disperse, had to speak some words of life to them again, and pray with them where they stood. "To Thy name, O Lord," said he that night, when he returned to his home, "To Thy name, O Lord, be all the glory!" A month afterwards, he was visited by one who had hitherto stood out against all the singular influence of the revival, but who that night was deeply awakened under his words, so that the arrow festered in her soul, till she came crying, "Oh, my hard, hard heart!"

On the Sabbath he preached to his flock in the afternoon. He chose 2 Chron. v. 13, 14, as his subject; and in the close, his hearers remember well how affectionately and solemnly he said: "Dearly belonged and longed for, I now begin another year of my ministry among you; and I am resolved, if God give me health and strength, that I will not let a man, woman, or child among you alone, until you have at least heard the testimony of God concerning His Son, either to your condemnation or salvation. And I will pray, as I have done before, that if the Lord will indeed give us a great outpouring of His Spirit, He will do it in such a way that it will be evident to the weakest child among you that it is the Lord's work, and not man's. I think I may say to you, as Rutherford said to his people, 'Your heaven would be two heavens to me.' And if the Lord be pleased to give me a crown from among you, I do here promise in His sight that I will cast it at His feet, saying, 'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain! Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb for ever and ever.'"

It was much feared for a time that a jealous spirit would prevail among the people of St. Peter's, some saying, "I am of Paul; and others, I of Cephas." Those recently converted were apt to regard their spiritual father in a light in which they could regard none besides. But Mr. M'Cheyne had received from the Lord a holy disinterestedness that suppressed every feeling of envy. Many wondered at the single-heartedness he was enabled to exhibit. He could sincerely say, "I have no desire but the salvation of my people, by whatever instrument."

Never, perhaps, was there one placed in better circumstances for testing the revival impartially, and seldom has any revival been more fully tested. He came among a people whose previous character he knew; he found a work wrought among them during his absence, in which he had not had any direct share; he returned home to go out and in among them, and to be a close observer of all that had taken place; and after a faithful and prayerful examination, he did most unhesitatingly say that the Lord had wrought great things, whereof he was glad; and in the case of many of those whose souls were saved in that revival, he discovered remarkable answers to the prayers of himself, and of those who had come to the truth, before he left them. He wrote to me his impressions of the work, when he had been a few weeks among his people:—

"*Dec.* 2, 1839.

'Rev. And. A. Bonar, Collace.

"My dear A.—I begin upon note-paper, because I have no other on hand but our thin travelling paper. I have much to tell you, and to praise the Lord for. I am grieved to hear that there are no marks of the Spirit's work about Collace during your absence; but if Satan drive you to your knees, he will soon find cause to repent it. Remember how fathers do to their children when they ask bread. How much more shall our heavenly Father give (ἀγαθὰ) all good things to them that ask Him? Remember the rebuke which I once got from old Mr. Dempster of Denny, after preaching to his people: 'I was highly pleased with your discourse, but in prayer it struck me that you thought God *unwilling to give.*' Remember Daniel: 'At the beginning of thy supplications the commandment came forth.' And do not think you are forgotten by me as long as I have health and grace to pray.

"Everything here I have found in a state better than I expected. The night I arrived I preached to such a congregation as I never saw before. I do not think another person could have got into the church, and there was every sign of the deepest and tenderest emotion. R. Macdonald was with me, and prayed. Affliction and success in the ministry have taught and quickened him. I preached on 1 Cor. ii. 1–4, and felt what I have often heard, that it is easy to preach where the Spirit of God is. On the Friday night Mr. Burns preached. On the Sabbath I preached on that wonderful passage, 2 Chron. v. 13, 14;

Mr. Burns preached twice, morning and evening. His views of divine truth are clear and commanding. There is a great deal of substance in what he preaches, and his manner is very powerful — so much so, that he sometimes made me tremble. In private he is deeply prayerful, and seems to feel his danger of falling into pride.

"I have seen many of the awakened, and many of the saved; indeed, this is a pleasant place compared with what it was once. Some of the awakened are still in the deepest anxiety and distress. Their great error is exactly what your brother Horace told me. They think that coming to Christ is some strange act of their mind, different from believing what God has said of His Son; so much so, that they will tell you with one breath, I believe all that God has said, and yet with the next complain that they cannot come to Christ, or close with Christ. It is very hard to deal with this delusion.

"I find some old people deeply shaken; they feel insecure. One confirmed drunkard has come to me, and is, I believe, now a saved man. Some little children are evidently saved. All that I have yet seen are related to converts of my own. One, eleven years old, is a singular instance of divine grace. When I asked if she desired to be made holy, she said, 'Indeed I often wish I was awa', that I might sin nae mair.' A. L., of fifteen, is a fine tender-hearted believer. W. S., ten, is also a happy boy.

"Many of my own dear children in the Lord are much advanced; much more full of joy,—their hearts lifted up in the ways of the Lord, I have found many more savingly impressed under my own ministry than I knew of. Some have come to tell me. In one case a whole family saved. I have hardly met with anything to grieve me. Surely the Lord hath dealt bountifully with me. I fear, however, that the great Spirit has in some measure passed by,—I hope soon to return in greater power than ever. The week meetings are thinner now. I will turn two of them into my classes soon, and so give solid, regular instruction, of which they stand greatly in need. I have not met with one case of extravagance or false fire, although doubtless there may be many. At first they used to follow in a body to our house, and expected many an address and prayer by the road. They have given up this now. I preached last Sabbath twice, first on Isa. xxviii. 14–18, and then on Rev. xii. 11: 'Overcame by the blood of the Lamb.' It was a very solemn day. The people willingly sat till it was dark. Many make it a place of Bochim. Still there is nothing of the power which has been. I have tried to persuade Mr. Burns to stay with us, and I think he will remain in Dundee. I feel fully stronger in body than when I left you. Instead of exciting me, there is everything to solemnise and still my feelings. Eternity sometimes seems very near.

"I would like your advice about prayer-meetings: how to consolidate them; what rules should be followed, if any; whether there should be mere reading of the word and prayer, or free converse also on the passage? We began to-day a ministerial prayer-meeting, to be held every Monday at eleven, for an hour and a half. This is a great comfort, and may be a great blessing. Of course we do not invite the colder ministers; that would only damp our meeting. Tell me if you think this right.

"And now, dear A., I must be done, for it is very late. May your people share in the quickening that has come over Dundee! I feel it a very powerful argument with many: 'Will you be left dry when others are getting drops of heavenly dew?' Try this with your people.

"I think it is probable we shall have another communion again before the regular one. It seems very desirable. You will come and help us; and perhaps Horace too.

"I thought of coming back by Collace from Errol, if our Glasgow meeting had not come in the way.

"Will you set agoing your Wednesday meeting again, immediately?

"Farewell, dear A. 'O man, greatly beloved, fear not; peace be to thee; be strong; yea, be strong.' Yours ever," etc.

To Mr. Burns he thus expresses himself on 19th December: "My dear Brother,—I shall never be able to thank you for all your labours among the precious souls committed to me; and, what is worse, I can never thank God fully for His kindness and grace, which every day appear to me more remarkable. He has answered prayer to me in all that has happened, in a way which I have never told any one." Again, on the 31st: "Stay where you are, dear brother, as long as the Lord has any work for you to do.[1] If I know my own heart, its only desire is that Christ may be glorified, by souls flocking to Him, and abiding in Him, and reflecting His image; and, whether it be in Perth or Dundee, should signify little to us. You know I told you my mind plainly, that I thought the Lord had so blessed you in Dundee, that you were called to a fuller and deeper work there; but if the Lord accompanies you to other places, I have nothing to object. The Lord strengthened my body and soul last Sabbath, and my spirit also was glad. The people were much alive in the Lord's service. But oh, dear brother, the most are Christless still! The rich are almost untroubled."

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[1] Mr. Burns was at that time in Perth, and there had begun to be some movement among the dry bones.

His evidence on this subject is given fully in his answers to the queries put by a Committee of the Aberdeen Presbytery; and in a note to a friend, he incidentally mentions a pleasing result of this widespread awakening: "I find many souls saved under my own ministry, whom I never knew of before. They are not afraid to come out now, it has become so common a thing to be concerned about the soul." At that time, also, many came from a distance; one came from the north, who had been a year in deep distress of soul, to seek Christ in Dundee.

In his brief diary he records, on December 3, that twenty anxious souls had that night been conversing with him; "many of them very deeply interesting." He occasionally fixed an evening for the purpose of meeting with those who were awakened; and in one of his notebooks there are at least *four hundred* visits recorded, made to him by inquiring souls, in the course of that and the following years. He observed that those who had been believers formerly had got their hearts enlarged, and were greatly established; and some seemed able to feed upon the truth in a new manner,—as when one related to him how there had for some time appeared a glory in the reading of the word in public, quite different from reading it alone.

At the same time he saw backslidings, both among those whom believers had considered really converted, and among those who had been deeply convicted, though never reckoned among the really saved. He notes in his book: "Called to see ——. Poor lad, he seems to have gone back from Christ, led away by evil company. And yet I felt sure of him at one time. What blind creatures ministers are! man looketh at the outward appearance." One morning he was visited by one of his flock, proposing a "concert for prayer on the following Monday, in behalf of those who had fallen back, that God's Spirit might reawaken them,"—so observant were the believers as well as their pastor of declensions. Among those who were awakened but never truly converted, he mentions one case. "*Jan.* 9, 1840.—Met with the case of one who had been frightened during the late work, so that her bodily health was injured. She seems to have no care now about her soul. It has only filled her mouth with evil speaking."

That many, who promised fair, drew back and walked no more with Jesus, is true. Out of about 800 souls who, during the months of the revival, conversed with different ministers in apparent anxiety, no wonder surely if many proved to have been impressed only for a time. President Edwards considered it likely that, in such cases, the proportion of real conversions might resemble the proportion of blossoms in spring and fruit in autumn. Nor can anything be more unreasonable than to doubt the truth of all, because of the deceit of some. The world itself does not so act in judging of its own. The world reckons upon the possibility of being mistaken in many cases, and yet does not cease to believe that there is honesty and truth to be found. One of themselves, a poet of their own, has said with no less justice than beauty—

"Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell;
And though foul things put on the brows of grace,
Yet grace must still look so."

But, above all, we have the authority of the word of God, declaring that such backslidings are the very tests of the true Church: "For there must be also heresies among you, that they which are approved may be made manifest among you" (1 Cor. xi. 19). It is not, however, meant that any who had really believed went back to perdition. On the contrary, it is the creed of every sound evangelical Church, that those who do go back to perdition were persons who never really believed in Jesus. Their eyes may have been opened to see the dread realities of sin and of the wrath to come; but if they saw not righteousness for their guilty souls in the Saviour, there is nothing in all Scripture to make us expect that they will continue awake. "Awake, thou that sleepest, and *Christ will give thee light*," is the call—inviting sinners to a point far beyond mere conviction. One who, for a whole year, went back to folly, said, "Your sermon on the corruption of the heart made me despair, and so I gave myself up to my old ways—attending dances, learning songs," etc. A knowledge of our guilt, and a sense of danger, will not of themselves keep us from falling; nay, these, if alone, may (as in the above case) thrust us down the slippery places. We are truly secure only when our eye is on Jesus, and our hand locked in His hand. So that the history of backslidings, instead of leading us to doubt the reality of grace in believers, will only be found to teach us two great lessons, viz. the vast importance of pressing immediate salvation on awakened souls, and the reasonableness of standing in doubt of all, however deep their convictions, who have not truly fled to the hope set before them.

There was another ground of prejudice against the whole work, arising from the circumstance that the Lord had employed in it young men not long engaged in the work of the ministry, rather than the fathers in Israel. But herein it was that sovereign grace shone forth the more conspicuously. Do such objectors suppose that God ever intends the honour of man in a work of revival? Is it not the honour of His own name that He seeks? Had it been His wish to give the glory to man at all, then indeed it might have been asked, "Why does He pass by the older pastors, and call for the inexperienced youth?" But when sovereign grace was coming to bless a region in the way that would redound most to the glory of the Lord, can we conceive a wiser plan than to use the sling of David in bringing down the Philistine? If, however, there be some whose prejudice is from the root of envy, let such hear the remonstrance of Richard Baxter to the jealous ministers of his day. "What! malign Christ in gifts for which He should have the glory, and all because they seem to hinder our glory! Does not every man owe thanks to God for his brethren's gifts, not only as having himself part in them, as the foot has the benefit of the guidance of the eye, but also because his own ends may be attained by his brethren's gifts as well as by his own? . . . A fearful thing that any man, that hath the least of the fear of God, should so envy at God's gifts, that he would rather his carnal hearers were unconverted, and the drowsy not awakened, than that it should be done by another who may be preferred before them."[1]

The work of the Spirit went on, the stream flowing gently; for the heavy showers had fallen, and the overflowing of the waters had passed by. Mr. M'Cheyne became more than ever vigilant and discriminating in dealing with souls. Observing, also, that some were influenced more by feelings of strong attachment to their pastor personally, than by the power of the truths he preached, he became more reserved in his dealings with them, so that some thought there was a little coldness or repulsiveness in his manner. If there did appear anything of this nature to some, certainly it was no indication of diminished compassion; but, on the contrary, proceeded from a scrupulous anxiety to guard others against the deceitful feelings of their own souls. A few notes of his work occur at this period.

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[1] *Reformed Pastor*, iv. 2.

"*Nov.* 27, 1839.—A pleasant meeting in the Cross Church on Wednesday last, for the seamen. All that spoke seemed to honour the Saviour. I had to move thanksgiving to God for His mercies. This has been a real blessing to Dundee. It should not be forgotten in our prayers and thanksgivings."

"*Nov.* 28, Thursday evening.—Much comfort in speaking. There was often an awful stillness. Spoke on Jer. vi. 14: 'They have healed also the hurt of the daughter of My people slightly,'" etc.

"*Dec.* 1.—This evening came a tender Christian, so far as I can see; an exposition of that text, '*I will go softly*,' or of that other, '*Thou shalt not open thy mouth any more.*' A child of shame made one of honour. Her sister was awakened under Mr. Baxter's words in St. Peter's, of whom he asked, 'Would you like to be holy?' She replied, 'Indeed, I often wish I were dead, that I might sin no more.'"

"*Dec.* 3.—Preached six times within these two days."

"*Dec.* 8.—Saw J. T. in fever. She seems really in Christ now; tells me how deeply my words sank into her soul when I was away. A. M. stayed to tell me her joy. J. B. walked home with me, telling me what God had done for his soul, when one day I had stopt at the quarry on account of a shower of rain, and took shelter with my pony in the engine-house." He had simply pointed to the fire of the furnace, and said, "What does that remind you of?" and the words had remained deep in the man's soul.

"*Dec.* 11.—A woman awakened that night I preached in J. D.'s green, about two years ago, on Ezek. xx. 43. For twenty years she had been out of church privileges, and now, for the first time, came trembling to ask restoration. Surely Immanuel is in this place, and even old sinners are flocking to Him. I have got an account of about twenty prayer-meetings connected with my flock. Many open ones; many fellowship meetings; only one or two have anything like exhortation superadded to the word. These, I think, it must be our care to change, if possible, lest error and pride creep in. The only other difficulty is this. In two of the female meetings, originally fellowship meetings, anxious female inquirers have been admitted. They do not pray, but only hear. In one, M. and J. had felt the rising of pride to a great degree; in the other, M. could not be persuaded that there was any danger of pride. This case will require prayerful deliberation. My mind at present is, that there is a great danger from it, the praying members feeling themselves on a different level from the others, and anything like female teaching, as a public teacher, seems clearly condemned in the word of God."

"*Dec.* 12.—Felt very feeble all day, and as if I could not do any more work in the vineyard. Evening.—Felt more of the reality of Immanuel's intercession. The people also were evidently subdued by more than a human testimony. One soul waited, sobbing most piteously. She could give no more account of herself than that she was a sinner, and did not believe that God would be merciful to her. When I showed how I found mercy, her only answer was, 'But you were not sic a sinner as me.'"

"*Dec.* 18.—Went to Glasgow along with A. B. Preached in St. George's to a full audience, in the cause of the Jews. Felt real help in time of need." This was one of his many journeys from place to place in behalf of Israel, relating the things seen and heard among the Jews of Palestine and other lands.

"*Dec.* 22.—Preached in Anderston Church, with a good deal of inward peace and comfort."

"*Dec.* 23.—Interesting meeting with the Jewish Committee. In the evening met a number of God's people. The horror of some good people in Glasgow at the millenarian views is very great, while at the same time their objections appear very weak."

"*Dec.* 31.—Young communicants. Two have made application to be admitted under eleven years of age; four that are only fourteen; three who are fifteen or sixteen."

"*Jan.* 1, 1840.—Awoke early by the kind providence of God, and had uncommon freedom and fervency in keeping the concert for prayer this morning before light. Very touching interview with M. P., who still refuses to be comforted. Was enabled to cry after a glorious Immanuel along with her. How I wish I had her bitter convictions of sin! Another called this evening, who says she was awakened and brought to Christ during the sermon on the morning of 1st December, on the 'Covenant with death.' Gave clear answers, but seems too unmoved for one really changed."

"*Jan.* 2.—Visited six families. Was refreshed and solemnised at each of them. Spoke of the Word made flesh, and of all the paths of the Lord being mercy and truth. Visited in the evening by some interesting souls: one a believing little boy; another complaining she cannot come to Christ for the hardness of her heart; another once awakened under my ministry, again thoroughly awakened and brought to Christ under Horace Bonar's sermon at the communion. She is the only saved one in her family,—awfully persecuted by father and mother. Lord, stand up for Thine own! Make known, by their constancy under suffering, the power and beauty of Thy grace! Evening.—Mr. Miller preached delightfully on 'The love of Christ constraineth us.' His account of the Protestants of France was very interesting: the work of God at Nismes, where it is said they are no more fishing with line, but dragging with the nets. Read a letter from Mr. Cumming, describing the work at Perth, and entreating the prayers of God's children."

This last reference is to the awakening which took place in St. Leonard's Church, Perth, on the last night of the year, when Mr. Burns, along with their pastor, Mr. Milne, was preaching. Mr. B. had intended to return to Dundee for the Sabbath, but was detained by the plain indications of the Lord's presence. At one meeting the work was so glorious, that one night about 150 persons at one time seemed bowed down under a sense of their guilt, and above 200 came next day to the church in the forenoon to converse about their souls. This awakening was the commencement of a solid work of grace, both in that town and its neighbourhood, much fruit of which is to be found there at this day in souls that are walking in the fear of the Lord and the comfort of the Holy Ghost. And it was in the spring of this same year, that in Collace, at our weekly prayer-meeting, when two brethren were ministering, we received a blessed shower from the Lord.

His Journal proceeds:—

"*Jan.* 3.—An inquirer came, awakened under my ministry two years and a half ago."

"*Jan.* 5.—Two came; M. B. sorely wounded with the forenoon's discourse."

"*Jan.* 12.—Intimated a concert for prayer, that unworthy communicants might be kept back, the Lord's children prepared for the feast, and ministers furnished from on high."

"*Jan.* 13.—Kept concert of prayer this morning with my dear people. Did not find the same enlargement as usual."

"*March* 5, Thursday evening.—Preached on Zech. iii.—Joshua. Was led to speak searchingly about making Christ the minister of sin. One young woman cried aloud very bitterly. M. B. came to tell me that poor M. is like to have her life taken away by her parents. A young woman also, who is still concerned, and persecuted by her father. A young man came to tell me that he had found Christ. Roll on, thou river of life! visit every dwelling! save a multitude of souls. Come, Holy Spirit! come quickly!"

"*March* 25.—Last night at Forfar speaking for Israel to a small band of friends of the Jews. Fearfully wicked place; the cry of it ascends up before God like that of Sodom."

"*March* 31.—Met with young communicants on Wednesday and Friday. On the latter night especially, very deep feeling, manifested in sobbings. Visits of several. One dear child nine years old. Sick-bed."

"*April* 1.—Presbytery day. Passed the constitution of two new churches,—blessed be God! may He raise up faithful pastors for them both,—Dudhope and Wallace-Feus. Proposal also for the Mariners' Church. A fast-day fixed for the present state of the Church."

"*April* 5.—Sabbath evening.—Spoke to twenty-four young persons, one by one; almost all affected about their souls."

"*April* 6.—Lovely ride and meditation in a retired grove."

"*April* 7.—Impressed to-night with the complete necessity of preaching to my people in their own lanes and closes; in no other way will God's word ever reach them. To-night spoke in St. Andrew's Church to a very crowded assembly in behalf of Israel. Was helped to speak plainly to their own consciences. Lord, bless it! Shake this town!"

"*April* 13.—Spoke in private to nearly thirty young communicants, all in one room, going round each, and advising for the benefit of all."

"*April* 22.—Rode to Collessie (Fife) and Kirkcaldy. Sweet time alone in Collessie woods."

"*July* 30.—One lad came to me in great distress, wishing to know if he should confess his little dishonesties to his master." About this time, he has noted down, "I was visiting the other day, and came to a locked door. What did this mean? 'Torment me not, torment me not!' Ah, Satan is mighty still!"—referring to Mark v. 7.

A few of his communion seasons are recorded. We could have desired a record of them all. The first of which he has detailed any particulars, is the one he enjoyed soon after returning home.

"*Jan.* 19, 1840.—Stormy morning, with gushing torrents of rain, but cleared up in answer to prayer. Sweet union in prayer with Mr. Cumming, and afterwards with A. Bonar. Found God in secret. Asked especially that the very sight of the broken bread and poured-out wine might be blessed to some souls, then pride will be hidden from man. Church well-filled —many standing. Preached the action sermon on John xvii. 24: 'Father, I will,' etc. Had considerable nearness to God in prayer,—more than usual,—and also freedom in preaching, although I was ashamed of such poor views of Christ's glory. The people were in a very desirable frame of attention—hanging on the word. Felt great help in fencing the tables from Acts v. 3: 'Lying to the Holy Ghost.' Came down and served the first table with much more calmness and collectedness than ever I remember to have enjoyed. Enjoyed a sweet season while A. B. served the next table. He dwelt chiefly on believing the words of Christ about His fulness, and the promise of the Father. There were six tables altogether. The people more and more moved to the end. At the last table every head seemed bent like a bulrush while A. B. spoke of the ascension of Christ. Helped a little in the address, 'Now to Him who is able to keep you,' etc., and in the concluding prayer.[1] One little boy, in retiring, said, 'This has been another bonnie day.' Many of the little ones seemed deeply attentive. Mr. Cumming and Mr. Burns preached in the school the most of the day. In the evening Mr. C. preached on the Pillar Cloud on every dwelling, Isa. iv. 5, some very sweet, powerful words. Mr. Burns preached in the schoolroom. When the church emptied, a congregation formed in the lower school, and began to sing. Sang several psalms with them, and spoke on, 'Behold, I stand at the door.' Going home, A. L. said, 'Pray for me; I am quite happy, and so is H.' Altogether a day of the revelation of Christ,—a sweet day to myself, and, I am persuaded, to many souls. Lord, make us meet for the table above."

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[1] See the *Remains* for some of that day's solemn words.

Another of these communion seasons recorded is April 1840. "Sabbath 19.—Sweet and precious day. Preached action sermon on Zech. xii. 10, xiii. 1. A good deal assisted. Also in fencing the tables, on Ps. cxxxix.: 'Search me, O God.' Less at serving the tables, on, 'I will betroth thee,' and 'To him that overcometh;' though the thanksgiving was sweet. Communicated with calm joy. Old Mr. Burns served two tables; H. Bonar five. There was a very melting frame visible among the people. Helped a good deal in the address on 'My sheep hear my voice.' After seven before all was over. Met before eight. Old Mr. Burns preached on 'A word in season.' Gave three parting texts, and so concluded this blessed day. Many were filled with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

"Monday, 20.—Mr. Grierson preached on 'Ye are come to Mount Zion,'—an instructive word. Pleasant walk with H. B. Evening sermon from him to the little children on the 'new heart,'—truly delightful. Prayer-meeting after. I began; then old Mr. Burns; then Horace, in a very lively manner, on the 'woman of Samaria.' The people were brought into a very tender frame. After the blessing, a multitude remained. One (A. N.) was like a person struck through with a dart; she could neither stand nor go. Many were looking on her with faces of horror. Others were comforting her in a very kind manner, bidding her look to Jesus. Mr. Burns went to the desk, and told them of Kilsyth. Still they would not go away. Spoke a few words more to those around me, telling them of the loveliness of Christ, and the hardness of their hearts, that they could be so unmoved when one was so deeply wounded. The sobbing soon spread, till many heads were bent down, and the church was filled with sobbing. Many whom I did not know were now affected. After prayer, we dismissed near midnight. Many followed us. One, in great agony, prayed that she might find Christ that very night. So ends this blessed season."

The prayer-meeting on the Monday evening following the communion was generally enjoyed by all the Lord's people, and by the ministers who assisted, in a peculiar manner. Often all felt the last day of the feast to be the great day. Souls that had been enjoying the feast were then, at its conclusion, taking hold on the arm of the Beloved in the prospect of going up through the wilderness.

The only notice of his last communion, 1st January 1843, is the following: "Sabbath.—A happy communion season. Mr.

W. Burns preached on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evenings—the first and last very solemn. Mr. Baxter (of Hilltown Church) on the Friday. A. Bonar on Saturday, on Rom. viii.—The spirit of adoption. I fainted on the Sabbath morning, but revived, and got grace and strength to preach on 1 Tim. i. 16—Paul's conversion a pattern. There were five tables. Many godly strangers, and a very desirable frame observable in the people. 'While the King sitteth at His table, my spikenard sendeth out the smell thereof.' Much sin was covered. He restoreth my soul. Monday, 2.—Mr. Milne (of Perth) preached on 'Hold fast that thou hast;' and in the evening, to the children, on Josh. xxiv.: 'Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.' Andrew and I concluded with Rev. v.: 'Thou hast redeemed us,' etc., and 1 Cor. xv.: 'Be stedfast,' etc."

He dispensed the Lord's Supper to his flock every quarter; and though on this account his calls upon his brethren for help were frequent, yet never did a brother reckon it anything else than a blessed privilege to be with him. His first invitation to his friend Mr. Hamilton (then at Abernyte) will show the nature of the intercourse that subsisted between him and his brethren who gave their services on these occasions:—"My dear Friend,—Will you excuse lack of ceremony, and come down to-morrow and preach to us the unsearchable riches of Christ? We have the communion on Sabbath. We have no fast-day, but only a meeting in the evening at a quarter-past seven. Come, my dear sir, if you can, and refresh us with your company. Bring the fragrance of 'the bundle of myrrh' along with you, and may grace be poured into your lips.—Yours ever." (Jan. 15, 1840.)

Soon after his return from his mission to the Jews, a ministerial prayer-meeting was formed among some of the brethren in Dundee. Mr. M'Cheyne took part in it, along with Mr. Lewis of St. David's, Mr. Baxter of Hilltown, Mr. P. L. Miller, afterwards of Wallacetown, and others. Feeling deep concern for the salvation of the souls under their care, they met every Monday forenoon, to pray together for their flocks and their own souls. The time of the meeting was limited to an hour and a half, in order that all who attended might form their pastoral arrangements for the day, without fear of being hindered; and, in addition to prayer, those present conversed on some selected topic, vitally connected with their duties as ministers of Christ. Mr. M'Cheyne was never absent from this prayer-meeting unless through absolute necessity, and the brethren scarcely remember any occasion on which some important remark did not drop from his lips. He himself reaped great profit from it. He notes, 8th Dec.: "This has been a deeply interesting week. On Monday our ministerial prayer-meeting was set agoing in St. David's vestry. The hearts of all seem really in earnest in it. The Lord answers prayer; may it be a great blessing to our souls and to our flocks." Another time: "Meeting in St. David's vestry. The subject of fasting was spoken upon. Felt exceedingly in my own spirit how little we feel real grief on account of sin before God, or we would often lose our appetite for food. When parents lose a child, they often do not taste a bit from morning to night, out of pure grief. Should we not mourn as for an only child? How little of the spirit of grace and supplication we have then!" On 30th Dec.: "Pleasant meeting of ministers. Many delightful texts on 'Arguments to be used with God in prayer.' How little I have used these! Should we not study prayer more?"

Full as he was of affection and Christian kindness to all believers, he was specially so to the faithful brethren in the gospel of Christ. Perhaps there never was one who more carefully watched against the danger of undervaluing precious men, and detracting from a brother's character. Although naturally ambitious, grace so wrought in him, that he never sought to bring himself into view; and most cheerfully would he observe and take notice of the graces and gifts of others. Who is there of us that should ever feel otherwise? "For the body is not one member, but many." And "the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee; nor, again, the head to the feet, I have no need of you."

All with whom he was intimate still remember with gratitude how faithfully and anxiously he used to warn his friends of whatever he apprehended they were in danger from. To Mr. W. C. Burns he wrote, 31st Dec. 1839: "Now, the Lord be your strength, teacher, and guide. I charge you, be clothed with humility, or you will yet be a wandering star, for which is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. Let Christ increase; let man decrease. This is my constant prayer for myself and you. If you lead sinners to yourself, and not to Christ, Immanuel will cast the star out of His right hand into utter darkness. Remember what I said of preaching out of the Scriptures: honour the word both in the matter and manner. Do not cease to pray for me." At another time (3rd Nov. 1841), he thus wrote to the same friend: "Now remember Moses wist not that the skin of his face shone. Looking at our own shining face is the bane of the spiritual life and of the ministry. Oh for closest communion with God, till soul and body—head, face, and heart—shine with divine brilliancy! but oh for a holy ignorance of our shining! Pray for this; for you need it as well as I."

To another friend in the ministry who had written to him despondingly about his people and the times, his reply was: "I am sure there never was a time when the Spirit of God was more present in Scotland, and it does not become you to murmur in your tents, but rather to give thanks. Remember, we may grieve the Spirit as truly by not joyfully acknowledging His wonders as by not praying for Him. There is the clearest evidence that God is saving souls in Kilsyth, Dundee, Perth, Collace, Blairgowrie, Strathbogie, Ross-shire, Breadalbane, Kelso, Jedburgh, Ancrum; and surely it becomes us to say, 'I thank my God upon every remembrance of you.' Forgive my presumption; but I fear lest you hurt your own peace and usefulness in not praising God enough for the operation of His hands." To another: "I have told you that you needed trial, and now it is come. May you be exercised thereby, and come to that happy 'afterwards' of which the apostle speaks." To the same again: "Remember the necessity of your own soul, and do not grow slack or lean in feeding others. 'Mine own vineyard have I not kept.' Ah, take heed of that!" And in a similar tone of faithfulness at an after period: "Remember the case of your own soul. 'What will it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Remember how often Paul appeals to his holy, just, unblameable life. Oh that we may be able always to do the same!" "Remember the pruning-knife," he says to another, "and do not let your vine run to wood." And after a visit to Mr. Thornton of Milnathort, in whose parish there had been an awakening, he asks a brother: "Mr. Thornton is willing that others be blessed more than himself; do you think that you have that grace? I find that I am never so successful as when I can lie at Christ's feet, willing to be used or not as seemeth good in His sight. Do you remember David? 'If the Lord say, I have no delight in thee; behold, here am I; let Him do to me as seemeth good unto Him.'"

In his familiar letters, as in his life, there was the manifestation of a bright, cheerful soul, without the least tendency to levity. When his medical attendant had, on one occasion, declined any remuneration, Mr. M'Cheyne peremptorily opposed his purpose; and, to overcome his reluctance, returned the enclosure in a letter, in which he used his poetical gifts with most pleasant humour.

To many it was a subject of wonder that he found time to write letters that always breathed the name of Jesus, amid his innumerable engagements. But the truth was, his letters cost him no expenditure of time; they were ever the fresh thoughts and feelings of his soul at the moment he took up the pen; his habitual frame of soul is what appears in them all; the calm, holy, tenderly affectionate style of his letters reminds us of Samuel Rutherford, whose works he delighted to read,—excepting only that his joy never seems to have risen to ecstasies. The selection of his letters which I have made for publication may exhibit somewhat of his holy skill in dropping a word for his Master on all occasions. But what impressed many yet more, was his manner of introducing the truth, most naturally and strikingly, even in the shortest note he penned; and there was something so elegant, as well as solemn, in his few words at the close of some of his letters, that these remained deep in the receiver's heart. Writing to Mr. G. S., on 28th July 1841, he thus draws to a close: "Remember me to H. T. I pray he may be kept abiding in Christ. Kindest regards to his mother. Say to her from me, 'Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear, forasmuch as ye know ye were not redeemed with corruptible things such as silver and gold' (1 Pet. i. 17, 18). Keep your own heart, dear brother, 'in the love of God' (Jude 21)—in His love to you, and that will draw your love to Him. Kindest remembrances to your brother. Say to him, 'Be sober, and hope to the end' (1 Pet. i. 13). To your own dear mother say, 'He doth not afflict willingly.' Write me soon.—Ever yours, till time shall be no more." In a note to the members of his own family: "The Tay is before me now like a resplendent mirror, glistening in the morning sun. May the same sun shine sweetly on you, and may He that makes it shine, shine into your hearts to give you the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.—In haste, your affectionate son and brother." There were often such last words as the following: "Oh for drops in the pastures of the wilderness! The smiles of Jesus be with you, and the breathings of the Holy Ghost.—Ever yours." (To Rev. J. Milne.) "May we have gales passing from Perth to this, and from here to you, and from heaven to both.—Ever yours." (To the same.) "The time is short; eternity is near; yea, the coming of Christ the second time is at hand. Make sure of being one with the Lord Jesus, that you may be glad when you see Him. Commending you all to our Father in heaven," etc. (To his own brother.) "I have a host of letters before me, and therefore can add no more. I give you a parting text, 'Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.'" Another: "Farewell! yours till the day dawn." To the Rev. Horatius Bonar he says, at the close of a letter about some ministerial arrangements: "I am humbled and cheered by what you say of good done in Kelso. Roll on, roll on, river of God, that art full of water! A woman came to me, awakened under your sermon to the children in the Cross Church, very bitterly convinced of sin. Glory to the Divine Archer, who bringeth down the people!" He closes a letter to a student thus: "Grace be with you, and much of the knowledge of Jesus—much of His likeness. I thirst for the knowledge of the word, but most of all of Jesus Himself, the true Word. May He abide in you, and you in Him! The Fear of Isaac watch over you." In concluding a letter to Mr. Bonar of Larbert, in February 1843, some weeks before his last illness, he writes: "My soul often goes out at the throne of grace in behalf of Larbert and Dunipace. May the disruption be more blessed to them than days of peace! How sweet to be in the ark when the deluge comes down!—Ever yours in gospel bonds."

The Jewish Mission continued near his heart, "the nearest," said he to Mr. Edwards, who is now at Jassy, "of all missionary enterprises. Were it not for my own unfitness, and also the success the Lord has given me where I am, I would joyfully devote myself to it." In connection with this cause, he was invited to visit Ireland, and be present at the meeting of the Synod of our Presbyterian brethren in the summer of 1840. When preparing to set out, he notices the hand of his Master guiding him: "*July* 2.—Expected to have been in Ireland this day. Detained by not being able to get supply for Sabbath, in the good providence of God; for this evening there was a considerable awakening in the church while I was preaching upon Phil. iii. 18: 'Enemies of the cross of Christ.' When that part was expounded, there was a loud and bitter weeping,—probably thirty or forty seemed to share in it; the rest deeply impressed,—many secretly praying." On the Sabbath following, one person was so overcome as to be carried out of the church.

He set out for Ireland on the 7th, and on the 10th witnessed at Belfast the union between the Synod of Ulster and the Secession. He speaks of it as a most solemn scene—500 ministers and elders present. During his stay there, he pleaded the cause of the Jews in Mr. Morgan's church, Mr. Wilson's, and some others; and also visited Mr. Kirkpatrick at Dublin. He preached the way of salvation to the Gentiles in all his pleadings for Israel. His visit was blessed to awaken a deep interest in the cause of the Jews, and his words sank into the consciences of some. His sermon on Ezek. xxxiv. 16 was felt by some to be indescribably impressive; and when he preached on Rom. i. 16, 17, many ministers, as they came out, were heard saying, "How was it we never thought of the duty of remembering Israel before?" On another occasion, the people to whom he had preached entreated their minister to try and get him again, and if he could not preach to them, that at least he should pray once more with them.

He was not, however, long absent from home on this occasion. On the 25th I find him recording: "Reached home; entirely unprepared for the evening. Spoke on Ps. li. 12, 13: 'Restore unto me the joy,' etc. There seemed much of the presence of God,—first one crying out in extreme agony, then another. Many were deeply melted and all solemnised. Felt a good deal of freedom in speaking of the glory of Christ's salvation. Coming down, I spoke quietly to some whom I knew to be under deep concern. They were soon heard together weeping bitterly; many more joined them. Mr. Cumming spoke to them in a most touching strain, while I dealt privately with several in the vestry. Their cries were often very bitter and piercing, bitterest when the freeness of Christ was pressed upon them, and the lion's nearness. Several were offended; but I felt no hesitation as to our duty to declare the simple truth impressively, and leave God to work in their hearts in His own way. If He saves souls in a quiet way, I shall be happy; if in the midst of cries and tears, still I will bless His name. One painful thing has occurred: a man who pretends to be a missionary for Israel, and who brings forward the apocryphal book of Enoch, has been among my people in my absence, and many have been led after him. How humbling is this to them and to me! Lord, what is man! This may be blessed, 1st, to discover chaff which we thought to be wheat; 2nd, to lead some to greater distrust of themselves, when their eyes are opened; 3rd, to teach me the need of solidly instructing those who seem to have grace in their hearts."

The work of God went on, so much so at this time, that he gave it as his belief, in a letter to Mr. Purves of Jedburgh, that for some months about this period no minister of Christ had preached in a lively manner, without being blessed to some soul among his flock.

In other places of Scotland also the Lord was then pouring out His Spirit. Perth has been already mentioned and its vicinity. Throughout Ross-shire, whole congregations were frequently moved as one man, and the voice of the minister drowned in the cries of anxious souls. At Kelso, where Mr Horace Bonar laboured, and at Jedburgh, where Mr. Purves was pastor, a more silent but very solid work of conversion was advancing. At Ancrum (once the scene of John Livingston's labours), the whole parish, but especially the men of the place, were awakened to the most solemn concern. On Lochtayside, where Mr. Burns was for a season labouring, there were marks of the Spirit everywhere; and the people crossing the lake in hundreds, to listen to the words of life on the hill-side, called to mind the people of Galilee in the days when the gospel began to be preached. At Lawers, Mr. Campbell, their pastor (who has now fallen asleep in Jesus), spoke of the awakening as "like a resurrection," so great and sudden was the change from deadness to intense concern. On several occasions, the Spirit seemed to sweep over the congregations like wind over the fields, which bends the heavy corn to the earth. It was evident to discerning minds that the Lord was preparing Scotland for some crisis not far distant.

Several districts of Strathbogie had shared to some extent in a similar blessing. Faithful ministers were now everywhere on the watch for the shower, and were greatly strengthened to go forward boldly in seeking to cleanse the sanctuary. It was their fond hope that the Established Church of Scotland would soon become an example and pattern to the nations of a pure Church of Christ, acknowledged and upheld by the State without being trammelled in any degree, far less controlled by civil interference. But Satan was stirring up adversaries on every side.

The Court of Session had adopted a line of procedure that was at once arbitrary and unconstitutional. And now that Court interdicted, under the penalty of fine or imprisonment, all the ministers of the Church of Scotland from administering ordinances or preaching the word in any of the seven parishes of Strathbogie, whose former incumbents had been suspended from office by the General Assembly for ecclesiastical offences. The Church saw it to be her duty to refuse obedience to an interdict which hindered the preaching of Jesus, and attempted to crush her constitutional liberties. Accordingly, ministers were sent to these districts, fearless of the result; and under their preaching the gross darkness of the region began to give way to the light of truth.

In the month of August, Mr. M'Cheyne was appointed, along with Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney, to visit Huntly, and dispense the Lord's Supper there. As he set out, he expressed the hope that "the dews of the Spirit there might be turned into the pouring rain." His own visit was blessed to many. Mr. Cumming preached the action sermon in the open air at the Meadow Well; but the tables were served within the building where the congregation usually met. Mr. M'Cheyne preached in the evening to a vast multitude at the well: and about a hundred waited after sermon for prayer, many of them in deep anxiety.

He came to Edinburgh on the 11th to attend the meeting of ministers and elders who had come together to sign the *Solemn Engagement* in defence of the liberties of Christ's Church. He hesitated not to put his hand to the Engagement. He then returned to Dundee; and scarcely had he returned, when he was laid aside by one of those attacks of illness with which he was so often tried. In this case, however, it soon passed away. "My health," he remarked, "has taken a gracious turn, which should make me look up." But again, on 6th September, an attack of fever laid him down for six days. On this occasion, just before the sickness came on, three persons had visited him, to tell him how they were brought to Christ under his ministry some years before. "Why," he noted in his journal, "Why has God brought these cases before me *this week?* Surely He is preparing me for some trial of faith." The result proved that his conjecture was just. And while his Master prepared him beforehand for these trials, He had ends to accomplish in His servant by means of them. There were other trials, also, besides these, which were very heavy to him; but in all we could discern the Husbandman pruning the branch, that it might bear more fruit. As he himself said one day in the church of Abernyte, when he was assisting Mr. Manson: "If we only saw the whole, we should see that the Father is doing little else in the world but *training His vines.*"

His preaching became more and more to him a work of faith. Often I find him writing at the close or beginning of a sermon: "Master, help!" "Help, Lord, help!" "Send showers;" "Pardon, give the Spirit, and take the glory;" "May the opening of my lips be right things!" The piercing effects of the word preached on souls at this season may be judged of from what one of the awakened, with whom he was conversing, said to him, "*I think hell would be some relief from an angry God.*"

His delight in preaching was very great. He himself used to say that he could scarcely ever resist an invitation to preach. And this did not arise from the natural excitement there is in commanding the attention of thousands; for he was equally ready to proclaim Christ to small country flocks. Nay, he was ready to travel far to visit and comfort even one soul. There was an occasion this year on which he rode far to give a cup of cold water to a disciple, and his remark was: "I observe how often Jesus went a long way for one soul, as, for example, the maniac, and the woman of Canaan."

In February 1841 he visited Kelso and Jedburgh at the communion season; and gladly complied with an invitation to Ancrum also, that he might witness the hand of the Lord. "Sweet are the spots," he wrote, "where Immanuel has ever shown His glorious power in the conviction and conversion of sinners. The world loves to muse on the scenes where battles were fought and victories won. Should not we love the spots where our great Captain has won His amazing victories? Is not the conversion of a soul more worthy to be spoken of than the taking of Acre?" At Kelso, some will long remember his remarks in visiting a little girl, to whom he said, "Christ gives last knocks. When your heart becomes hard and careless, then fear lest Christ may have given a *last knock.*" At Jedburgh, the impression left was chiefly that there had been among them a man of peculiar holiness. Some felt, not so much his words, as his presence and holy solemnity, as if one spoke to them who was standing in the presence of God; and to others his prayers appeared like the breathings of one already within the veil.

I find him proposing to a minister who was going up to the General Assembly that year, "that the Assembly should draw out a *Confession of Sin* for all its ministers." The state, also, of parishes under the direful influence of Moderatism, lay much upon his spirit. In his diary he writes: "Have been laying much to heart the absolute necessity laid upon the Church of sending the gospel to our dead parishes, during the life of the present incumbents. It is confessed that many of our ministers do not preach the gospel—alas! because they know it not. Yet they have complete control over their own pulpits, and may never suffer the truth to be heard there during their whole incumbency. And yet our Church consigns these parishes to their tender mercies for perhaps fifty years, without a sigh! Should not certain men be ordained as evangelists, with full power to preach in every pulpit of their district,—faithful, judicious, lively preachers, who may go from parish to parish, and thus carry life into many a dead corner?" This was a subject he often reverted to; and he eagerly held up the example of the Presbytery of Aberdeen, who made a proposal to this effect. From some of his later letters, it appears that he had sometimes seriously weighed the duty of giving up his fixed charge, if only the Church would ordain him as an evangelist. So deep were his feelings on this matter, that a friend relates of him, that, as they rode together through a parish where the pastor "clothed himself with the wool, but fed not the flock," he knit his brow and raised his hand with vehemence as he spoke of the people left to perish under such a minister.

He was invited to visit Ireland again this year, his former visit having been much valued by the Presbyterian brethren there. He did so in July. Many were greatly stirred up by his preaching, and by his details of God's work in Scotland. His sermon on Song viii. 5, 6, is still spoken of by many. His prayerfulness and consistent holiness left enduring impressions on not a few; and it was during his visit that a memorial was presented to the Irish Assembly in behalf of a Jewish mission. His visit was in a great measure the means of setting that mission on foot.

Cordially entering into the proposal of the concert for prayer, he took part, in September of this year, in the preliminary meetings in which Christians of all denominations joined. "How sweet are the smallest approximations to unity!" is his remark in his diary. Indeed, he so much longed for a scriptural unity, that some time after, when the General Assembly had repealed the statute of 1799, he embraced the opportunity of showing his sincere desire for unity, by inviting two dissenting brethren to his pulpit, and then writing in defence of his conduct when attacked. In reference to this matter, he observed, in a note to a friend: "I have been much delighted with the 25th and 26th chapters of the *Confession of Faith.* Oh for the grace of the Westminster divines to be poured out upon this generation of lesser men!"

As it was evident that his Master owned his labour abundantly, by giving him seals of his apostleship, there were attempts made occasionally by zealous friends to induce him to remove to other spheres. In all these cases, he looked simply at the apparent indications of the Lord's will. Worldly interest seemed scarcely ever to cross his mind in regard to such a matter, for he truly lived a disinterested life. His views may be judged of by one instance,—a letter to Mr. Heriot of Ramornie, in reference to a charge which many were anxious to offer him:—

"DUNDEE, *Dec.* 24, 1841.

"DEAR SIR,—I have received a letter from my friend Mr. M'Farlane of Collessie, asking what I would do if the people of Kettle were to write desiring me to be their minister. He also desires me to send an answer to you. I have been asked to leave this place again and again, but have never seen my way clear to do so. I feel quite at the disposal of my Divine Master. I gave myself away to Him when I began my ministry, and He has guided me as by the Pillar Cloud from the first day till now. I think I would leave this place to-morrow if He were to *bid* me; but as to *seeking removal,* I *dare not* and *could not.* If my ministry were unsuccessful,—if God frowned upon the place and made my message void,—then I would willingly go, for I would rather beg my bread than preach without success; but I have never wanted success. I do not think I can speak a month in this parish without winning some souls. This very week, I think, has been a fruitful one,—more so than many for a long time, which perhaps was intended graciously to free me from all hesitation in declining your kind offer. I mention these things not, I trust, boastfully, but only to show you the ground upon which I feel it to be my duty not for a moment to entertain the proposal. I have 4000 souls here hanging on me. I have as much of this world's goods as I care for. I have full liberty to preach the gospel night and day; and the Spirit of God is often with us. What can I desire more? 'I dwell among mine own people.' Hundreds look to me as a father; and I fear I would be but a false shepherd if I were to leave them when the clouds of adversity are beginning to lower. I know the need of Kettle, and its importance; and also the dark prospect of your getting a godly minister. Still that is a future event in the hand of God. My duty is made plain and simple according to God's word.

"Praying that the Lord Jesus may send you a star from His own right hand, believe me to be," etc.

It was during this year that the Sabbath question began to interest him so much. His tract, *I Love the Lord's Day,* was published on 18th December; but he had already exerted himself much in this cause, as convener of the Committee of Presbytery on Sabbath Observance, and had written his well-known letter to one of the chief defenders of the Sabbath desecration. He continued unceasingly to use every effort in this holy cause. And is it not worth the prayers and self-denying efforts of every believing man? Is not that day set apart as a season wherein the Lord desires the refreshing rest of His own love to be offered to a fallen world? Is it not designed to be a day on which every other voice and sound is to be hushed, in order that the silver trumpets may proclaim atonement for sinners? Nay, it is understood to be a day wherein God Himself stands before the altar and pleads with sinners to accept the Lamb slain, from morning to evening. Who is there that does not see the deep design of Satan in seeking to effect an inroad on this most merciful appointment of God our Saviour?

Mr. M'Cheyne's own conduct was in full accordance with his principles in regard to strict yet cheerful Sabbath observance. Considering it the summit of human privilege to be admitted to fellowship with God, his principle was, that the Lord's day was to be spent wholly in the enjoyment of that sweetest privilege. A letter, written at a later period, but bearing on this subject, will show how he felt this day to be better than a thousand. An individual, near Inverness, had consulted him on a point of sabbatical casuistry: the question was, Whether or not it was sinful to spend time in registering meteorological observations on the Sabbaths? His reply was the following, marked by a holy wisdom, and discovering the place which the Lord held in his inmost soul:—

"*Dec.* 7, 1842.

"DEAR FRIEND,—You ask me a hard question. Had you asked me *what I would do in the case,* I could easily tell you. I love the Lord's day too well to be marking down the height of the thermometer and barometer every hour. I have other work to do, higher and better, and more like that of angels above. The more entirely I can give my Sabbaths to God, and half forget that I am not before the throne of the Lamb, with my harp of gold, the happier am I, and I feel it my duty to be as happy as I can be, and as God intended me to be. The joy of the Lord is my strength. But whether another Christian can spend the Sabbath in His service, and mark down degrees of heat and atmospherical pressure, without letting down the warmth of his affections, or losing the atmosphere of heaven, I cannot tell. My conscience is not the rule of another man. One thing we may learn from these men of science, namely, to be as careful in marking the changes and progress of our own spirit, as they are in marking the changes of the weather. An hour should never pass without our looking up to God for forgiveness and peace. This is the noblest science, to know how to live in hourly communion with God in Christ. May you and I know more of this, and thank God that we are not among the wise and prudent from whom these things are hid!—The grace of the Lord of the Sabbath be with you," etc.

Up till this period, the *Narrative of our Mission to Israel* had not been given to the public. Interruptions, arising from multiplicity of labours and constant calls of duty, had from time to time come in our way. Mr. M'Cheyne found it exceedingly difficult to spare a day or two at a time in order to take part. "I find it hard work to carry on the work of a diligent pastor and that of an author at the same time. How John Calvin would have smiled at my difficulties!" At length, however, in the month of March 1842, we resolved to gain time by exchanging each other's pastoral duties for a month. Accordingly, during four or five weeks, he remained in Collace, my flock enjoying his Sabbath day services and his occasional visits, while he was set free from what would have been the never-ceasing interruptions of his own town.

Many a pleasant remembrance remains of these days, as sheet after sheet passed under the eyes of our mutual criticism. Though intent on accomplishing his work, he kept by his rule, "that he must first see the face of God before he could undertake any duty." Often would he wander in the mornings among the pleasant woods of Dunsinnan, till he had drunk in refreshment to his soul by meditation on the word of God; and then he took up the pen. And to a brother in the ministry, who had one day broken in upon his close occupation, he afterwards wrote: "You know you stole away my day; yet I trust all was not lost. I think I have had more grace ever since that prayer among the fir-trees. Oh to be *like* Jesus, and *with* Him to all eternity!" Occasionally, during the same period, he wrote some pieces for the *Christian's Daily Companion.* The *Narrative* was finished in May, and the Lord has made it acceptable to the brethren.

When this work was finished, the Lord had other employment ready for him in his own parish. His diary has this entry: "*May* 22.—I have seen some very evident awakenings of late. J. G. awakened partly through the word preached, and partly through the faithful warnings of her fellow-servant. A. R., who has been for about a year in the deepest distress, seeking rest, but finding none. B. M. converted last winter at the Tuesday meeting in Annfield. She was brought very rapidly to peace with God, and to a calm, sedate, prayerful state of mind. I was surprised at the quickness of the work in this case, and pleased with the clear tokens of grace; and now I see God's gracious end in it. She was to be admitted at last communion, but caught fever before the Sabbath. On Tuesday last, she died in great peace and joy. When she felt death coming on, she said, 'O death, death, come! let us sing!' Many that knew her have been a good deal moved homeward by this solemn providence. This evening, I invited those to come who are leaving the parish at this term. About twenty came, to whom I gave tracts and words of warning. *I feel persuaded that if I could follow the Lord more fully myself, my ministry would be used to make a deeper impression than it has yet done.*"

CHAPTER VI.

THE LATTER DAYS OF HIS MINISTRY.

"My meat is to do the will of Him that sent me, and to finish His work."—
JOHN iv. 34.

DURING the summer of 1842 he was exposed to several attacks of illness, experienced some severe personal trials, and felt the assaults of sore temptation. His own words will best express his state: "*July* 17.—I am myself much tempted, and have no hope, but as a worm on the arm of Jesus." "*Aug.* 4.—Often, often, would I have been glad to depart, and be with Christ. I am now much better in body and mind, having a little of the presence of my Beloved, whose absence is death to me." The same month: "I have been carried through deep waters, bodily and spiritual, since last we met." It was his own persuasion that few had more to struggle with in the inner man. Who can tell what wars go on within?

During this season of trial he was invited to form one of a number of ministers from Scotland, who were to visit the north of England, with no other purpose than to preach the glad tidings. The scheme was planned by a Christian gentleman, who has done much for Christ in his generation. When the invitation reached him, he was in the heat of his furnace. He mentioned this to the brother who corresponded with him on the subject, Mr. Purves of Jedburgh, whose reply was balm to his spirit. . . . "I have a fellow-feeling with you in your present infirmity, and you know for your consolation that another has, who is a Brother indeed. In all our afflictions, He is afflicted. He is, we may say, the common heart of His people, for they are one body; and an infirmity in the very remotest and meanest member is felt *there* and borne *there.* Let us console, solace, yea, satiate ourselves in Him, as, amid afflictions especially, brother does in brother. It is blessed to be like Him in everything, even in suffering. There is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered. Some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance. All the wounds of Christ send out sweetness; all the sorrows of Christians do the same. Commend me to a bruised brother,—a broken reed,—one like the Son of man. The Man of

Sorrows is never far from him. To me there is something sacred and sweet in all suffering; it is so much akin to the Man of Sorrows." It was thus he suffered, and thus that he was comforted. He wrote back, agreeing to go, and added, "Remember me especially, who am heavy laden oftentimes. My heart is all of sin; but Jesus lives."

They set out for England. Mr. Purves, Mr. Somerville of Anderston, Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney, and Mr. Bonar of Kelso, formed the company. Their chief station was Newcastle, where Mr. Burns had been recently labouring with some success, and where he had seen "a town giving itself up to utter ungodliness—a town where Satan's trenches were deep and wide, his wall strong and high, his garrison great and fearless, and where all that man could do seemed but as arrows shot against a tower of brass." But those who went knew that the Spirit of God was omnipotent, and that He could take the prey from the mighty.

They preached both in the open air and in the places of worship belonging to the Presbyterians and to the Wesleyan Methodists. The defenders of the Sabbath cause were specially prepared to welcome Mr. M'Cheyne, whose tract on the Lord's day had been widely circulated and blessed. Many were attracted to hear; interesting congregations assembled in the market-place, and there is reason to believe many were impressed. A person in the town describes Mr. M'Cheyne's last address as being peculiarly awakening. He preached in the open air, in a space of ground between the Cloth Market and St. Nicholas' Church. Above a thousand souls were present, and the service continued till ten, without one person moving from the ground. The moon shone brightly, and the sky was spangled with stars. His subject was, "The Great White Throne" (Rev. xx. 11). In concluding his address, he told them "that they would never meet again till they all met at the judgment-seat of Christ; but the glorious heavens over their heads, and the bright moon that shone upon them, and the old venerable church behind them, were his witnesses that he had set before them life and death." Some will have cause to remember that night through eternity.[1]

His preaching at Gilsland also was not without effect; and he had good cause to bless the Lord for bringing him through

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[1] He afterwards preached the same subject with equal impressiveness in the Meadows at Dundee. It was in the open air, and the rain fell heavy, yet the dense crowd stood still to the last.

Dumfriesshire on his way homeward. He returned to his people in the beginning of September, full of peace and joy. "I have returned much stronger, indeed quite well. I think I have got some precious souls for my hire on my way home. I earnestly long for more grace and personal holiness, and more usefulness."

The sunsets during that autumn were peculiarly beautiful. Scarcely a day passed but he gazed upon the glowing west after dinner; and as he gazed he would speak of the Sun of Righteousness, or the joy of angels in His presence, or the blessedness of those whose sun can go no more down, till his face shone with gladness as he spoke. And during the winter he was observed to be peculiarly joyful, being strong in body, and feeling the near presence of Jesus in his soul. He lived in the blessed consciousness that he was a child of God, humble and meek, just because he was fully assured that Jehovah was his God and Father. Many often felt that in prayer the name "Holy Father" was breathed with peculiar tenderness and solemnity from his lips.

His flock in St. Peter's began to murmur at his absence, when again he left them for ten days in November, to assist Mr. Hamilton of Regent Square, London, at his communion. But it was his desire for souls that thus led him from place to place, combined with a growing feeling that the Lord was calling him to evangelistic more than to pastoral labours. This visit was a blessed one; and the growth of his soul in holiness was visible to many. During the days of his visit to Mr. Hamilton, he read through the Song of Solomon at the time of family worship, commenting briefly on it with rare gracefulness and poetic taste, and yet rarer manifestation of soul-filling love to the Saviour's person. The sanctified affections of his soul, and his insight into the mind of Jesus, seemed to have much affected his friends on these occasions.

Receiving, while here, an invitation to return by the way of Kelso, he replied:—

"LONDON, *Nov.* 5, 1842.

"MY DEAR HORATIUS,—Our friends here will not let me away till the Friday morning, so that it will require all my diligence to reach Dundee before the Sabbath. I will thus be disappointed of the joy of seeing you, and ministering a word to your dear flock. Oh that my soul were new moulded, and I were effectually called a second time, and made a vessel full of the Spirit, to tell only of Jesus and His love! I fear I shall never be in this world what I desire. I have preached three times here; a few tears also have been shed. Oh for Whitfield's week in London, when a thousand letters came! The same Jesus reigns; the same Spirit is able. Why is He restrained? Is the sin ours? Are we the bottle-stoppers of these heavenly dews?—Ever yours till glory.

"*P.S.*—We shall meet, God willing, at the Convocation."

The memorable Convocation met at Edinburgh on 17th November. There were five hundred ministers present from all parts of Scotland. The encroachment of the civil courts upon the prerogatives of Christ, the only Head acknowledged by our Church, and the negligent treatment hitherto given by the legislature of the country to every remonstrance on the part of the Church, had brought on a crisis. The Church of Scotland had maintained, from the days of the Reformation, that her connection with the State was understood to imply no surrender whatsoever of complete independence in regulating all spiritual matters; and to have allowed any civil authority to control her in doctrine, discipline, or any spiritual act, would have been a daring and flagrant act of treachery to her Lord and King. The deliberations of the Convocation continued during eight days, and the momentous results are well known in this land.

Mr. M'Cheyne was never absent from any of the diets of this solemn assembly. He felt the deepest interest in every matter that came before them, got great light as to the path of duty in the course of the consultations, and put his name to all the resolutions, heartily sympathising in the decided determination that, as a Church of Christ, we must abandon our connection with the State, if our "Claim of Rights" were rejected. These eight days were times of remarkable union and prayerfulness. The proceedings, from time to time, were suspended till the brethren had again asked counsel of the Lord by prayer; and none present will forget the affecting solemnity with which, on one occasion, Mr. M'Cheyne poured out our wants before the Lord.

He had a decided abhorrence of Erastianism. When the question was put to him, "Is it our duty to refuse ordination to any one who holds the views of Erastianism?" he replied, "Certainly, whatever be his other qualifications." He was ever a thorough Presbyterian, and used to maintain the necessity of abolishing lay patronage, because,—1st, It was not to be found in the word of God; 2nd, It destroyed the duty of "trying the spirits;" 3rd, It meddled with the headship of Christ, coming in between Him and his people, saying, "I will place the stars." But still more decided was he in regard to the spiritual independence of the Church. This he reckoned a vital question; and in prospect of the disruption of the Church of Scotland, if it were denied, he stated at a public meeting,—1st, That it was to be deplored in some respects, viz. because of the sufferings of God's faithful servants, the degradation of those who remained behind, the alienation of the aristocracy, the perdition of the ungodly, and the sin of the nation. But, 2nd, It was to be hailed for other reasons, viz. Christ's kingly office would be better known, the truth would be spread into desolate parishes, and faithful ministers would be refined. And when, on 7th March of the following year, the cause of the Church was finally to be pleaded at the bar of the House of Commons, I find him writing: "Eventful night this in the British Parliament! Once more King Jesus stands at an earthly tribunal, and they know Him not!"

An interesting anecdote is related of him by a co-presbyter, who returned with him to Dundee after the Convocation. This co-presbyter, Mr. Stewart, was conversing with him as to what it might be their duty to do in the event of the disruption, and where they might be scattered. Mr. Stewart said he could preach Gaelic, and might go to the Highlanders in Canada, if it were needful. Mr. M'Cheyne said, "I think of going to the many thousand convicts that are transported beyond seas, for no man careth for their souls."

We have not many records of his public work after this date. Almost the last note in his diary is dated 25th December: "This day ordained four elders, and admitted a fifth, who will all, I trust, be a blessing in this place when I am gone. Was graciously awakened a great while before day, and had two hours alone with God. Preached with much comfort on 1 Tim. v. 17: 'Let the elders that rule well,' etc. At the end of the sermon and prayer, proposed the regular questions; then made the congregation sing standing; during which time I came down from the pulpit and stood over the four men, then prayed, and all the elders gave the right hand of fellowship, during which I returned to the pulpit, and addressed them and the congregation on their relative duties. Altogether a solemn scene."

The last recorded cases of awakening, and the last entry in his diary, is dated 6th January 1843: "Heard of an awakened soul finding rest—true rest, I trust. Two new cases of awakening; both very deep and touching. At the very time when I was beginning to give up in despair, God gives me tokens of his presence returning."

He here speaks of discouragement, when God for a few months or weeks seemed to be withholding His hand from saving souls. If he was not right in thus hastily forgetting the past for a little, still this feature of his ministry is to be well considered. He entertained so full a persuasion that a faithful minister has every reason to expect to see souls converted under him, that, when this was withheld, he began to fear that some hidden evil was provoking the Lord and grieving the Spirit. And ought it not to be so with all of us? Ought we not to suspect, either that we are not living near to God, or that our message is not a true transcript of the glad tidings, in both matter and manner, when we see no souls brought to Jesus? God may certainly hide from our knowledge much of what He accomplishes by our means, but as certainly will He bring to our view some seals of our ministry, in order that our persuasion of being thus sent by Him may solemnise and overawe us, as well as lead us on to unwearied labour. Ought it not to be the inscription over the doors of our Assembly and College halls: "*Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place*"? (2 Cor. ii. 14).

About this time, in one of his MSS., there occurs this sentence: "As I was walking in the fields, the thought came over me with almost overwhelming power, that every one of my flock must soon be in heaven or hell. Oh, how I wished that I had a tongue like thunder, that I might make all hear; or that I had a frame like iron, that I might visit every one, and say, 'Escape for thy life!' Ah, sinners! you little know how I fear that you will lay the blame of your damnation at my door."

He was never satisfied with his own attainments in holiness; he was ever ready to learn, and quick to apply, any suggestion that might tend to his greater usefulness. About this period he used to sing a psalm or hymn every day after dinner. It was often, "The Lord's my shepherd," etc.; or, "Oh, may we stand before the Lamb!" etc. Sometimes it was that hymn, "Oh for a closer walk with God!" and sometimes the psalm, "Oh that I like a dove had wings!" etc. A friend said of him, "I have sometimes compared him to the silver and graceful ash, with its pensile branches, and leaves of gentle green, reflecting gleams of happy sunshine. The fall of its leaf, too, is like the fall of his,—it is green to-night and gone to-morrow, it does not sere nor wither."

An experienced servant of God has said that, while popularity is a snare that few are not caught by, a more subtle and dangerous snare is to be *famed for holiness.* The fame of being a godly man is as great a snare as the fame of being learned or eloquent. It is possible to attend with scrupulous anxiety even to secret habits of devotion, in order to get a name for holiness.[1] If any were exposed to this snare in his day, Mr. M'Cheyne was the person. Yet nothing is more certain than that, to the very last, he was ever discovering and successfully resisting the deceitful tendencies of his own heart and a tempting devil. Two things he seems never to have ceased from,—the cultivation of personal holiness, and the most anxious effort to save souls.

About this time he wrote down, for his own use, an examination into things that ought to be amended and changed. I subjoin it entire. How singularly close and impartial are these researches into his soul! How acute is he in discovering his variations from the holy law of God! Oh that we all were taught by the same spirit thus to try our reins! It is only when we are thus thoroughly experiencing our helplessness, and discovering the thousand forms of indwelling sin, that we really sit as disciples at Christ's feet, and gladly receive Him as all in all! And at each such moment we feel, in the spirit of Ignatius, *Νῦν γὰρ ἀρχὴν ἔχω τοῦ μαθητεύεσθαι*—"It is only now that I begin to be a disciple."

Mr. M'Cheyne entitles the examination of his heart and life "*Reformation,*" and it commences thus:—

"It is the duty of ministers in this day to begin the reformation of religion and manners with themselves, families, etc., with confession of past sin, earnest prayer for direction, grace and full purpose of heart. Mal. iii. 3: 'He shall purify the sons of Levi.' Ministers are probably laid aside for a time for this very purpose.

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[1] How true, yet awful, is the language of Dr. Owen (quoted in Bridges' *Christian Ministry*, p. 168), "He that would go down to the pit in peace, let him obtain a great repute for religion; let him preach and labour to make others better than he is himself, and in the meantime neglect to humble his heart, to walk with God in manifest holiness and usefulness, and he will not fail of his end."

"1. *Personal Reformation.*

"I am persuaded that I shall obtain the highest amount of present happiness, I shall do most for God's glory and the good of man, and I shall have the fullest reward in eternity, by maintaining a conscience always washed in Christ's blood, by being filled with the Holy Spirit at all times, and by attaining the most entire likeness to Christ in mind, will, and heart, that is possible for a redeemed sinner to attain to in this world.

"I am persuaded that whenever any one from without, or my own heart from within, at any moment, or in any circumstances, contradicts this,—if any one shall insinuate that it is not for my present and eternal happiness, and for God's glory and my usefulness, to maintain a blood-washed conscience, to be entirely filled with the Spirit, and to be fully conformed to the image of Christ in all things,—that is the voice of the devil, God's enemy, the enemy of my soul and of all good—the most foolish, wicked, and miserable of all the creatures. See Prov. ix. 17: 'Stolen waters are sweet.'

"1. *To maintain a conscience void of offence*, I am persuaded that I ought to confess my sins more. I think I ought to confess sin the moment I see it to be sin; whether I am in company, or in study, or even preaching, the soul ought to cast a glance of abhorrence at the sin. If I go on with the duty, leaving the sin unconfessed, I go on with a burdened conscience, and add sin to sin. I think I ought at certain times of the day—my best times,—say, after breakfast and after tea,—to confess solemnly the sins of the previous hours, and to seek their complete remission.

"I find that the devil often makes use of the confession of sin to stir up again the very sin confessed into new exercise, so that I am afraid to dwell upon the confession. I must ask experienced Christians about this. For the present, I think I should strive against this awful abuse of confession, whereby the devil seeks to frighten me away from confessing. I ought to take all methods for seeing the vileness of my sins. I ought to regard myself as a condemned branch of Adam,—as partaker of a nature opposite to God from the womb (Ps. li.),—as having a heart full of all wickedness, which pollutes every thought, word, and action, during my whole life, from birth to death. I ought to confess often the sins of my youth, like David and Paul,—my sins before conversion,—my sins since conversion,—sins against light and knowledge, against love and grace, against each person of the Godhead. I ought to look at my sins in the light of the holy law, in the light of God's countenance, in the light of the cross, in the light of the judgment-seat, in the light of hell, in the light of eternity. I ought to examine my dreams—my floating thoughts—my predilections—my often recurring actions—my habits of thought, feeling, speech, and action—the slanders of my enemies, and the reproofs, and even banterings, of my friends—to find out traces of my prevailing sin, matter for confession. I ought to have a stated day of confession, with fasting—say, once a month. I ought to have a number of scriptures marked, to bring sin to remembrance. I ought to make use of all bodily affliction, domestic trial, frowns of providence on myself, house, parish, church, or country, as calls from God to confess sin. The sins and afflictions of other men should call me to the same. I ought, on Sabbath evenings, and on communion Sabbath evenings, to be especially careful to confess the sins of holy things. I ought to confess the sins of my confessions,—their imperfections, sinful aims, self-righteous tendency, etc.,—and to look to Christ as having confessed my sins perfectly over His own sacrifice.

"I ought to go to Christ for the forgiveness of each sin. In washing my body, I go over every spot, and wash it out. Should I be less careful in washing my soul? I ought to see the stripe that was made on the back of Jesus by each of my sins. I ought to see the infinite pang thrill through the soul of Jesus equal to an eternity of my hell for my sins, and for all of them. I ought to see that in Christ's bloodshedding there is an infinite over-payment for all my sins. Although Christ did not suffer more than infinite justice demanded, yet He could not suffer at all without laying down an infinite ransom.

"I feel, when I have sinned, an immediate reluctance to go to Christ. I am ashamed to go. I feel as if it would do no good to go,—as if it were making Christ a minister of sin, to go straight from the swine-trough to the best robe,—and a thousand other excuses; but I am persuaded they are all lies, direct from hell. John argues the opposite way: 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father;' Jer. iii. 1 and a thousand other scriptures are against it. I am sure there is neither peace nor safety from deeper sin, but in going directly to the Lord Jesus Christ. This is God's way of peace and holiness. It is folly to the world and the beclouded heart, but it is *the way.*

"I must never think a sin too small to need immediate application to the blood of Christ. If I put away a good conscience, concerning faith I make shipwreck. I must never think my sins too great, too aggravated, too presumptuous,—as when done on my knees, or in preaching, or by a dying bed, or during dangerous illness,—to hinder me from fleeing to Christ. The weight of my sins should act like the weight of a clock: the heavier it is, it makes it go the faster.

"I must not only wash in Christ's blood, but clothe me in Christ's obedience. For every sin of omission in self, I may find a divinely perfect obedience ready for me in Christ. For every sin of commission in self, I may find not only a stripe or a wound in Christ, but also a perfect rendering of the opposite obedience in my place, so that the law is magnified, its curse more than carried, its demand more than answered.

"Often the doctrine of *Christ for me* appears common, well known, having nothing new in it; and I am tempted to pass it by and go to some scripture more taking. This is the devil again,—a red-hot lie. *Christ for us* is ever new, ever glorious. 'Unsearchable riches of Christ,'—an infinite object, and the only one for a guilty soul. I ought to have a number of scriptures ready, which lead my blind soul directly to Christ, such as Isaiah xlv., Rom. iii.

"2. *To be filled with the Holy Spirit,* I am persuaded that I ought to study more my own weakness. I ought to have a number of scriptures ready to be meditated on, such as Rom. vii., John xv., to convince me that I am a helpless worm.

"I am tempted to think that I am now an established Christian,—that I have overcome this or that lust so long,—that I have got into the habit of the opposite grace,—so that there is no fear; I may venture very near the temptation—nearer than other men. This is a lie of Satan. I might as well speak of gunpowder getting by habit a power of resisting fire, so as not to catch the spark. As long as powder is wet, it resists the spark; but when it becomes dry, it is ready to explode at the first touch. As long as the Spirit dwells in my heart, He deadens me to sin, so that, if lawfully called through temptation, I may reckon upon God carrying me through. But when the Spirit leaves me, I am like dry gunpowder. Oh for a sense of this!

"I am tempted to think that there are some sins for which I have no natural taste, such as strong drink, profane language, etc., so that I need not fear temptation to such sins. This is a lie,—a proud, presumptuous lie. The seeds of all sins are in my heart, and perhaps all the more dangerously that I do not see them.

"I ought to pray and labour for the deepest sense of my utter weakness and helplessness that ever a sinner was brought to feel. I am helpless in respect of every lust that ever was, or ever will be, in the human heart. I am a worm—a beast—before God. I often tremble to think that this is true. I feel as if it would not be safe for me to renounce all indwelling strength, as if it would be dangerous for me to feel (what is the truth) that there is nothing in me keeping me back from the grossest and vilest sin. This is a delusion of the devil. My only safety is to know, feel, and confess my helplessness, that I may hang upon the arm of Omnipotence. . . . I daily wish that sin had been rooted out of my heart. I say, 'Why did God leave the root of lasciviousness, pride, anger, etc., in my bosom? He hates sin, and I hate it; why did He not take it clean away?' I know many answers to this which completely satisfy my judgment, but still I do not *feel* satisfied. This is wrong. It is right to be weary of the being of sin, but not right to quarrel with my present 'good fight of faith.' . . . The falls of professors into sin make me tremble. I have been driven away from prayer, and burdened in a fearful manner by hearing or seeing their sin. This is wrong. It is right to tremble, and to make every sin of every professor a lesson of my own helplessness; but it should lead me the more to Christ. . . . If I were more deeply convinced of my utter helplessness, I think I would not be so alarmed when I hear of the falls of other men. . . . I should study those sins in which I am most helpless, in which passion becomes like a whirlwind and I like a straw. No figure of speech can represent my utter want of power to resist the torrent of sin. . . . I ought to study Christ's Omnipotence more: Heb. vii. 25, 1 Thess. v. 23, Rom. vi. 14, Rom. v. 9, 10, and such scriptures, should be ever before me. . . . Paul's thorn (2 Cor. xii.) is the experience of the greater part of my life. It should be ever before me. . . . There are many subsidiary methods of seeking deliverance from sins, which must not be neglected,—thus, marriage (1 Cor. vii. 2); fleeing (1 Tim. vi. 11; 1 Cor. vi. 18); watch and pray (Matt. xxvi. 41); the word, 'It is written, it is written.' So Christ defended Himself (Matt. iv.). . . . But the main defence is casting myself into the arms of Christ like a helpless child, and beseeching Him to fill me with the Holy Spirit. 'This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith' (1 John v. 4, 5),—a wonderful passage.

"I ought to study Christ as a living Saviour more,—as a Shepherd, carrying the sheep He finds,—as a King, reigning in and over the souls He has redeemed,—as a Captain, fighting with those who fight with me (Ps. xxxv.),—as one who has engaged to bring me through all temptations and trials, however impossible to flesh and blood.

"I am often tempted to say, How can this Man save us? How can Christ in Heaven deliver me from lusts which I feel raging in me, and nets I feel enclosing me? This is the father of lies again! 'He is able to save unto the uttermost.'

"I ought to study Christ as an Intercessor. He prayed most for Peter, who was to be most tempted. I am on His breastplate. If I could hear Christ praying for me in the next room, I would not fear a million of enemies. Yet the distance makes no difference; He is praying for me.

"I ought to study the Comforter more,—His Godhead, His love, His Almightiness. I have found by experience that nothing sanctifies me so much as meditating on the Comforter, as John xiv. 16. And yet how seldom I do this! Satan keeps me from it. I am often like those men who said, They knew not if there be any Holy Ghost. . . . I ought never to forget that my body is dwelt in by the third Person of the Godhead. The very thought of this should make me tremble to sin (1 Cor. vi.). . . . I ought never to forget that sin grieves the Holy Spirit,—vexes and quenches Him. . . . If I would be filled with the Spirit, I feel I must read the Bible more, pray more, and watch more.

"3. *To gain entire likeness to Christ,* I ought to get a high esteem of the happiness of it. I am persuaded that God's happiness is inseparably linked in with His holiness. Holiness and happiness are like light and heat. God never tasted one of the pleasures of sin.

"Christ had a body such as I have, yet He never tasted one of the pleasures of sin. The redeemed, through all eternity, will never taste one of the pleasures of sin; yet their happiness is complete. It would be my greatest happiness to be from this moment entirely like them. Every sin is something away from my greatest enjoyment. . . . The devil strives night and day to make me forget this or disbelieve it. He says, Why should you not enjoy this pleasure as much as Solomon or David? You may go to heaven also. I am persuaded that this is a lie,—that my true happiness is to go and sin no more.

"I ought not to delay parting with sins. Now is God's time. 'I made haste and delayed not.' . . . I ought not to spare sins because I have long allowed them as infirmities, and others would think it odd if I were to change all at once. What a wretched delusion of Satan that is!

"Whatever I see to be sin, I ought from this hour to set my whole soul against it, using all scriptural methods to mortify it,—as the Scriptures, special prayer for the Spirit, fasting, watching.

"I ought to mark strictly the occasions when I have fallen, and avoid the occasion as much as the sin itself.

"Satan often tempts me to go as near to temptations as possible without committing the sin. This is fearful,—tempting God and grieving the Holy Ghost. It is a deep-laid plot of Satan.

"I ought to flee all temptation, according to Prov. iv. 15: 'Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away.' . . . I ought constantly to pour out my heart to God, praying for entire conformity to Christ—for the whole law to be written on my heart. . . . I ought statedly and solemnly to give my heart to God—to surrender my all into His everlasting arms, according to the prayer (Ps. xxxi.), 'Into Thine hand I commit my spirit,'—beseeching Him not to let any iniquity, secret or presumptuous, have dominion over me, and to fill me with every grace that is in Christ, in the highest degree that it is possible for a redeemed sinner to receive it, and at all times, till death.

"I ought to meditate often on heaven as a world of holiness,—where all are holy, where the joy is holy joy, the work holy work; so that, without personal holiness, I never can be there. . . . I ought to avoid the appearance of evil. God commands me; and I find that Satan has a singular art in linking the appearance and reality together.

"I find that speaking of some sins defiles my mind and leads me into temptation; and I find that God forbids even saints to speak of the things that are done of them in secret. I ought to avoid this.

"Eve, Achan, David, all fell through the lust of the eye. I should make a covenant with mine, and pray, 'Turn away mine eyes from viewing vanity.' . . . Satan makes unconverted men like the deaf adder to the sound of the gospel. I should pray to be made deaf by the Holy Spirit to all that would tempt me to sin.

"One of my most frequent occasions of being led into temptation is this,—I say it is needful to my office that I listen to this, or look into this, or speak of this. So far this is true; yet I am sure Satan has his part in this argument. I should seek divine direction to settle how far it will be good for my ministry, and how far evil for my soul, that I may avoid the latter.

"I am persuaded that nothing is thriving in my soul unless it is growing. 'Grow in grace.' 'Lord, increase our faith.' 'Forgetting the things that are behind.' . . . I am persuaded that I ought to be inquiring at God and man what grace I want, and how I may become more like Christ. . . . I ought to strive for more purity, humility, meekness, patience under suffering, love. 'Make me Christ-like in all things,' should be my constant prayer. 'Fill me with the Holy Spirit.'

"2. *Reformation in Secret Prayer.*

"I ought not to omit any of the parts of prayer—confession, adoration, thanksgiving, petition, and intercession.

"There is a fearful tendency to omit *confession*, proceeding from low views of God and His law, slight views of my heart and the sins of my past life. This must be resisted. There is a constant tendency to omit *adoration*, when I forget to whom I am speaking—when I rush heedlessly into the presence of Jehovah, without remembering His awful name and character—when I have little eyesight for His glory, and little admiration of His wonders. 'Where are the wise?' I have the native tendency of the heart to omit *giving thanks.* And yet it is specially commanded (Phil. iv. 6). Often when the heart is selfish, dead to the salvation of others, I omit *intercession.* And yet it especially is the spirit of the great Advocate, who has the name of Israel always on His heart.

"Perhaps every prayer need not have all these; but surely a day should not pass without some space being devoted to each.

"I ought to pray before seeing any one. Often when I sleep long, or meet with others early, and then have family prayer, and breakfast, and forenoon callers, often it is eleven or twelve o'clock before I begin secret prayer. This is a wretched system. It is unscriptural. Christ rose before day, and went into a solitary place. David says, 'Early will I seek Thee; Thou shalt early hear my voice.' Mary Magdalene came to the sepulchre while yet it was dark. Family prayer loses much of its power and sweetness; and I can do no good to those who come to seek from me. The conscience feels guilty, the soul unfed, the lamp not trimmed. Then, when secret prayer comes, the soul is often out of tune. I feel it is far better to begin with God—to see His face first—to get my soul near Him before it is near another. 'When I awake I am still with Thee.'

"If I have slept too long, or am going an early journey, or my time is any way shortened, it is best to dress hurriedly, and have a few minutes alone with God, than to give it up for lost.

"But, in general, it is best to have at least one hour *alone with God*, before engaging in anything else. At the same time, I must be careful not to reckon communion with God by minutes or hours, or by solitude. I have pored over my Bible, and on my knees for hours, with little or no communion; and my times of solitude have been oftentimes of greatest temptation.

"As to *intercession*, I ought daily to intercede for my own family, connections, relatives, and friends; also for my flock,—the believers, the awakened, the careless; the sick, the bereaved; the poor, the rich; my elders, Sabbath-school teachers, day-school teachers, children, tract distributors,—that all means may be blessed. Sabbath-day preaching and teaching; visiting of the sick, visiting from house to house; providences, sacraments. I ought daily to intercede briefly for the whole town, the Church of Scotland, all faithful ministers; for vacant congregations, students of divinity, etc.; for dear brethren by name; for missionaries to Jews and Gentiles,—and for this end I must read missionary intelligence regularly, and get acquainted with all that is doing throughout the world. It would stir me up to pray with the map before me. I must have a scheme of prayer, also the names of missionaries marked on the map. I ought to intercede at large for the above on Saturday morning and evening from seven to eight. Perhaps also I might take different parts for different days; only I ought daily to plead for my family and flock. I ought to pray in everything. 'Be careful for nothing, but in *everything* . . . by prayer and supplication, make your requests known unto God.' Often I receive a letter asking to preach, or some such request. I find myself answering before having asked counsel of God. Still oftener a person calls and asks me something, and I do not ask direction. Often I go out to visit a sick person in a hurry, without asking His blessing, which alone can make the visit of any use. I am persuaded that I ought never to do anything without prayer, and, if possible, special, secret prayer.

"In reading the history of the Church of Scotland, I see how much her troubles and trials have been connected with the salvation of souls and the glory of Christ. I ought to pray far more for our Church, for our leading ministers by name, and for my own clear guidance in the right way, that I may not be led aside, or driven aside, from following Christ. Many difficult questions may be forced on us for which I am not fully prepared, such as the lawfulness of covenants. I should pray much more in peaceful days, that I may be guided rightly when days of trial come.

"I ought to spend the best hours of the day in communion with God. It is my noblest and most fruitful employment, and is not to be thrust into any corner. The morning hours, from six to eight, are the most uninterrupted, and should be thus employed, if I can prevent drowsiness. A little time after breakfast might be given to intercession. After tea is my best hour, and that should be solemnly dedicated to God if possible.

"I ought not to give up the good old habit of prayer before going to bed; but guard must be kept against sleep: planning what things I am to ask is the best remedy. When I awake in the night, I ought to rise and pray, as David and as John Welsh did.

"I ought to read three chapters of the Bible in secret every day, at least.

"I ought on Sabbath morning to look over all the chapters read through the week, and especially the verses marked. I ought to read in three different places; I ought also to read according to subjects, lives," etc.

He has evidently left this unfinished, and now he knows even as he is known.

Toward the end of his ministry, he became peculiarly jealous of becoming an idol to his people; for he was loved and revered by many who gave no evidence of love to Christ. This often pained him much. It is indeed right in a people to regard their pastor with no common love (2 Cor. ix. 14), but there is ever a danger ready to arise. He used to say, "Ministers are but the pole; it is to the brazen serpent you are to look."

The state of his health would not permit him to be laborious in going from house to house, whereas preaching and evangelistic work in general was less exhausting; but of course, while he was thus engaged, many concerns of the parish would be unattended to; accordingly his session offered him a stated assistant to help him in his parochial duty. With this proposal he at once concurred. Mr. Gatherer, then at Caraldstone, was chosen, and continued to labour faithfully with him during the remaining days of his ministry.

In the beginning of the year he published his *Daily Bread*, an arrangement of Scripture, that the Bible might be read through in the course of a year. He sought to induce his people to meditate much on the written word in all its breadth. His last publication was, *Another Lily Gathered*, or the account of James Laing, a little boy in his flock, brought to Christ early, and carried soon to glory.

In the middle of January 1843, he visited Collace, and preached on 1 Cor. ix. 27: "A Castaway"—a sermon so solemn that one said it was like a blast of the trumpet that would awaken the dead. Next day he rode on to Lintrathen, where the people were willing to give up their work at mid-day, if he would come and preach to them. All this month he was breathing after glory. In his letters there are such expressions as these: "I often pray, Lord, make me as holy as a pardoned sinner can be made." "Often, often I would like to depart and be with Christ—to mount to Pisgah-top and take a farewell look of the Church below, and leave my body and be present with the Lord. Ah, it is far better!" Again: "I do not expect to live long. I expect a sudden call some day—perhaps soon, and therefore I speak very plainly." But, indeed, he had long been persuaded that his course would be brief. His hearers remember well how often he would speak in such language as that with which he one day closed his sermon: "Changes are coming; every eye before me shall soon be dim in death. Another pastor shall feed this flock; another singer lead the psalm; another flock shall fill this fold."

In the beginning of February, by appointment of the Committee of the Convocation, he accompanied Mr. Alexander of

Kirkcaldy to visit the districts of Deer and Ellon—districts over which he yearned, for Moderatism had held undisputed sway over them for generations. It was to be his last evangelistic tour. He exemplified his own remark: "The oil of the lamp in the temple burnt away in giving light; so should we."

He set out, says one that saw him leave town, as unclouded and happy as the sky that was above his head that bright morning. During the space of three weeks, he preached or spoke at meetings in four-and-twenty places, sometimes more than once in the same place. Great impression was made upon the people of the district. One who tracked his footsteps a month after his death states that sympathy with the principles of our suffering Church was awakened in many places; but, above all, a thirst was excited for the pure word of life. His eminently holy walk and conversation, combined with the deep solemnity of his preaching, was specially felt. The people loved to speak of him. In one place, where a meeting had been intimated, the people assembled, resolving to cast stones at him as soon as he should begin to speak; but no sooner had he begun, than his manner, his look, his words, riveted them all, and they listened with intense earnestness; and before he left the place, the people gathered round him, entreating him to stay and preach to them. One man, who had cast mud at him, was afterwards moved to tears on hearing of his death.

He wrote to Mr. Gatherer, 14th February: "I had a nice opportunity of preaching in Aberdeen; and in Peterhead our meeting was truly successful. The minister of St. Fergus I found to be what you described. We had a solemn meeting in his church. In Strichen we had a meeting in the Independent meeting-house. On Friday evening we had two delightful meetings, in a mill at Crechie and in the church of Clola. The people were evidently much impressed, some weeping. On Saturday evening we met in the Brucklay Barn. I preached on Sabbath, at New Deer in the morning, and at Fraserburgh in the evening—both interesting meetings. To-night we met in Pitsligo church. To-morrow we trust to be in Aberdour; and then we leave for the Presbytery of Ellon. The weather has been delightful till now. To-day the snow is beginning to drift. But God is with us, and He will carry us to the very end. I am quite well, though a little fatigued sometimes." On the 24th, he writes to another friend: "To-day is the first we have rested since leaving home, so that I am almost overcome with fatigue.

Do not be idle; improve in all useful knowledge. You know what an enemy I am to idleness."

Never was it more felt that God was with him than in this journey. The Lord seemed to show in him the meaning of the text: "Out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water" (John vii. 38). Even when silent, the near intercourse he held with God left its impression on those around. His *constant holiness* touched the conscience of many.

Returning to his beloved flock on 1st March, in good health, but much exhausted, he related, next evening, at his prayer-meeting, what things he had seen and heard. During the next twelve days he was to be found going out and in among his people, filling up, as his manner was, every inch of time. But he had been much weakened by his unceasing exertions when in the north, and so was more than ordinarily exposed to the typhus fever that was then prevailing in his parish, several cases of which he visited in his enfeebled state.

On Sabbath the 5th, he preached three times; and two days after, I find him writing to his father: "All domestic matters go on like a placid stream—I trust not without its fertilising influence. Nothing is more improving than the domestic altar, when we come to it for a daily supply of soul nourishment." To the last we get glances into his soul's growth. His family devotions were full of life and full of gladness to the end. Indeed, his very manner in reading the chapter reminded you of a man poring into the sands for pieces of fine gold, and from time to time holding up to you what he delighted to have found.

On Sabbath the 12th, he preached upon Heb. ix. 15 in the forenoon, and Rom. ix. 22, 23, in the afternoon, with uncommon solemnity; and it was observed, both then and on other late occasions, he spoke with peculiar strength upon the sovereignty of God. These were his last discourses to his people in St. Peter's. That same evening he went down to Broughty Ferry, and preached upon Isaiah lx. 1: "Arise, shine," etc. It was the last time he was to be engaged directly in proclaiming Christ to sinners; and as he began his ministry with souls for his hire, so it appears that his last discourse had in it saving power to some, and that rather from the holiness it breathed than from the wisdom of its words. After his death, a note was found unopened, which had been sent to him in the course of the following week, when he lay in the fever. It ran thus: "I hope you will pardon a stranger for addressing to you a few lines. I heard you preach last Sabbath evening, and it pleased God to bless that sermon to my soul. It was not so much what you said, as your manner of speaking that struck me. I saw in you a beauty in holiness that I never saw before. You also said something in your prayer, that struck me very much. It was, '*Thou knowest that we love Thee.*' Oh, sir, what would I give that I could say to my blessed Saviour, 'Thou knowest that I love Thee'!"

Next evening he held a meeting in St. Peter's, with the view of organising his people for collecting in behalf of the Free Protesting Church,—the disruption of the Establishment being now inevitable. He spoke very fervently; and after the meeting felt chilled and unwell. Next morning he felt that he was ill; but went out in the afternoon to the marriage of two of his flock. He seemed, however, to anticipate a serious attack, for, on his way home, he made some arrangements connected with his ministerial work, and left a message at Dr. Gibson's house, asking him to come and see him. He believed that he had taken the fever, and it was so. That night he lay down upon the bed from which he was never to rise. He spoke little, but intimated that he apprehended danger.

On Wednesday, he said he thought that he would never have seen the morning, he felt so sore broken, and had got no sleep; but afterwards added, "Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil also?" He seemed clouded in spirit, often repeating such passages as—"My moisture is turned into the drought of summer;"—"My bones wax old, through my roaring all day long." It was with difficulty that he was able to speak a few words with his assistant, Mr. Gatherer. In the forenoon, Mr. Miller of Wallacetown found him oppressed with extreme pain in his head. Amongst other things they conversed upon Ps. cxxvi. On coming to the 6th verse, Mr. M'Cheyne said he would give him a division of it. 1. *What is sowed*—"Precious seed." 2. *The manner of sowing it*—"Goeth forth and weepeth." He dwelt upon "*weepeth*," and then said, "Ministers should go forth at all times." 3. *The fruit*—"Shall doubtless come again with rejoicing." Mr. Miller pointed to the *certainty* of it; Mr. M'Cheyne assented, "Yes—*doubtless.*" After praying with him, Mr. Miller repeated Matt. xi. 28, upon which Mr. M'Cheyne clasped his hands with great earnestness. As he became worse, his medical attendants forbade him to be visited. Once or twice he asked for me, and was heard to speak of "*Smyrna*," as if the associations of his illness there were recalled by his burning fever now. I was not at that time aware of his danger, even the rumour of it had not reached us.

Next day, he continued sunk in body and mind, till about the time when his people met for their usual evening prayer-meeting, when he requested to be left alone for half an hour. When his servant entered the room again, he exclaimed, with a joyful voice, "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken, and I am escaped." His countenance, as he said this, bespoke inward peace. Ever after he was observed to be happy; and at supper-time that evening, when taking a little refreshment, he gave thanks, "For strength in the time of weakness—for light in the time of darkness—for joy in the time of sorrow—for comforting us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort those that are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

On Sabbath, when one expressed a wish that he had been able to go forth as usual to preach, he replied, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are My ways your ways, saith the Lord;" and added, "I am preaching the sermon that God would have me to do."

On Tuesday (the 21st) his sister repeated to him several hymns. The last words he heard, and the last he seemed to understand, were those of Cowper's hymn, "Sometimes the light surprises the Christian as he sings." And then the delirium came on.

At one time, during the delirium, he said to his attendant, "Mind the text (1 Cor. xv. 58): 'Be stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord,'" dwelling with much emphasis on the last clause, "*forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.*" At another time he seemed to feel himself among his brethren, and said, "I don't think much of policy in church courts; no, I hate it; but I'll tell you what I like, faithfulness to God, and a holy walk." His voice, which had been weak before, became very strong now; and often was he heard speaking to or praying for his people. "You must be awakened in time, or you will be awakened in everlasting torment, to your eternal confusion." "You may soon get me away, but that will not save your souls." Then he prayed, "This parish, Lord, this people, this whole place!" At another time, "Do it Thyself, Lord, for Thy weak servant." And again, as if praying for the saints, "Holy Father, keep through Thine own name those whom Thou hast given me."

Thus he continued most generally engaged, while the delirium lasted, either in prayer or in preaching to his people, and always apparently in happy frame, till the morning of Saturday the 25th. On that morning, while his kind medical attendant, Dr. Gibson, stood by, he lifted up his hands as if in the attitude of pronouncing the blessing, and then sank down. Not a groan or a sigh, but only a quiver of the lip, and his soul was at rest.

As he was subject to frequent sickness, it was not till within some days of his death that serious alarm was generally felt, and hence the stroke came with awful suddenness upon us all. That same afternoon, while preparing for Sabbath duties, the tidings reached me. I hastened down, though scarce knowing why I went. His people were that evening met together in the church, and such a scene of sorrow has not often been witnessed in Scotland. It was like the weeping for King Josiah. Hundreds were there; the lower part of the church was full; and none among them seemed able to contain their sorrow. Every heart seemed bursting with grief, so that the weeping and the cries could be heard afar off. The Lord had most severely wounded the people whom He had before so peculiarly favoured; and now, by this awful stroke of His hand, was fixing deeper in their souls all that His servant had spoken in the days of his peculiar ministry.

Wherever the news of his departure came, every Christian countenance was darkened with sadness. Perhaps never was the death of one, whose whole occupation had been preaching the everlasting gospel, more felt by all the saints of God in Scotland. Not a few also of our Presbyterian brethren in Ireland felt the blow to the very heart. He himself used to say, "Live so as to be missed;" and none that saw the tears that were shed over his death would have doubted that his own life had been what he recommended to others. He had not completed more than twenty-nine years when God took him.

On the day of his burial, business was quite suspended in the parish. The streets, and every window, from the house to the grave, were crowded with those who felt that a prince in Israel had fallen; and many a careless man felt a secret awe creep over his hardened soul as he cast his eye on the solemn spectacle.

His tomb may be seen on the pathway at the north-west corner of St. Peter's burying-ground. He has gone to the "mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense, till the day break and the shadows flee away." His work was finished! His heavenly Father had not another plant for him to water, nor another vine for him to train; and the Saviour who so loved him was waiting to greet him with His own welcome: "Well done, good and faithful servant: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

But what is the voice to us? Has this been sent as the stroke of wrath, or the rebuke of love? "His way is in the sea, and His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known." Only this much we can clearly see, that nothing was more fitted to leave his character and example impressed on our remembrance for ever than his early death. There might be envy while he lived; there is none now. There might have been some of the youthful attractiveness of his graces lost had he lived many years; this cannot be impaired now. It seems as if the Lord had struck the flower from its stem, ere any of the colours had lost their bright hue, or any leaf its fragrance.

Well may the flock of St. Peter's lay it to heart. They have had days of visitation. Ye have seen the right hand of the Lord plucked out of His bosom. What shall the unsaved among you do in the day of the Lord's anger? "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace!"

It has been more than once the lot of Scotland (as was said in the days of Durham) to enjoy so much of the Lord's kindness, as to have men to lose whose loss has been felt to the very heart,—witnesses for Christ, who saw the King's face and testified of His beauty. We cannot weep them back; but shall we not call upon Him with whom is the residue of the Spirit, that ere the Lord come, He would raise up men, like Enoch, or like Paul, who shall reach nearer the stature of the perfect man, and bear witness with more power to all nations? Are there not (as he who has left us used to hope) "better ministers in store for Scotland than any that have yet arisen?"

Ministers of Christ, does not the Lord call upon us especially? Many of us are like the angel of the church of Ephesus: we have "works, and labour, and patience, and cannot bear them that are evil, and we have borne, and for His name's sake we labour, and have not fainted;" but we want the fervour of "first love." Oh, how seldom now do we hear of fresh supplies of holiness arriving from the heavenly places (Eph. i. 3)—new grace appearing among the saints, and in living ministers! We get contented with our old measure and kind, as if the windows of heaven were never to be opened. Few among us see the lower depths of the horrible pit; few ever enter the inner chambers of the house of David.

But there has been one among us who, ere he had reached the age at which a priest in Israel would have been entering on his course, dwelt at the mercy-seat as if it were his home,—preached the certainties of eternal life with an undoubting mind,—and spent his nights and days in ceaseless breathings after holiness, and the salvation of sinners. Hundreds of souls were his reward from the Lord ere he left us; and in him have we been taught how much one man may do who will only press farther into the presence of his God, and handle more skilfully the unsearchable riches of Christ, and speak more boldly for his God. We speak much against unfaithful ministers, while we ourselves are awfully unfaithful! Are we never afraid that the cries of souls whom we have betrayed to perdition through our want of personal holiness, and our defective preaching of Christ crucified, may ring in our ears for ever? Our Lord is at the door. In the twinkling of an eye our work will be done. "Awake, awake, O arm of the Lord, awake as in the ancient days," till every one of Thy pastors be willing to impart to the flock, over which the Holy Ghost has made him overseer, not the gospel of God only, but also his own soul. And oh that each one were able, as he stands in the pastures feeding Thy sheep and lambs, to look up and appeal to Thee: *"Lord, Thou knowest all things! Thou knowest that I love Thee!"*

CONCLUDING MEMORIALS

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IT is perhaps right to preserve here a specimen of the many tributes to his memory which appeared at the time of his decease. One of these, written in his own town by the Rev. J. Roxburgh, after a brief review of his life, concluded thus:—

"Whether viewed as a son, a brother, a friend, or a pastor, often has the remark been made by those who knew him most intimately, that he was the most faultless and attractive exhibition of the true Christian which they had ever seen embodied in a living form. His great study was to be Christ-like. He was a man of remarkable singleness of heart. He lived but for one object—the glory of the Redeemer in connection with the salvation of immortal souls. Hence, he carried with him a kind of hallowing influence into every company into which he entered, and his brethren were accustomed to feel as if all were well when their measures met with the sanction and approval of Mr. M'Cheyne. He was, indeed, the object of an esteem and reverence altogether singular toward so young a man, and which had their foundation in the deep and universal conviction of his perfect integrity of purpose, his unbending sincerity and truthfulness, his Christian generosity of spirit, and in the persuasion that he was a man who lived near to God, as was evident from his holy walk, his spiritual and heavenly-minded frame, and his singularly amiable and affectionate temper and disposition. In his zeal to the cause in which the Church is engaged he was most exemplary. His spiritual mind had a quick and strong perception of the connection of the great principles for which she is contending, with the interests of vital godliness in the land. His views concerning the issues of the controversy as regards the fate of the Establishment, and the guilt and consequent danger of the country, were remarkably dark; but, as respects the imperishable interests of the gospel, he rejoiced in the assurance, 'We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks.' The example of his zeal and growing devotion in this cause has been bequeathed by him as a precious legacy to his attached and weeping flock. His death has spread a general gloom among the friends of religion throughout this town, and bitter are the tears that have been wrung from many eyes all unused to weep. Every one feels as if bereaved of a personal friend, and is at a loss for language to convey his sense of the loss which himself and the cause of truth have sustained—'sorrowing most of all that they shall see his face no more.' 'There is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel.' May the Lord increase the measures of His grace and strength to His surviving servants, who are called to occupy the breach thus left in the walls of our Zion! 'Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men.'

"It is impossible to describe the grief which pervades his flock. The lane in which his residence was situated was constantly crowded with anxious inquirers, and numerous prayer-meetings were held during the progress of his illness. On Thursday there was the usual meeting in the church, and it was then agreed, by many present, to meet for prayer the next evening in the schoolhouse. This they accordingly did, but it proved all too small to contain the crowds who flocked to it, and an adjournment to the church was necessary. Towards the close, it became known that increasing fears for their pastor's life were entertained, and the mourning people were with difficulty persuaded against remaining in the church throughout the night; and when, the next morning, the news spread amongst them, the voice of weeping might have been heard in almost every household. On Sabbath, Mr. Bonar of Collace, the dear friend of the deceased, and his companion in Palestine, preached in the forenoon and afternoon, and Mr. Miller of Wallacetown in the evening.[1] On each occasion the church (including the passages) was crowded in every part; and it was remarked by those who were present that they never before saw so many men in tears. It was truly a weeping congregation."

The funeral took place on the Thursday following. "Business was almost totally suspended throughout the bounds of his parish, and, hours before the time appointed for the funeral arrived, crowds began to draw towards the scene of the mournful obsequies from all parts of the town, anxious to pay the last sad token of respect to the remains of one whom living they had esteemed so highly. Long before the hour arrived, the whole line of road intervening between the dwelling-house and the churchyard was crowded with men, women, and children, principally of the working classes. Every window overlooking the procession, and the church itself, were likewise densely filled with females, almost all attired in deep mourning, and the very walls and house-tops were surmounted with anxious onlookers. Altogether, not fewer than six or seven thousand people must have assembled. The funeral procession itself was followed by nearly every man in the parish and congregation who could command becoming attire; by the brethren of the Presbytery, and many ministers from the surrounding districts, as well as from a distance; by the great body of the elders; by most of the Dissenting ministers in town; and by multitudes of all ranks and persuasions besides, who thus united in testifying their sense of the loss which their common Christianity had sustained in the untimely death of him in whom all recognised one of its brightest ornaments. The grave was dug in the pathway, near the south-west corner of the church, and within a few yards of the pulpit from which he has so often and so faithfully proclaimed the word of life; and in this his lowly resting-place all that is mortal of him was deposited, amid the tears and sobs of the crowd. There his flesh rests in that assured hope of a blessed resurrection, of the elevating and purifying influences of which his life and his ministry were so beauteous an example. His memory will never perish.

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[1] The texts were these:—After reading 2 Kings ii. 1–15, the subject in the forenoon was Rom. vii. 38, 39; in the afternoon, Rom. viii. 28–30; in the evening, Rev. viii. 13–17.

"The Church was opened for public worship every evening during the week, and was on each occasion filled to overflowing. On Sabbath, according to the appointment of the Presbytery, funeral sermons were preached by the Rev. Messrs. Roxburgh, Somerville, and Burns. Mr. Roxburgh preached from Phil. iii. 17, 20, and 21; Mr. Somerville from Heb. iv. 14; and Mr. Burns from Rom. viii. 30. So early as nine o'clock on Sabbath morning, a crowd, many of them from distant country parishes, had assembled outside the church, and when the doors were opened at ten o'clock, the church was instantly densely filled in every part, lobbies included. Unfortunately, they were chiefly strangers, very few of the congregation having succeeded in obtaining admission; and by the time the ordinary hour for commencing divine service had arrived, another large congregation had assembled outside. To these Mr. Somerville volunteered to preach; and there was service, therefore, both within and without the church, and the same in the afternoon. In the afternoon, arrangements were made to secure the admission within the church of the proper congregation, being all, male and female, habited in deep mourning,—the poorest amongst them having contrived, by a black ribbon or some other inexpensive mode within their reach, to give outward token of their inward grief of heart."

Another tribute, from the pen of Mr. Hamilton, Regent Square, London, is too precious to be forgotten, though only a small part is inserted here:—

"A striking characteristic of his piety was absorbing love to the Lord Jesus. This was his ruling passion. It lightened all his labours, and made the reproaches which for Christ's sake sometimes fell on him, by identifying him more and more with his suffering Lord, unspeakably precious. He cared for no question unless his Master cared for it; and his main anxiety was to know the mind of Christ. He once told a friend, 'I bless God every morning I awake that I live in witnessing times.' And, in a letter six months ago, he says: 'I fear lest the enemy shall so contrive his measures in Scotland as to divide the godly. May God make our way plain! It is comparatively easy to suffer when we see clearly that we are suffering members of Jesus.' It were wrong not to mention the fact that his public actings were a direct emanation from the most heavenly ingredient in his character—his love and gratitude to the Divine Redeemer. In this he much resembled one whose *Letters* were almost his daily delight—Samuel Rutherford; and, like Rutherford, his adoring contemplations naturally gathered round them the imagery and language of the Song of Solomon. Indeed, he had preached so often on that beautiful book, that at last he had scarcely left himself a single text of its 'good matter' which had not been discoursed on already. It was very observable that though his deepest and finest feelings clothed themselves in fitting words with scarcely any effort, when he was descanting on the glory or grace of Immanuel, he despaired of transferring to other minds the emotions which were overfilling his own; and after describing those excellences which often made the careless wistful, and made disciples marvel, he left the theme with evident regret, that where he saw so much, he could say so little. And so rapidly did he advance in scriptural and experimental acquaintance with Christ, that it was like one friend learning more of the mind of another. And we doubt not that, when his hidden life is revealed, it will be found that his progressive holiness and usefulness coincided with those new aspects of endearment or majesty which from time to time he beheld in the face of Immanuel, just as the 'authority' of his 'gracious words,' and the impressive sanctity of his demeanour, were so far a transference from Him who spake as no man ever spake, and lived as no man ever lived. In his case the words had palpable meaning: 'Beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, we are changed into the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the Lord.'

"More than any one whom we have ever known, had he learned to do everything in the name of the Lord Jesus. Amidst all his humility,—and it was very deep,—he had a prevailing consciousness that he was one of those who belong to Jesus; and it was from Him, his living Head, that he sought strength for the discharge of duty, and through Him, his Righteousness, that he sought the acceptance of his performances. The effect was to impart habitual tranquillity and composure to his spirit. He committed his ways to the Lord, and was sure that they would be brought to pass; and though his engagements were often numerous and pressing, he was enabled to go through them without hurry or perturbation. We can discern traces of this uniform self-possession in a matter so minute as his handwriting. His most rapid notes show no symptoms of haste or bustle, but end in the same neat and regular style in which they began; and this quietness of spirit accompanied him into the most arduous labours and critical emergencies. His effort was to do all in the Surety; and he proved that promise: 'Great peace have they which love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them.'

"To speak with the plainness which such a solemn occasion justifies, or rather to make the confession which this heavy visitation calls for, it must be owned that, whilst the possession of such a bright and shining light was the Church of Scotland's privilege, the rarity of such is the Church of Scotland's sin. When we consider the ability and orthodoxy of the pious portion of our ministry, it is mournful how little progress the work of God has made. It certainly has not stood still; but, taking the labours and success of the seven short and feeble years allotted to this faithful evangelist for our standard, we almost feel as if the work had been going back. If few congregations have witnessed the scenes with which St. Peter's had become happily familiar, one reason is that few ministers preach with the fervour, the Christ-exalting simplicity, and the prayerful expectancy of Robert M'Cheyne; and few follow out their preaching with the yet more impressive urgency of his gracious intercourse and consistent example. The voice of this loud providence shall not have been uttered in vain, if it impart new instancy to the ministers, and new eagerness and solemnity to hearers—if it break up that conventional carnality which would restrain matters of eternal import to pulpits and Sabbath days, and make it henceforth the business of the gospel ministry to win souls and tend them. Hireling shepherds will not regret the brother who is gone. His life and labours were a reproof to them. But if the many devout men who, now that Stephen has been carried to his burial, are making lamentation over him, would arise and follow him, even as he followed Christ, the present judgment would end in unprecedented blessing. Coming at this conjuncture, the death of this faithful witness is a striking call to ministerial disinterestedness and devotedness. 'Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.' And while some are crying mournfully, 'Where is the Lord God of Elijah?' we pray that many may find the answer in a double portion of Elijah's spirit descending on themselves.

"Even so, Lord! Amen.

"LONDON, *April* 3, 1843."

APPENDICES

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

See Note in Memoir, p. 30.

SPARED, by the good hand of God upon me, until now, 1892, when nearly every one of the eighteen friends who formed our morning-meeting have passed away, and having been urged to give some brief notes in regard to each of these friends, I shall try to do so very briefly, taking each in alphabetic order. All I need to say of myself may be easily stated. Born in 1810. Born again and fully brought to Christ in 1830. Studied Divinity under Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Welsh,—teachers I will never forget. Licensed by Jedburgh Presbytery, and laboured for eighteen months there as missionary, and then, during two years, in Dr. Candlish's parish, St. George's, Edinburgh. Was ordained to the ministry at Collace in 1838. Went on the mission of inquiry to Palestine and the Jews in 1839. On returning, carried on my ministry in the Free Church at Collace till the year 1856, and then removed to Glasgow. Was Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly at its meeting in Glasgow in 1878. It seems strange that such a ministry as Mr. M'Cheyne's should be finished in seven years, while his biographer has passed his jubilee. But the Lord's "thoughts are not our thoughts." John the Baptist in six months fulfilled his course as the prophet whom the Master declared to have been greater than all the prophets who went before him; while to John the Apostle sixty years were given for his work. But now, as to the other beloved brethren mentioned on page 30.

1. *Horatius Bonar, D.D.* Born in 1808. He was ordained to the ministry in 1837. After a preparatory season of mission work in Leith, under Dr. James Lewis, Kelso was the first scene of his labours; and very soon the Lord gave him many souls for his hire. There it was he wrote his earliest hymns, and I believe it was there, in the writing of hymns for the young in the Sabbath

school, that he discovered the gift with which the Lord had endowed him. And there, too, the "Kelso Tracts," and many of his most useful books, were written. He removed to the Free Church, Grange, Edinburgh, in the year 1866. He was Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly in 1883, and was able to continue all his usual work till two years before his death, which took place 31st July 1889. One grand characteristic of his ministry was his unwearied setting forth of the blessed hope of the Lord's Premillennial Coming, but even more, the Gospel in its simplicity, fulness, and freeness,—in his preaching, in his writings, and in his hymns. "Believe and live," and "God's way of peace," have been much owned of God. On the day of his funeral in the Canongate Churchyard, a young gentleman quietly said to me: "It was about eight years ago I was led to rest in Christ as I read your brother's hymn—

I hear the words of love,
I gaze upon the blood;
I see the mighty sacrifice,
And I have peace with God."

3. *Patrick Borrowman.* A most conscientious student, and afterwards no less conscientious pastor, from the day of his ordination at Glencairn in 1837, till growing infirmity compelled him to retire in 1886. He formed the Free Church congregation at Glencairn, enthusiastically maintaining the principles of that Church, believing he was following in the steps of James Renwick, the last of the martyrs, a native of that parish. He was noted for his decision and faithfulness in his life and work, though he wrote nothing for the public. In his early days, his example was felt among us in the matter of steady adherence to the rule of never encroaching on midnight in his studies, and on the other hand practising the self-denial of very early rising, even in coldest winter days. He is still spared to pray, like Epaphras (Col. iv. 12), in his retirement at Aberdour. At the Disruption, a cotemporary newspaper spoke of his "prodigious labours," referring to the fact that he did not shrink from preaching on the same Sabbath to three different congregations, till stated pastors were settled.

4. *Thomas Brown, D.D.* An ardent student, especially in Theology and Church History. He was ordained to the ministry in Kinneff, Kincardineshire, in the year 1837. There was a somewhat memorable circumstance in connection with his presentation to the parish, viz. it happened to be the first presentation

issued by Queen Victoria, after her accession to the throne. His father, minister of Langton in Berwickshire, was an eminent evangelical leader in the Church, and the son inherited all his father's zeal for the truth. Receiving a call to the Dean Free Church, Edinburgh, he ministered there with all diligence, and found time to write a work that was the fruit of most painstaking research, a work because of which his name will be ever kept in grateful remembrance, viz. *The Annals of the Disruption.* More recently he gave the third series of lectures in the "Chalmers Lectureship," the subject being "Church and State in Scotland," a work that in a most clear and interesting style presents the history of the struggle for spiritual independence in the Presbyterian Church from the year 1668 to the present day. The Free Church chose him for Moderator in 1890.

4. *John Burne.* Godly parents and friends, and then the powerful preaching of Dr. Robert Gordon, of the High Church, Edinburgh, early led him to Christ. He delighted in evangelical truth, and carried on his studies with the hope of becoming in his day a preacher of the everlasting gospel. But God is sovereign in all His ways. He who gave all advantages to James, the son of Zebedee, and yet permitted the sword of Herod to arrest him ere he had well entered on his course, was pleased to call our fellow-student away in 1847, when he had just once occupied a pulpit, for his health gave way ere he had well finished his studies. His grave is in the Greyfriars Church, Edinburgh, where so many martyrs lie waiting for the day of Christ. The opening paragraph of one of his essays at the morning meeting of our Exegetical Society, may show the reverential spirit in which the study of the word was carried on in those days. It begins thus: "We have all been warned of what may be found to have been the blighting influence which one half-hour's levity on the part of a minister, who had just been speaking with power and awful solemnity on the eternal destinies of immortal souls, has been known to produce. But it has sometimes struck the writer that this fact admits of an application equally appalling in the case of a careless expounder of the word. One prayerless interpretation of an important text may result in most disastrous consequences ever after to the flippant expounder himself, and to all the souls whom he is addressing."

5. *W. B. Clarke.* He might be called a typical student, both in the literary classes and the Divinity Hall; and when he became minister of Half-Morton, in the Presbytery of Langholm,

it might truly be said of him: "He gave himself wholly to these things, and his profiting appeared to all" (1 Tim. iv. 15). But after a few years, being invited to do work in Canada, he accepted a call to Quebec, where he still labours in his old age, taking part in training students, as well as feeding the flock. In July 1881 the writer sailed up the St. Lawrence; and, when nearing Quebec, found that Mr. Clarke had not forgotten former days, for, hearing that an old friend from Scotland was passing up the river on his way to Toronto, he waylaid me, carried me off to his hospitable dwelling, and arranged forthwith Sabbath work for me. We talked of all the things of the kingdom, and of our personal history. Among other things, the old days of the Exegetical Society rose up to our memory as we sat together, and formed the theme of many inquiries, while we recalled all the way the Lord had led us. We were able to tell each other that the word we studied together then was as fresh and precious as ever; our one regret being that to this day we might find the Master's words to Philip applicable to us: "Have I been so long with you, and yet thou hast not known me, Philip?"

6. *James Cochrane.* An active business man, as well as a busy student; he acted as secretary to his Professor, Dr. Chalmers, in carrying on the Church Extension Scheme. But he did not follow Dr. Chalmers into the Free Church. He was the only one of our number who did not leave the Establishment on the question of the Church's spiritual independence. He became minister of St. Michael's Parish Church at Cupar-Fife, and is buried in the churchyard there, finishing his ministry in 1877. He studied prophecy, and firmly defended the premillennial view of Christ's coming. Two volumes of discourses came from his pen, the one in 1848: *On some Peculiar and Unusual Texts of Scripture;* and the other in 1851: *On some of the Most Difficult Texts of Scripture.* The former takes up Old Testament subjects,—viz. "Leviathan," Job xli.; "The twenty-nine knives" of Ezra i. 9; "The clouted shoes" of Joshua ix. 5; and such like. The latter deals with graver texts in the New Testament, such as "Baptized for the dead," "The spirits in prison," "Salted with fire."

7. *Robert Kerr Hamilton.* Attractive and affable, and highly connected, he devoted himself to the work of being a fisher of men. We anticipated for him a bright and useful career at home, as he had many advantages in his favour, and was appointed to a charge almost as soon as licensed. The charge

was the parish of Saltoun, in East Lothian, where he succeeded a well-known minister, Dr. Robert Buchanan. But after a brief period, he was led by circumstances to accept a chaplaincy in India, at Madras. There having married a bishop's daughter, he was not much in the society of former brethren, and, after some years' service in India, returned home, but did not again accept a charge. He died in 1862. From time to time, in all ages, we have been reminded of the Saviour's words: "Many who are first shall be last, and the last be first."

8. *Robert Kinnear.* An Edinburgh student, who, having found Christ for himself, longed to make the hid treasure known to others. Having finished his studies, he was appointed to the parish of Torthorwald, in Dumfriesshire, in 1841, and after the Disruption was called to be pastor of the first Free Church congregation at Moffat. There was one peculiarity in his style, viz. while some of his brethren carefully cultivated the use of only Saxon words in preaching, he never got quit of the habit of using grand words; and yet his whole character was simple, and his teaching always a proclamation of Christ crucified. Born in 1811, he died in 1843, "Resting on God's promises," as the pedestal of his monumental tombstone has reminded his people. The monument is in Moffat Cemetery, fourteen feet high, over the grave, and has this inscription: "Assiduous and earnest in preaching Christ Jesus; devoted and unwearied in his pastoral labours; his Christian graces endeared him to friends, and won the lasting respect of the whole community."

9. *William Laughton, D.D.* His theological acquirements were extensive, fitting him to be helpful to all his brethren; and being most brotherly in his disposition, he was much looked up to as a clear-headed, cautious counsellor. His ministry was in the town of Greenock, where he formed the congregation of St. Thomas' Free Church, and where he fed the flock with the solid truths of Calvinism, and expounded the Scriptures with most careful accuracy. When the Presbytery met to decide the matter of his retirement, so much was he looked up to, that one of their number said that he never had known a minister who stood in the same relation to his brethren as did Dr. Laughton. "Every co-presbyter" (he added) "regards him with an affection and veneration that is quite singular." And the words of another were: "A change like this that is proposed is to myself, after having for forty-six years travelled the road with him, nothing short of a personal bereavement. He has been our best lawyer,

and to us all an invaluable friend." He filled the Moderator's chair in the Free Church General Assembly in the year 1881, and is still spared to do work for the Master, though he has retired from the regular ministry.

10. *John Miller.* Less known than most of the other brethren, Mr. Miller (an Edinburgh student, greatly distinguished at High School and College) made use of his talents and acquirements in a department of another kind than he and his friends had contemplated. He completed his theological course, and was licensed as a probationer of the Church; but when the Disruption took place, circumstances led to the proposal that the Free Church should (for a time at least) secure the efficient services of a classical teacher, specially to carry forward the education of Highland students; and Mr. Miller was the man unanimously fixed upon. His career was short. He died in 1860. I was associated with him for about three years in an interesting way. A little company of us agreed together to form a prayer-meeting association, with the special end of visiting some neglected portions of Edinburgh, and seeking there the lost pieces of silver. A few hours every week were understood to be set apart for this end, two of us working together. Mr. Miller and myself had for our small district a close in the High Street, on the Castle Hill. We visited every house, from time to time, for a considerable part of the year, and held a weekly meeting on Friday evening; one of us teaching a question of the Shorter Catechism each evening, and the other opening up a passage of Scripture. It was there the first conversion I had ever witnessed occurred. The individual was the widow of a soldier, a Roman Catholic. Her joy when she came clearly to understand Isa. lv. 1, "Come, buy wine and milk without money and without price," was no common joy; and we shared in that joy.

11. *Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff.* An accomplished gentleman, and a humble, kindly pastor, he was minister of the parish of East Kilbride, till invited at the Disruption to go to Edinburgh and undertake the charge of Free St. Cuthbert's congregation. He was urged to take this step by the representations of his brethren, who greatly appreciated his business ability and his lawyer-like skill in managing ecclesiastical questions; for he seemed to inherit both evangelical zeal and business ability from his grandfather, Sir Henry Wellwood Moncreiff, Bart., who for many years was known in Scotland as a noble defender of evangelical truth both in the pulpit and in church courts.

This descendant of his was elected to the office of Principal Clerk of the Free Church General Assembly, and in 1869 occupied the Moderator's chair. Among other things, also, he wrote *The Church's Claim of Right*, a full defence of Free Church principles. As a pastor he was faithful to his congregation, amidst all his public work, not forgetting to care for the souls of the poorest of his flock; and none the less was he "accepted of the multitude of his brethren" (Esth. x. 3). His death took place in 1883.

12. *Dr. Alex. N. Somerville.* Well known in Scotland; but well known also throughout the British Empire, a man of rare urbanity and brotherly love. He and Mr. M'Cheyne and myself, being all of us natives of Edinburgh, were very much in each other's society from the time when we found ourselves entirely at one in the truth of the gospel. In those days we, with perhaps some three others, used to go out early in the summer months to some part of Arthur's Seat, where we exercised ourselves in open-air declamation, and dealt in friendly criticisms. We had our times for united prayer, and the house of Dr. Moody Stuart was one of the places where "prayer was wont to be made." And then came days when we began our attempts at preaching the word. Dr. Somerville was, like Mr. M'Cheyne, engaged for a time as missionary at Dunipace, in the parish of Larbert, and then was called to the congregation of Free Anderston Church, Glasgow, where he found his work very greatly owned of God in the conversion of souls. He made it his aim never in any sermon to leave out such a statement of the gospel as might lead a sinner direct to the Saviour. In 1886 he was chosen Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly. There was exceeding great fervour, and a sort of picturesque eloquence, in all his addresses, as well as in the pulpit. During the latter years of his ministry his missionary zeal led him to ask his congregation to allow him some months every year, in which he went abroad to preach the gospel, it might be in Spain or in Italy; or at another time to India and Africa, not failing to visit by the way the Holy Land, giving and receiving. His interest in the Jews was deep and unabating to the end. At length, in 1876, he was relieved of his home ministry, a colleague being given him. Details on all these matters are given in a most interesting memoir by Dr. George Smith, who calls his book *The Modern Apostle*, for in truth he scattered the gospel seed in every country, more or less, using an interpreter in not a few places with great success. He was taken from us in September

1889. He was not a Premillennialist, but he loved the Lord's appearing, and His people Israel, and has gone to "the mount of myrrh and the hill of frankincense, till that day dawn, and the shadows flee away."

13. *Dr. George Smeaton* [1814–1889]. A native of Hume, Berwickshire. After licence, was ordained first minister of Morningside, then of Falkland (Fifeshire), and finally of the ecclesiastically famous parish of Auchterarder, after the Disruption. Becoming known as no common divine, he was first chosen Professor of Systematic Theology at Aberdeen in 1851, and five years after of Exegetical Theology in the New College, Edinburgh. He never failed to impress on his students that we must begin with "the grace that brings salvation," and thereby be taught by the Spirit to "deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world, looking for that blessed hope" (Tit. ii. 11, 12). From 1868–70 he published two able and erudite volumes on *The Doctrine of the Atonement*; and in 1881 *The Doctrine of the Holy Spirit* formed another volume in the series of the "Cunningham Lectures," displaying the keenest exegetical acumen and deep insight into the truth. He died in 1889, at Edinburgh. His students all knew him to be a man of immense learning gleaned in many fields, but also one who strove to see them really converted themselves before they went forth to teach others.

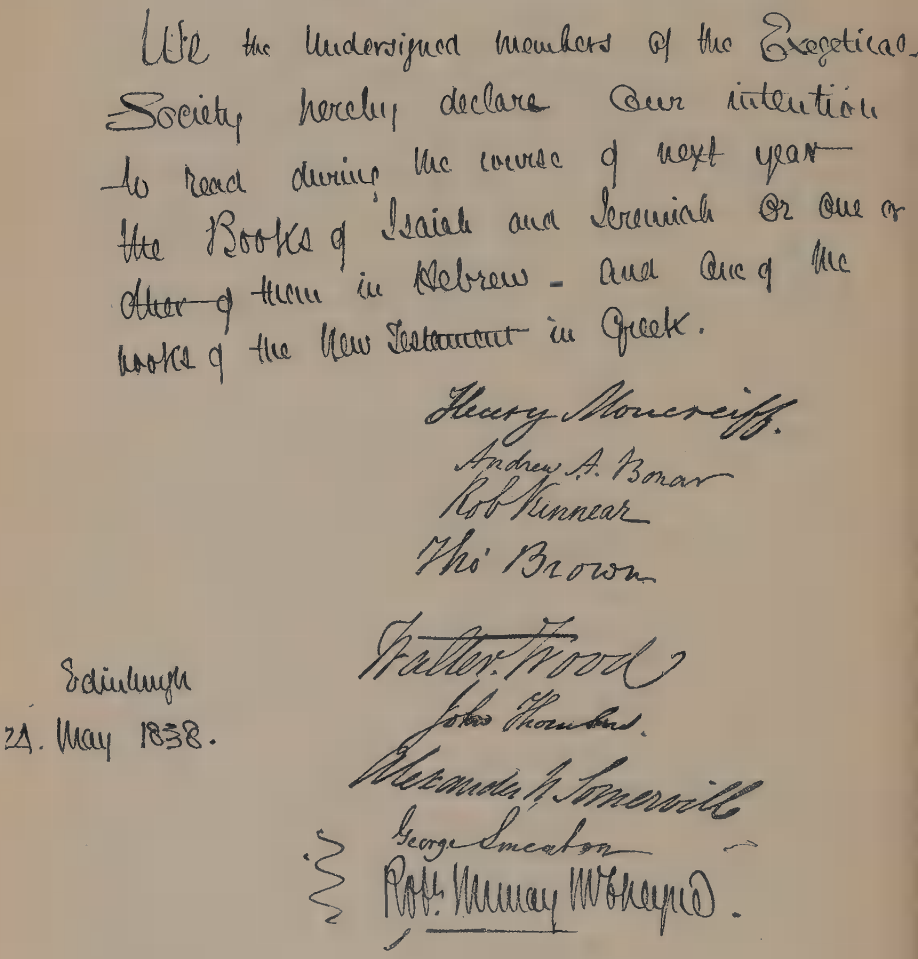
14. *John Thomson.* A real scholar, but less known than many of his cotemporaries. Born in Edinburgh, and passing through all the classes there, High School, College, and Divinity Hall, his sphere of usefulness was somewhat confined, as we might have thought; for he was proficient in many departments of learning, and possessed aptitude for acquiring foreign languages, and yet his life-work was at Leith, among seamen specially. He was ordained minister of what was called "The Seamen's Chapel," so long as the congregation (chiefly composed of seafaring men) met in a dismantled vessel fitted up as a place of worship. Afterwards a church was built, which bore the name of "St. Ninian's," from some local association. Probably, however, the Lord kept His servant there because his aptitude for languages enabled him all the better to get at foreign sailors from many different countries. At any rate, he was ever busy, conscientious in his work, frank and kindly. He had sat at the High School and College on the same bench with Lord Moncreiff (brother of Sir Henry) and the Lord Justice-General, John Inglis, competing with

them and outshining them in The Classics; but while they dealt with law in the courts of the land, he spent his strength in labouring for souls in comparative obscurity. He was called home in 1881.

15. *Dr. William Wilson,* a native of Berwickshire, set an example to us of steady self-denial all along our course as students. For he resided in Leith, and yet never grudged rising early, and walking about three miles to our early weekly meeting. And, further, his handwriting was a model for us all; all he wrote was distinct and regular, and this caligraphy characterised him through life. He was the very man to be Secretary to the Sustentation Fund of the Free Church, as well as Clerk to the General Assembly, along with Sir H. W. Moncreiff. In 1837 he became pastor of the parish of Carmylie; and thereafter, for a time, minister of the Seamen's Chapel, Dundee. At the Disruption he accepted the call of the congregation of St. Paul's, Dundee, but removed to Edinburgh in 1877, when the burden of the Church's work demanded all his time. He wrote a memoir of Dr. Candlish, which is, however, rather a narrative of his ecclesiastical career than a biography. In 1866 he was chosen to be Moderator of the General Assembly. He was always at home in dealing with public questions. He died in 1881, having done work which few of his brethren could, or would, have undertaken.

16. *Walter Wood.* Minister of Weststruther till the Disruption, and then of the Free Church at Elie, in Fife, till he died in 1882. He was greatly esteemed for his personal qualities, and for his scientific as well as classical attainments. He sought to use all his acquirements for the illustration of Scripture. There were few subjects that bore on Bible study to which he had not given close attention. He was an earnest student of prophecy, and wrote many papers on that subject in the *Presbyterian Review* and the *Prophetic Journal.* He published in 1851 an admirable volume on the Premillennial Advent, *The Last Things;* a defence of that doctrine and an examination of the teachings of Scripture on that subject, in both Old and New Testament. The law of the Lord was his "delight, and therein he did meditate day and night." Amiable, accomplished, and ready to communicate, he "served his generation by the will of God, and fell on sleep" on 6th March 1882. "They that are wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

BROTHERLY AGREEMENT DRAWN UP BY MR. M'CHEYNE IN REGARD TO THE STUDY OF THE SCRIPTURES IN THE ORIGINAL.



We the Undersigned members of the Exegetical Society hereby declare our intention to read during the course of next year the Books of Isaiah and Jeremiah or one or ~~other of~~ them in Hebrew - and one of the books of the New Testament in Greek.

Henry Moncreiff.
Andrew A. Bonar
Robt Kinnear
Thos Brown

Walter Wood
John Thomson.
Alexander N. Somerville
George Smeaton
Robt. Murray McCheyne.

Edinburgh
24. May 1838.

APPENDIX II.

THE FIFTY YEARS OF OUR JEWISH MISSION.

See Memoir, chap. iv.

As to what have been the results of that Deputation's visit to the Holy Land, and other countries, the following paragraphs will give some idea.

On 24th May 1889, at the annual meeting of the Free Church General Assembly, the business of the evening was the commemoration of the fifty years' work since the first mission to the Jews from our Church was established. Some interesting communications were submitted on this subject, and several well-known friends addressed the House.

Dr. J. H. Wilson, Convener for the Jewish Mission Scheme, read the Report, which gave a summary of the progress of the work up to the present year. Among the communications received from friends who could not be present, was one from Professor Delitzsch, of Leipzig, dated 21st May 1889 :—

"*To the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland :—*

"HONOURED FRIENDS AND BRETHREN,—Blessed be the day on which, fifty years ago, in your Church the thought was expressed, 'We must do something for Israel,' and the question was asked, 'What and how and where can we do anything for Israel ?' These thoughts were from the Lord. That was indeed a day which the Lord had made, and the signs which followed declared that it was a day according to God's own heart. The whole history of Jewish Missions has no more glorious and more delightful episode to show than your mission work in Hungary since 1841.

"More, indeed, than can be told does the European Continent owe to Scottish missionaries since Columba, in the year 585, left the monastery of Bangor in order to plant the banner of the Cross among the heathen Gauls. But who thought then, or during the next twelve centuries, of the evangelisation of the Jews ? The Jewish Mission dates from the year 1728—

the year of the founding of the Institutum Judaicum at Halle—and from the year 1841, when the Scottish Heathen Mission, which Columba with his twelve had founded, received its completion through the fact that the first Jewish missionaries, the never-to-be-forgotten brethren, Smith, Duncan, and Wingate, went out from Scotland to witness to the Jews that the Crucified was truly their King the King Messiah, the Servant of the Lord, by whose stripes we are healed. They went forth, and the Lord Jesus went with them, and the pleasure of the Lord prospered in their hands. Buda-Pesth showed in a striking way that there is a remnant in Israel according to the election of grace—a remnant according to the promise of Zion's Restorer: 'I will lay the foundation with *sapphires.*'[1]

"Our missions to Israel have not always had such success as the Hungarian Mission of your first love, as also your Mission at Constantinople, which, four years later, was affiliated with the Hungarian. May your Palestine Jewish Mission be as prosperous as that beginning of your work in Eastern Europe, which is like a well of blessing, whose living waters we still drink to-day. Two of your theological students have been entrusted to us to be prepared for their labour in Tiberias and Safed. There, in Galilee, the great light of salvation has begun to shine. May beams of truth go out from our beloved brethren, Ewing and Christie, which shall break through the deep darkness, till the promised new rising of the Sun shall complete our previous endeavours.

"May the richest blessing of the Lord be with you, dear brethren, in the second half-century which lies before you. As we look at the first half, we praise with you the Lord, because if one member is honoured all rejoice with it.—Always most cordially yours, FRANZ DELITZSCH, D.D."

Dr. Smith of Corsock, who had been one of the original band of missionaries in Hungary, looked back on the past fifty years. He said that the real father of the Jewish Missions was the late Mr. Woodrow of Glasgow. Long before the deputation was sent out in 1839, that man of God, as appeared from his private journal after his death, was accustomed to devote whole days to fasting and prayer on behalf of Israel. Like Daniel of old, he burdened his heart with their sins, confessing them before God, and pleading for forgiveness and restoration. As he had power with God, so he prevailed also with man. The hearts of others were kindled by the torch which burned in his own. A widespread interest was awakened.

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[1] A playful allusion to Isaiah liv. 11, and to the fact of Dr. Saphir and his father having been the first-fruits of the mission.

"When we first went out, we were sustained and strengthened by two considerations. We were assured that the work we undertook was in unison with the mind and purpose of God—that He meant the work to be done, and meant us to do it. And next, we felt ourselves wafted along our way by the prayers of many of God's people. The first year was occupied with the acquisition of languages and other preparations. Towards the autumn of 1842 the work of conversion began. Conversions multiplied during the following winter, and especially in the spring of 1843, the eve of our own Disruption. I shall never forget the occasion of the first dispensation of the Lord's Supper, when the majority of those present were Jews. Our beloved brother, Dr. Saphir, was there, a little Christian boy of twelve years, accompanying, as he ever did, his father, a leading man among the Jews, and almost equally eminent with himself, though in another sphere. The meeting was held in an upper room, secretly, for fear of the Jews, and the intolerant Austrian Government. Almost as soon as the service began, a strange, mysterious presence filled the place. A hushed silence fell on the little company, only occasionally broken by the suppressed sob of some bursting heart When the bread was broken and the wine poured forth, we felt as if for the time the conditions of earth had passed away. We felt that the risen Lord was indeed present in the midst of us, and as we gazed upon Him, we saw the print of the nails, and the wound in His pierced side. An Irish gentleman, who with his whole family had been converted a short time before, and who afterwards became a clergyman in the Church of England, said to me on the following day, 'I thought I heard the sound of His noiseless steps as He passed up and down in the midst of us.' From that time the work went forward with great power. The little company of believers walked together in the fear of God and in the unity of mutual love, and they testified all around to what they had seen and heard. The large Jewish community of Pesth was perplexed, not knowing what these things might mean. Indeed, for a time the whole city was shaken. In public places of resort the conversation of all classes turned on the strange things which had come to their ears. In those days we were visited by many

Christian brethren from various countries, having heard that the Lord had visited His people. It is a curious fact that several of these, quite apart from each other, gave expression to the same idea, that they felt as if sojourning for a season in one of the early apostolic Churches. I remember the remark made to me by one of them, that he would not be taken aback, or think it strange, should a letter from Paul or from Peter be handed in by next morning's post! These were days of heaven upon earth. I sometimes felt as if the ground were no longer solid under my feet."

Dr. Andrew A. Bonar was the next speaker. He said that he had been invited to give on this jubilee night some reminiscences of the deputation's visit to Palestine in 1839, just as Paul's friends sent for Mnason, "an old disciple," who had no doubt walked with Christ in Galilee, to spend a night with the apostle and tell of those past days. They all knew that four of them — Dr. Black, Dr. Keith, Mr. M'Cheyne, and himself—went down into the valley (Ex. xvii. 9). But on yonder hill there was a grand company of praying ones, among the rest a company of devout women, such as followed Christ in the days of His earthly ministry. Dr. Black could speak the languages of he did not know how many nations. As for Dr. Keith, he could scarcely speak any language; but he could make himself understood by almost any people of any language. He had such a kind and winning way, and such expressive action, that he never failed to get what he wanted. On the 24th of May 1839 we began to move from Egypt toward Canaan. There were no risks or adventures by the way, but there were many providences. One day Dr. Black, falling asleep on the back of his camel, slipped down on the sand. It seemed an ordinary incident, and after returning home he met Dr. Guthrie, who said to him, in his own humorous way, "But tell me about our old friend, the Professor from Aberdeen, what kind of impression did he make on the sand?" He could not tell him much as to the impression on the sand; but it was that fall (proving more serious in its effects than we thought at the time) which led Dr. Black and Dr. Keith to take the route homeward by the Danube, where circumstances led on to the founding of the Mission at Pesth—our first Jewish Mission.

Dr. Bonar went on to give the incident of his Bible falling into Jacob's Well; and how in the evening, as they sat in their tent, Mr. M'Cheyne playfully sketched his fellow-traveller mourning over his loss, and wrote some memorable lines.[1] Two years after this, Dr. James Hamilton one day wrote from London: "Your Bible has been recovered by Dr. Wilson of Bombay. He has it here with him. He persuaded a young Samaritan to be let down by camel-ropes to the bottom of the well, where he found all of it that still remained." [Dr. Bonar then held up a small parcel, and, unfolding it, showed the boards of his old Bible, which is kept in the Children's Missionary Museum, in John Knox's house, Edinburgh.] That incident was a providence. It has wonderfully interested the children in all our Sabbath schools. Not later than eighteen months ago he got a letter from the chief of the Samaritans, who was on a visit to London, referring among other things to that incident. His name is Jacob esh-Shelaby, and he writes: "I just be in London and ask about you, and thank God you are still alive. I want to tell you I am the man who got your book up out of Jacob's Well forty-six years ago. I have come to London to get some money for my poor brethren. There are not a hundred and fifty of us Samaritans now, and we are very poor. I am their chief. I have come to London to see if I can get a few subscriptions for them. You know in the book of Moses it is said, 'If your brother be waxen poor and fall into decay, then thou shalt relieve him.'" But he also took something out of our Book, for he said, "In your book your Master tells the story of the good Samaritan that relieved a man that had fallen in among thieves, and he said, 'Go and do likewise.'" He (Dr. Bonar) got a very little gathered for him. It certainly was not a large sum, but the recipient was very grateful for it, and wrote back a thousand thanks, saying that he would keep his letter and put it in the synagogue of his people, in "Nablous," the ancient Sychem.

He then went on to say: "We had thought that the first mission would be planted in Palestine; but the providence that led the two elder brethren to Pesth was so overruled that it was there our Jewish work began, as you have heard already to-night. And there it spread. Amsterdam, Constantinople, Breslau, Prague, became stations, where our missionaries sought the lost sheep of the house of Israel, before our way was opened to seek the Jews in Palestine. And the reason of this, in the wise and gracious providence of our God, may at once be seen, if we consider that if we had begun in the Holy Land, the romance, so to speak, of the land might have had too high a place in our thoughts. And so our missionaries were sent to more prosaic regions, where we were to find lost sheep of the house of Israel. But now at last, when it is safe for us as labourers for souls, we have got our hope and desire as to work in Palestine gratified. We have our missionaries on the shores of the Lake of Galilee. Our young people especially may be reminded often of Bible scenes by the letters of our missionaries; and perhaps the two boats on the lake may, as I ventured to say to my Bible-class, send us dried fish, like those the lad had in his basket.

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[1] The lines referred to, beginning—

My own loved Bible, must I part from thee,
Companion of my toils by land and sea?

"But there is still another and far more important reminiscence of this Mission that must be kept in mind. Many of the godly who took the deepest interest in the Jews, such as Mr. Woodrow of Glasgow, Dr. John Duncan, and Dr. Moody Stuart, expected that when we gave the Jews their proper place in our missionary work, we might look for special blessing at home; for, 'Blessed is he that blesseth thee.' And so it was. That year, 1839, saw the revival at Kilsyth, at the very time the deputation was seeking out the scattered Jews. Why might we not expect another heavy shower of blessing at home, if now again we rouse ourselves to deeper interest in the people who are 'beloved for their fathers' sake'? Not long since a Jewish labourer was asked what he thought wanting on the part of the friends of Israel. He replied, '*More tears.*' We should be like the Saviour weeping over Jerusalem. We should be like Paul, whose prayers for Israel were unceasing, and who 'had continual sorrow in his heart for his brethren;' and, like him, we should unceasingly hold up the cross and its atoning sacrifice, for the Holy Spirit makes Israel 'mourn' when they look on the pierced One.

"Israel is the 'everlasting nation,' who are to be life from the dead to all nations. And the sure word of prophecy declares, 'He that scattereth Israel shall gather them.' 'I will give them one heart and one way, that they may fear Me for ever.' 'Yea, I will rejoice over them, and will plant them in their own land assuredly, with all My heart, and with all My soul.'

"Crowned with her fairest hope, the Church
Shall triumph with her Lord,
And earth her jubilee shall keep,
When Israel is restored."

Dr. Adolph Saphir, who was one of the first-fruits of the

Mission, and whose praise is in all the churches, was the last speaker. And here is a part of his address, delivered with great feeling and power:—

"When I received the kind and urgent invitation of your Committee to be present on this memorable and historical occasion, I had been suffering from weakness and depression such as I never had experienced before, and it was therefore with great hesitation and after many struggles that I resolved to appear here to-night. Only the strong impulse of love and gratitude could have enabled me to be here. I am anxious to express the deep and constant feeling of thankfulness which I cherish towards that branch of the Church of Christ which you represent; for it was through the channel of your prayers, your love, and the missionaries you sent forth, that the blessed gospel of Jesus Christ reached me and my whole family and many others in my childhood, and that which is dearer than life to me must always be associated with the work you began fifty years ago. I express this profound gratitude, not only in my own name, but, unworthy as I am, as the representative of the numerous converts with whom God has blessed your testimony and labours.

"It is forty-six years this month of May since, in common with my dear father, then more than sixty years old, and my mother, my brother, and three sisters, I was baptized into the holy name of our covenant God. That day shines forth in my memory above all other days of my life—a day of intense solemnity, sweetest peace, and most childlike assurance of the love of God in Christ Jesus, which bound all the members of my family in a new and closer unity. Though I am only eight years older than your Mission, I have the most vivid remembrance of its earliest beginnings. I remember seeing that venerable and loving man, Dr. Keith, when, on his return from Palestine, he visited my father, and the strong impression which he made on his mind. I still possess the English Bible which he gave to him. I remember the first meeting of my father with Dr. Duncan. It was in a bookseller's shop, and, by a strange coincidence, which my father pointed out to me, just after he had bought a work containing the fierce attack of a pantheist on Christianity. I remember the first Sunday services held in the hotel for the English residents at Pesth, when Dr. Duncan and Mr. Smith and Mr. Wingate expounded the Scriptures. The subsequent meetings, both in English and in German, are distinctly in my recollection, so simple and outwardly unattractive, but so full of light and power, bringing the message of the love of God to eager listeners. I was present at the baptism of Alfred Edersheim, who only a few weeks ago fell asleep in Jesus, after having rendered valuable service to theological literature, which will also be of use in Jewish work. I remember the baptism of Tomory, a missionary who has for more than forty years laboured faithfully among Israel. I cannot dwell on these memories, or attempt to describe the solemnity, the intense conviction of sin, the abundant joy in redemption, the great love and brotherly unity, which characterised that year of revival which so soon followed your first effort to send the gospel to the lost sheep of the house of Israel. It was the love of Christ that constrained you; but you would have had no faith and courage to found the Jewish Mission had it not been for your firm belief in God's word of promise, and for the unwavering and simple faith, without mental reservation, in the divine authority of the Old and New Testaments which characterised your Church. Indeed, no mission to the Jews can have any vitality and permanence unless it is based on full and simple faith in the whole Word of God, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last of Revelation: in the Old Testament, which is Jewish and yet as cosmopolitan as the New; and the New, which, with all its universality, lays as much stress as the Old on the peculiar and never-changing position of Israel.

"My father was not a Talmudical Jew, but he feared God and reverenced the Scriptures; and never to this day do I read the passage in Deuteronomy, 'These words shall be upon thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way,' without the image of my father rising before my mind. My mother often told me that I was born on the day of Atonement—the day on which God forgives the sins of His people; and this simple fact roused strange and sad thoughts in my heart. Mysterious day, when the Jews, clad in their white burial-garment, confess their sins with weeping and fasting. In the Jewish evening prayer one verse, which is repeated three times, made a deep impression on me: 'Stand in awe, and sin not. Commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still.' And the problem which is so clearly solved in the Epistle to the Hebrews pressed upon me heavily then, for it was evident that we had no real and complete forgiveness of sin, seeing that the day of Atonement had to be observed every year. In the synagogue service there was little to solemnise or attract a child; but two things always impressed me. One was the singing of the Trisagion (Isa. vi., 'Holy, holy, holy'); and the other was when the roll of the law was brought out of the ark and held up before the people, and it was said, 'God spake all these words.' With all my heart and soul I believed it; and I felt something of that awe and trembling in the presence of the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the only true and living God, which my forefathers must have felt on that awful day. 'Did ever people hear the voice of God speaking out of the midst of the fire, as thou hast heard, and live?' There is something most real in this continuity of the feeling of God's nearness. This solemn awe—I can say so from experience—still lives in the Jewish heart. That faith in the five Books of Moses is as strong in me now as it was then—nay, stronger, for I have heard Jesus say, 'Moses wrote of Me;' and I have read in the Epistle to the Hebrews that the tabernacle in the wilderness was not the result of human ingenuity, or the gradual product of man's thought, but that it was after the pattern beheld on the holy mount, and that the Holy Ghost symbolised in all its parts things spiritual and heavenly. And yet, with all these precious influences, the abstract metaphysical monotheism, the constant emphasis laid on God's unity and infinite and incomprehensible essence, could not give light to the mind or peace to the heart. It is true that the synagogue dwells also on the attributes of justice and mercy; but still it does not present the living God as He reveals Himself in the Scriptures. How *human* is the God of the Old Testament—the God who appears, speaks, guides, who loves and is loved, even as the Man of the New Testament, Christ Jesus, is *divine!* This difference between the idea of an absolute and infinite God and the God of Scripture is, after all, that which separates the true believer and Christian from the natural man. I found it years afterwards most forcibly described by Luther in one of his earliest books on the Psalms, in which he says that human nature cannot understand and have communion with the absolute God (*Deus nudus et absolutus*); but that David speaks in the Psalms to the God who has clothed Himself in His word and promises, of which Christ is the sum. I remember distinctly one day looking over my father's books. The title of one arrested my eye. It was *Die Menschwerdung Gottes* ('God becoming man'). It was a new thought, and it thrilled my soul with the most joyous solemnity. When your Jewish missionaries came and preached to us the gospel, this was the deepest conviction in our heart, 'Now we know God'; and with all the converts, however various their history, the central point was the forgiveness of sin through the atoning death of Christ. The verse through which I first saw the gospel was, 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed.'

"These days live in my heart. It needs no effort to recall them; and in the experience of that time I find up to this day the brightest light on the pages of Scripture. I have, for the first time in my life, spoken publicly of my own experience in childhood, not without reluctance, in the hope that it may make it easier to some to understand the condition of the Jews.

"God has given you abundant success in your Mission. You have had many converts, and *converts' converts.* My father lived more than twenty years after his baptism, and was made a blessing to many Jews. My brother Philip gathered Jewish children round his bed of sickness, and established a school for Jews, in which he laboured while suffering from a most painful illness. The fruit of his labours has been made manifest in subsequent years. Lederer, one of the early converts, went to New York, and, among others, was the means of the conversion of Scherschewski, who afterwards became missionary and bishop in China. And your other stations have also been abundantly blessed; and if time permitted, I could recall to your remembrance many striking and important instances of the power of Christ's gospel witnessed by your devoted missionaries.

"The memories of the past are solemn; the opportunities of the present are urgent; and the hope for the future, according to the Word of God, is secure and glorious. I love the literalities of Scripture, and believe that the literal view of Scripture history and promises is truly spiritual; for what is meant by 'spiritual,' if not that which is according to the Spirit of God and revealed by the Spirit in the Word? It is not only Moses and the prophets who declare the future of Israel restored and converted, but our blessed Lord Himself came as the minister of the circumcision to confirm the promises made of God unto the fathers. He predicted the day when the whole nation will welcome Him. The Apostle Paul teaches emphatically, and in organic connection with the doctrines of the gospel, that all Israel shall be saved; and no book of the New Testament is so essentially Jewish as the Gospel of John, in which Israel is distinguished from the children of God scattered abroad as that *nation* for which Jesus should die, and in which, at the foot of the cross, we are reminded that Israel shall look upon Him whom they have pierced.

"And why should it be thought a strange thing that Israel's history will be consummated by a direct interference of God, 'the glorious appearing of our great God and Saviour'? Was not Israel's history miraculous from the very beginning? The call of Abraham, the birth of Isaac, the exodus out of Egypt, the preservation of Israel in the wilderness, the entrance into Canaan, the anointing of David by Samuel—in all these facts we see the direct interference of divine power. And, last of all, it was not immediately after David and Solomon that the Messiah came, lest Israel's history should be constructed according to the modern ideas of natural evolution; but it was in the time of Judea's lowest condition, when subject to the Roman emperor, that *God* visited and redeemed His people. Angels descended to announce Messiah's birth. Christ was born of a virgin. Miracle of miracles! And thus the conclusion of Israel's history will be God's act, and manifest to the whole world as supernatural and divine. 'Hear the word of the Lord, O ye nations, and declare it in the isles afar off.' 'He that scattered Israel will gather him and keep him as a shepherd doth his flock.'

"In conclusion, I beseech you not to forget *the love to Israel* which at that time so eminently characterised you."

The Mission at Tiberias is making progress. The medical department promises to be specially helpful. The missionaries, at the hot season, visit Safed, where they have a delightful change to coolness; and by tracts and Bibles, as well as by schools and preaching, the truth is proclaimed. Friends at home have taken deep interest in the Tiberias mission, and among other kindnesses, have equipped two boats for the use of the missionaries, who may thus get such refreshing breezes on the lake as the Master sometimes sought. (See Luke v. 1; Mark iv. 1.) The fish, too, possibly may come to be in demand, the inhabitants of the villages will avail themselves of this help to their food and comfort; and all this movement on these shores combine to open up access to the whole population. By the Jew we may reach the Gentile also.

But we should not omit the cheering news that reach us regarding the work in New York It is not directly connected with our Jewish Mission, but it began and is carried on by a remarkable young Jew, Hermann Warszawviak, who was led to Christ by our missionary at Breslau, Mr. Edwards. The story of that Jew and his mission is altogether romantic, we might say; and never since apostolic days, perhaps, has the spectacle been witnessed, that is now every week witnessed in New York,—six or eight hundred Jews crowding his place of meeting, listening to the story of the Cross, and from day to day repairing to Warszawviak's house to inquire into the truth.

APPENDIX III.

TESTIMONY OF A FRIEND.

A LONDON minister, Rev. Thomas Alexander, Chelsea, writes in the *Sabbath School Magazine* (Edinburgh), 1860. Speaking of his own conversion, he says: "But how came Saul to be among the prophets? It was on this wise. When I came home to my native village, I found that a great change had passed on all around. I say literally *all*, for the effects of a real revival tell very widely. At that time the Rev. W. C. Burns had been preaching in and around Dundee. The Rev. R. M. M'Cheyne had but just returned from his visit to Palestine. He was in the prime of his strength, and manly beauty of body and of soul. And when I returned, I found nothing but wonders everywhere. A wave of the spiritual life had passed over our village, and it left vitality and greenness all around. We were six good miles from Dundee, I said; but that did not hinder a great many (twenty to thirty) from going there every Sabbath. Out of my father's house, all who could go, went. All this, of course, I saw. I knew things as they were, and 'now look at them as they are.' I can hardly make my reader understand how far down I had come; how ignorant I had grown; and how incapable a judge I was of everything like spiritual religion. I had forgotten all the lore of former years; or, if not forgotten, I had at least ceased to be capable of putting it to any good use. There is one word which would sum it all up, and much other misery beside: shall I, need I, write it down? Here it is—drunkenness. That is the word. That is the sum of all that is vile and abominable. If the reader will think of that word, and know well what evil it can do to both soul and body, and every faculty of mind and heart, he will be able to think how incapable a judge of real revival I was. But still there were some things which even I could not fail to see and appreciate. One of these things shall be here told.

"I had been urged to go to hear 'this M'Cheyne,' whose preaching had wrought such wonders, and went. The worship generally, in Scotland, consists of a forenoon and afternoon "diet," as it is called. There is also usually about an hour's interval between "the diets." It was a cold winter's day. The heaven was all one continuous thick, deep, dark cloud. Snowflakes, large, white, and thick, slowly fell; now slow and deliberate, anon thick and fast—then a lull, and then on again. It was such a day as that. The forenoon "diet" is over, and I am lounging about in the churchyard till the afternoon service begins. Standing at the gate, leaning on the stone pillar, with his shoulder resting quietly on it, a short black pipe in his mouth, and with the blandest smile on his honest face for earth and heaven, snow and cold, was a man whom I had known in other days. As a boy I had known him; and he was the only man for whom I had a fear; but of him I had a thorough terror—I, and all the little boys of the village. He was a fierce, drunken, brutal savage; one of the sort that do actually kick and bite in their explosions of wrath. I had known him well. His features were, each of them, as familiar to me as were my own in the glass. There was no mistaking the man. That was he leaning there, with that sweet smile, and enjoying that pipe with so manifest an unction. I can never forget the effect of reading a chapter out of that living epistle; how every word I read there, in that man's quiet look, went to my heart. It was as if you had stood beside Saul of Tarsus on his way to Damascus, and heard the Lord Jesus speak to him from heaven. There it was—it is no shadow—the man stands looking curiously at you now; but that is he. 'Are you ——?' The man quietly nodded. 'Yes, but I'm not the —— you once knew.' No, I could see that. Grace had changed the very face of the man. It had taken away his fierce look, and made him a man. So he told me his story: how he came here to curse, and remained to pray; and how he walked every Sabbath about seven miles to this church, and never thought the road long. I inquired, on my return home, what character the man now bore in his neighbourhood, and found that it was all that could be desired; his wife, in particular, though not herself converted, was nevertheless full of his praises now. Nothing so impressed me as that.

"About Mr. M'Cheyne himself I have often been asked many questions. Those who have read the Memoir—and what Christian man, what Sunday-school teacher has not?—want to know if it is not coloured a little; was he *really* all that he is there said to have been. I answer, His biographer is incapable of colouring; he is not a mere article-writer, a book-maker; he speaks, writes, works under the eye of the great God. There is no colouring there: colour would have spoilt the portrait. You may try to colour a rose if you like, but see whether you can improve it! The colours of that godly man's life were those of the Holy Ghost; that was a glorious piece of His workmanship. All that his biographer has done, is simply to transfer (in a most imperfect way, as he would be the foremost to confess) to canvas the lines of his likeness.

"That church of St. Peter's was one of my Sunday schools: shall I tell the reader a little about it? I was a scholar there, and was taught the truth *as it is in Jesus.* Before, I had been taught something about the truth as it is out of Jesus, and apart from Jesus; here Jesus was taught as the way, and the truth, and the life. My impressions of my first Sabbath there are very vivid; they are all as fresh as if they had been made but yesterday. I remember the aspect of that dull, snowy day—my wet, smoking clothes—my first sitting down in the middle of a congregation three parts gathered—my first looks around me—the unpleasant sensations gathering strength gradually, that I had never been in such a place before; a feeling like that of Jacob—how dreadful is this place! this is the house of God, and I am a stranger in it; this is the gate of heaven, and I am on the outside of it. How well, too, I remember the solemn, staid looks of the people—the bustle to get in, and yet all quiet and decorous—the gradual filling up of every nook, and corner, and passage—the children on the pulpit stairs, and clustering like bees all round the pulpit; and then I remember the minister working his way through all that dense crowd, till he got fairly into the pulpit at last; and his giving out the psalm, and the few terse, beautiful remarks he made upon it, in a voice, at first, far from taking. And oh, how vividly I seem to be able to call up the singing of that first psalm, with the grave, sweet melody of so many living souls—the great swelling voice of the hearts' united praise blending into one sweet song! It well prepared me for the prayer that followed. That was the first time I ever had heard prayer. Never before did I understand what prayer meant. Now I understood it. He never told us what prayer was; he never needed. Behold, he prayeth; *that* is prayer. Few that ever heard, ever forgot his first two words—'Holy Father.' Was it oratory? No. Was it very eloquent? No. Was it very beautiful? No. What then was it? Nothing whatever, but simply the truth. He was a man so completely imbued with the truth, that it came out when he spoke. This is a great truth—that God is; that God is holy. How many thousand different standards you may attach to that word 'holy.'

"The man of whom I speak seemed to have got up to the full height of it, and to have entered into the secret places of the holiness of God. And then, 'Holy Father!' that word Father, what a world of meaning is in it! God is that man's Father. You can see and feel, by the way he utters the word, that that man is a son of God; and I! what am I? What a beautiful face it was, as it shone again in the certainty of peace with God! How reverently, yet how lovingly, he lifted up his eyes to heaven and said, 'Holy Father.' You seemed as if now you could understand better what Christ was, and how He spake. And all through, what petitions! How rich, full, scriptural. Every phrase was a Bible phrase, every word a Bible word; the whole prayer seemed to be a new chapter of the Bible; or one which somehow you had not read. But, indeed, the prayer and the Bible were dictated by the same Spirit working after each sort in His own mysterious way. Of the sermon, even of the text, I have no remembrance whatever. All that is a blank in my mind and memory. It was the prayer that followed after the sermon that seemed again to have made an impression so deep as to be lasting. And no wonder. It was surpassingly beautiful; it approached the sublime of child-like simplicity and holy fervour of earnestness. He spoke of the day, of God's having opened out His treasures of snow, and sent them down upon the earth; and, perhaps, some poor wandering sheep, despite of the inclemency of the weather, had wandered in from the country. Would God send him away as he came? Had God no message of love, no word of kindness for him even yet? Wilt Thou send him empty away? And then the words that followed went, as the very sword of the Lord, right home to my very heart, 'That be far from Thee, Lord; Thy ways are not our ways, O Lord God.' And then, in a voice of most melting tenderness, whose tones still tremble in my heart, he went on to talk to the Lord Jesus; he reminded Him how, when He was on the earth, and the people came far to hear Him, He had compassion on the multitude, and would not send them hungry home, lest they should faint by the way.

And how He was the same Jesus still; and had still the same tender pity, the same fulness of compassion. And so, ever the conclusion of his earnest pleading was, Bread, Lord, bread for these starving ones. My first thoughts were, that some one had warned him of my coming. But I soon knew that it was not so. He was only drawing a bow at a venture, though he drew it with vast force and a heavenly skill. I can tell that one of his arrows found a crevice in the proof armour of one sinner who went home stricken and wounded. But it was all a mystery to me. I knew literally nothing; and, what was worse, I knew not that I was ignorant, and stood in need of all things. A man in our parish who used to go to St. Peter's with us *knew* all the truth, and knew it well. I greatly fear that was all; but I knew that he was not ignorant. He and I were talking of sin and salvation one day, shortly after this, and he soon found out my utter ignorance. So he said to me,—I can quote his very words at this distance of time, such an impression did they make upon me,—'Though God were to come down here in person, and speak to you as a man speaketh to his brother; and were He to say to you, "I will take you straight up to heaven at once, if only you will tell Me how I can be gracious to a sinner—what is the method of mercy I have revealed in my Word?" 'Though,' says he, 'God were to make you this offer, and you could win heaven by telling it, you never could get there, for you do not know.' That staggered me, I confess. Then he tried to tell me; worked hard to make me understand it. But you cannot put the way of salvation into an ignorant sinner's mind in a moment. My experience is, that there are multitudes and multitudes more who are just as ignorant as I was, and yet have had what passes for a Christian education. At all events, I know this well, that I had had a better education than falls to the lot of many; and that for many weeks I was in utter darkness regarding the very first principles of the faith. Many have no better idea than I then had; we were to do the best we could to believe, and work, and pray; and whatever was lacking, Christ's righteousness made good. There was enough there to supply all deficiencies, and God was very merciful.

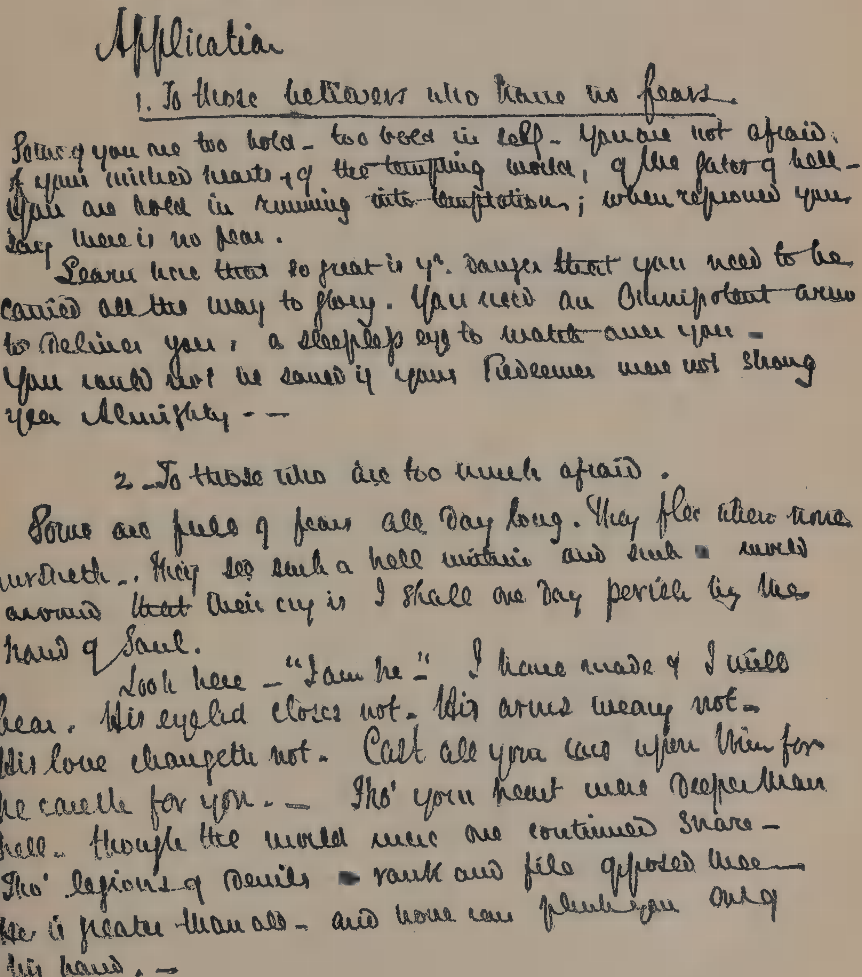
"That was my confession of faith, and that after I had ceased to follow sin openly. But that ignorance was effectually dispelled. Mr. M'Cheyne preached one afternoon on the text, 'He hath magnified the law, and made it honourable.' Then he made me see that God's holiness required a perfect obedience. And how it got it in that of the Lord Jesus, God in our nature. He showed how our sins were laid on Jesus; how God made them His own; how He reeled and staggered under the mighty load, and how in dying He bore them all away. But he showed also, by the way, God did not spare Him when He stood under the weight of these imputed sins; how He turned not aside for all His groans, and outcries, and tears; and then he asked, If God spared not His own Son under the sin of another, how shall He spare thee under the weight and burden of thine own sin? And I felt that the argument was unanswerable; there was no escape; and in a voice which I seem to hear still, he said, 'If they do these things in a green tree, what shall be done in the dry?' That arrow also stuck fast; it was well barbed, and by no effort could it be pulled out. I felt shut up as in a vice; and there was no way of escape, but by fleeing to Him who said, 'Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out.'

"I have been often asked, What do you think was the secret of this man's power? I answer, It ought to be no secret at all. It was simply, 'I believed, and therefore have I spoken; we also believe, and therefore speak.' God was the secret of his strength. Holiness was the secret of his strength. Prayer was the secret of his strength. I remember a powerful close to one of his sermons. I never saw such an effect produced before or since, and I have heard all the greatest pulpit and other orators of our day. The people bowed down like a bulrush in the blast, lifted up their voice, and wept aloud. He was telling them that God was clear of the blood of their souls; that Christ was; that the Spirit was. And then he added that he also was on God's side, and that he too was clear of their blood. He called God to witness on his soul that he lied not, that he had preached to them in season, out of season; and that he had prayed for them; that, taking one hour with another, he had prayed for them every hour of all the twenty-four since ever he had been their minister; for, though he had slept through many consecutive hours by night, he never wakened but he prayed for them, and often through many hours of the day; so their blood be upon their own head: if ye perish, ye perish. That which made these words so effective was their perfect truthfulness. You could see strong men, hard and stern, melt as wax before the fire; their breast swell and heave as if it would burst; the whole place was a Bochim, a place of weepers!"

APPENDIX IV.

FACSIMILE OF MR. M'CHEYNE'S HANDWRITING.

Closing application of a sermon on Isa. xvli. vers. 3 and 4 :—



Application

1. To those believers who have no fears.

Some of you are too bold — too bold in self — You are not afraid of your wicked hearts & of the tempting world, of the gates of hell — You are bold in running into temptation; when reproved you say there is no fear.

Learn here ~~that~~ so great is yr. danger that you need to be carried all the way to glory. You need an Omnipotent arm to deliver you; a sleepless eye to watch over you — You could not be saved if your Redeemer were not strong yea Almighty — —

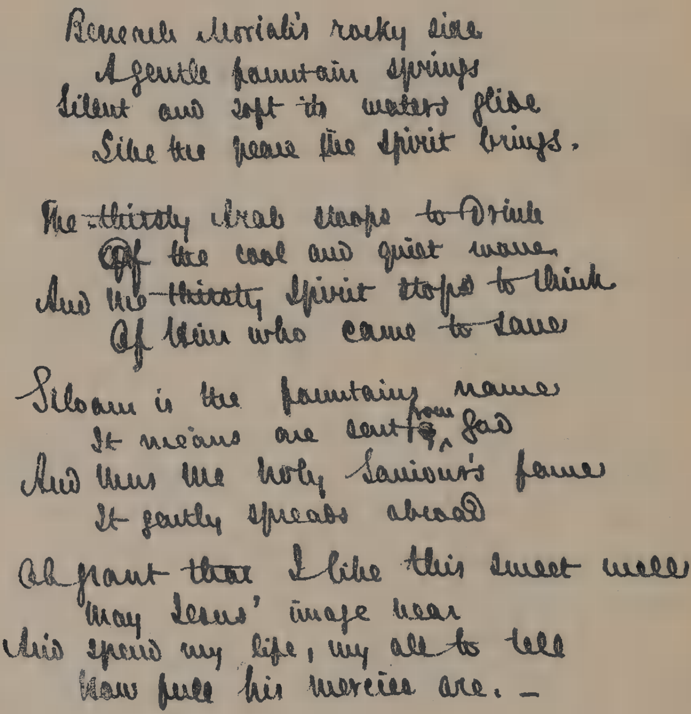
2. To those who are too much afraid.

Some are full of fears all day long. They flee where none pursueth — They see such a hell within and such enemies around ~~that~~ their cry is I shall one day perish by the hand of Saul.

Look here — "I am he" — I have made & I will bear. His eyelid closes not — His arms weary not — His love changeth not. Cast all your care upon Him for he careth for you. — Tho' your heart were deeper than hell — though the world were one continued snare — Tho' legions of devils rank and file opposed thee — He is greater than all — and none can pluck you out of his hand. —

THE FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

Isaiah viii. 6; John ix. 9.



Beneath Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs
Silent and soft its waters glide
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave
And the thirsty Spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save

Siloam is the fountain's name
It means one sent from God
And thus the holy Saviour's fame
It gently spreads abroad

Oh grant that I like this sweet well
May Jesus' image bear
And spend my life, my all to tell
How full his mercies are. —

LETTERS

LETTERS.

TO REV. R. MACDONALD, BLAIRGOWRIE.

Written when first laid aside by that illness which afterwards led to the Jewish Mission.

EDINBURGH, *January* 12, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—The very day I received your kind letter, I intended to have written you that you might provide some one to stand in my place on Monday evening next. I am ashamed at not having answered your kind inquiries sooner, but am not very good at the use of the pen, and I have had some necessary letters to write. However, now I come to you. This is Saturday, when you will be busy preparing to feed the flock of God with food convenient. Happy man! It is a glorious thing to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ! We do not value it aright till we are deprived of it; and then Philip Henry's saying is felt to be true,—that he would beg all the week in order to be allowed to preach on the Sabbath day.

I have been far from alarmingly ill,—my complaint is all unseen, and sometimes unfelt. My heart beats by night and day; but especially by night, too loud and too strong. My medical friends have tried several ways of removing it,—hitherto without complete success. As long as it lasts, I fear I shall be unfit for the work of the ministry; but I do hope that God has something more for me to do in the vineyard, and that a little patient rest, accompanied by His blessing, may quiet and restore me. Oh, my dear friend, I need it all to keep this proud spirit under. Andrew Bonar was noticing the providence of "Elijah in the wilderness" being my allotted part at our next meeting.[1] I read it in the congregation the Sabbath after, with an envious feeling in my own heart, though I did not like to express it, that I would now be sent a like day's journey to learn the same lessons as the prophet,—that it is not the tempest, nor the earthquake, nor the fire, but the still small voice of the Spirit, that carries on the glorious work of saving souls.

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[1] See Memoir, chap. iii.

Andrew will be with you on Monday, and I am almost tempted to send this to-night to the post office; but it is not right to encourage the Sabbath mail, so will defer it till Monday. May you have a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord! May He be the third with you who joined the two disciples on the way to Emmaus, and made their hearts burn by opening to them the Scriptures concerning Himself. I hope your evening meeting may be as delightful as the last. May your mind be solemnised, my dear friend, by the thought that we are ministers but for a time; that the Master may summon us to retire into silence, or may call us to the temple above; or the midnight cry of the great Bridegroom may break suddenly on our ears. Blessed is the servant that is found waiting! Make all your services tell for eternity; speak what you can look back upon with comfort when you must be silent.

I am persuaded that I have been brought into retirement to teach me the value and need of prayer. Alas! I have not estimated aright the value of near access unto God. It is not the mere daily routine of praying for certain things that will obtain the blessing. But there must be the need within,—the real filial asking of God the things which we need, and which He delights to give. We must study prayer more. Be instant in prayer. You will be thinking my affliction is teaching me much, by my saying these things. Oh, I wish it were so! Nobody ever made less use of affliction than I do. I feel the assaults of Satan most when I am removed into a corner; every evil thought and purpose rushes over my soul, and it is only at times that I can find Him whom my soul loveth.

Monday, Jan. 14, 1839.—I now sit down to finish this, and send it away. I am much in my usual to-day, perhaps, if anything, a little better. Still I have a hope at present of resuming my labours. Will you give me a Sabbath day's labour? I had no intention of asking you when I began this; but I feel that I had better not close it without asking this favour. I would fain be back, but I do not feel that I would be justified in so doing. When I give a short prayer in the family, it often quite knocks me up. I heard of my people to-day; they are going on as well as can be expected. Death is busy among them, and Satan too. I try to lean them all on

Him who entrusted them to me. I did hear of your brother's illness, and sympathised with you in it, though I heard no particulars. Write me particularly how he is. I hope and believe that he has an anchor within the veil, and therefore we need not fear for him whatever storms may blow. Remember me to him when you write him or see him. May we both be made better men, and holier, by our affliction.

Take care of your health. Redeem the time, because the days are evil. Does the work of God still go on among your people? There is a decided improvement in the ministers here —more prayer and faith and hope. There are marks of God's Spirit not having left us. Remember me to Gillies and Smith, your fellow-labourers. May their names be in the Book of Life.—Yours ever, ROBT. MURRAY M'CHEYNE.

TO MRS. THAIN, HEATHPARK.

During the continuance of the same illness.

EDINBURGH, *February* 9, 1839.

MY DEAR MRS. THAIN,—I was happy to receive your and Mr. Thain's kind letter. It is very cheering to me in my exile from my flock, to hear of them. I send you a short line, as I am not good at writing. I am glad you are keeping pretty well, and still more that your spiritual health seems to prosper. The spring is advancing,—I feel already the softness of the wind,—so that we may hope the winter is past, the rain over and gone. I know the summer revives you, and the doctor gives me good hope that it will revive me. In spiritual things, this world is all winter-time so long as the Saviour is away. To them that are in Christ there are some sweet glistenings of His countenance, there are meltings of His love, and the sweet song of the turtle-dove when His Holy Spirit dwells in the bosom; still it is but winter-time till our Lord shall come. But then, "to you that fear His name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings." And if before He comes we should go away to be where He is, still we shall enter into a world of perpetual summer,—we shall behold His glory which the Father gave Him.

I feel much better than usual to-day; but I have returns of my beating heart occasionally. Jesus stands at the door and knocks, and sometimes I think the door will give way before

His gentle hand. I am bid to try the sea-water hot bath, which I hope will do me good. I have good hope of being restored to my people again, and only hope that I may come in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, that this time of silent musing may not be lost.

I am thankful indeed at the appointment of Mr. Lewis. I hope he has been given in answer to prayer, and then he will be a blessing. We must pray that he may be furnished from on high for his arduous work. I have great hope that he will be the means of raising many more churches and schools in our poor town—I mean poor in spiritual things.

I hope Mr. Macdonald was happy, and made others so. "Apollos watered." May great grace be upon you all.—Your affectionate friend, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Before going forth on the mission to Israel.

EDINBURGH, *March* 15, 1839.

MY DEAR MRS. THAIN,—You will think me very unkind in breaking my word to Mr. Thain, in not writing you in answer to your kind letter by him. But I did too much the week he was in Edinburgh, and fairly knocked myself up, so that I had just to lay aside my pen and suffer quietly. My friendly monitor is seldom far away from me, and when I do anything too much he soon checks me. However, I feel thankful that I am better again this week, and was thinking I would preach again. This is always the way with me. When my heart afflicts me, I say to myself: Farewell, blessed work of the gospel ministry! happy days of preaching Christ and Him crucified! winning jewels for an eternal crown! And then again, when it has abated, I feel as if I would stand up once more to tell all the world what the Lord of Glory has done for sinners.

You have sent me a pocket companion (a Bible) for Immanuel's land. I shall indeed be very happy to take it with me, to remind me of you and your kind family, at the time when I am meditating on the things that concern our everlasting peace. All my ideas of peace and joy are linked in with my Bible; and I would not give the hours of secret converse with it for all the other hours I spend in this world.

Mr. M—— is the bearer of this, and I have told him he is to call on you with it. He is one much taught of God, and though with much inward corruption to fight against, he still holds on the divine way a burning and shining lamp.

I knew you would be surprised at the thought of my going so far away; and, indeed, who could have foreseen all that has happened? I feel very plainly that it is the Lord's doing, and this has taken away the edge of the pain. How many purposes God has in view of which we know nothing! Perhaps we do not see the hundredth part of His intentions towards us in sending me away. I am contented to be led blindfold; for I know that all will redound, through the thanksgiving of many, to the glory of our Heavenly Father. I feel very plainly that towards many among my people this separation has been a most faithful chastisement. To those that liked the man but not the message—who were pleased with the vessel but not with the treasure—it will reveal the vanity of what they thought their good estate. To some, I hope, it has been sent in mercy. To some, I fear, it has been sent in judgment. Above all, none had more need of it than myself; for I am naturally so prone to make an ill use of the attachment of my people, that I need to be humbled in the dust, and to see that it is a very nothing. I need to be made willing to be forgotten. Oh, I wish that my heart were quite refined from all self-seeking! I am quite sure that our truest happiness is not to seek our own,—just to forget ourselves,—and to fill up the little space that remains, seeking only, and above all, that our God may be glorified. But when I would do good, evil is present with me.

I am not yet sure of the day of my going away. There is to be a meeting on Monday to arrange matters. Andrew Bonar and Dr. Black can hardly get away till the first week of April; but I may probably go before to London next week. I know you will pray for me in secret and in the family, that I may be kept from evil, and may do good. Our desire is to save sinners—to gather souls, Jew or Gentile, before the Lord come. Oh, is it not wonderful how God is making people take an interest in the Jews! Surely the way of these kings of the East will be soon prepared.

I shall be quite delighted if J—— is able to take a small part in the Sabbath school. She knows it is what I always told her,—not to be a hearer of the word only, but a doer. It is but a little time, and we shall work no more here for Him.

Oh that we might glorify Him on the earth! I believe there are better ministers in store for Scotland than any that have yet appeared. Tell J—— to stay herself upon God. Jesus continueth ever, He hath an unchangeable priesthood. Others are not suffered to continue by reason of death.

You expected me in Dundee before I go; but I dare not. You remember Paul sailed past Ephesus—he dared not encounter the meeting with his people. Indeed, I do not dare to think too much on my going away, for it often brings sadness over my spirit, which I can ill bear just now. But the will of the Lord be done.

Kindest regards to you all. Christ's peace be left with you. I shall remember you all, and be glad to write you a word when I am far away.—Yours ever, etc.

TO MISS COLLIER, DUNDEE

How his silence may be useful to his people and himself.

EDINBURGH, *March* 14, 1839.

MY DEAR MISS COLLIER,—I feel it very kind your writing to me, and rejoice in sending you a word in answer by my excellent friend Mr. Moody. Indeed, I was just going to write to you when I received yours, for I heard you had been rather poorly, and I was going to entreat of you to take care of yourself; for you do not know how much my life is bound up in your life, and in the life of those around you who are like-minded. I feel it quite true that my absence should be regarded by my flock as a mark that God is chastening them; and though I know well that I am but a dim light in the hand of Jesus, yet there is always something terrible where Jesus withdraws the meanest light in such a dark world. I feel that to many this trial has been absolutely needful. Many liked their minister naturally, who had but little real relish for the message he carried. God now sifts these souls, and wants to show them that it is a looking to Jesus that saves, not a looking to man. I think I could name many to whom this trial should be blessed. Some also who were really on the true foundation, but were building wood, hay, and stubble upon it, may be brought to see that nothing would truly comfort in the day of the Lord but what can stand the hour of trial. You yourself, my dear friend, may be brought to cleave much more simply to the Lord Jesus. You may be made to feel that Christ continueth ever, and hath an unchangeable priesthood; that His work is perfect, and that infinitely; and, poor and naked as we are, we can appear only in Him—only in Him. But if the trial was needed by my people, it was still more needed by *me.* None but God knows what an abyss of corruption is in my heart. He knows and covers all in the blood of the Lamb. In faithfulness Thou hast afflicted me. It is perfectly wonderful that ever God could bless such a ministry. And now, when I go over all the faults of it, it appears almost impossible that I can ever preach again. But then I think again, who can preach so well as a sinner—who is forgiven so much, and daily upheld by the Spirit with such a heart within! I can truly say that the fruit of my long exile has been, that I am come nearer to God, and long more for perfect holiness, and for the world where the people shall be all righteous. I do long to be free from self, from pride, and ungodliness; and I know where to go, "for all the promises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus." Christ is my armoury, and I go to Him to get the whole armour of God—the armour of light. My sword and buckler, my arrows, my sling and stone, all are laid up in Jesus. I know you find it so. Evermore grow in this truly practical wisdom. You have a shepherd; you shall never want. What effect my long absence may have on the mass of unconverted souls I do not know. I cannot yet see God's purposes towards them: perhaps it may be judgment, as in the case of Ephesus (Rev. ii. 5); perhaps it may be in mercy, as in the case of Laodicea (Rev. iii. 19); or perhaps there are some who would not bend under my ministry, who are to flow down as wax before the fire under the ministry of the precious fellow-labourer who is to succeed me. William Burns, son of the minister of Kilsyth, has for the present agreed to supply my place; and though there is a proposal of his being sent to Ceylon, I do hope he may be kept for us. He is one truly taught of God—young, but Christ lives in him. You know he comes of a good kind by the flesh.

Another reason of our trial, I hope, has been God's mercy to Israel. There is something so wonderful about the way in which all difficulties have been overcome, and the way opened up, that I cannot doubt the hand of Jehovah has been in it. This gives me, and should give you, who love Israel, a cheering view of this trial. The Lord meant it for great good. If God be glorified, is not this our utmost desire? Oh, it is sweet, when in prayer we can lay ourselves and all our interests, along with Zion, in the hands of *Him* whom we feel to be *Abba!* And if we are thus tied ourselves in the same bundle with Zion, we must resign all right to ourselves, and to our wishes. May the Lord open up a way to His name being widely glorified on the earth even before we die! I know you will pray for us on our way, that our feet may be beautiful on the mountains of Israel, and that we may say to Zion, "Thy God reigneth." Pray that your poor friend may be supplied out of his riches in glory, that he may not shrink in hours of trial, but endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. I will remember you when far away, and pray God to keep you safe under the shadow of the Redeemer's wings till I come again in peace, if it be His holy will. Dr. Black and Andrew Bonar have both consented to go. I shall probably be sent before to London next week, to open the way. I am not very strong yet; often revisited by my warning friend, to tell me that I may see the New Jerusalem before I see the Jerusalem beneath. However, I have the sentence of death in myself, and do not trust in myself, but in God, who raises the dead.

I saw Mrs. Coutts yesterday, in good health, and full of spirit. She almost offered to go with us to Immanuel's Land. I fear the Pastoral Letters are not worth printing; but I shall ask others what they think. Farewell for the present. The Lord give you all grace and peace.—Your affectionate pastor, etc.

TO THE REV. W. C. BURNS.

On his agreeing to undertake the charge of St. Peter's, during Mr. M'Cheyne's absence in Palestine.

EDINBURGH, HILL STREET, *March* 22, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—For I trust I may now reckon you among the number in the truest sense,—I haste to send you a line in answer to your last. I am glad you have made up your mind to begin your spiritual charge over my flock on the first week of April. The Committee have resolved that I leave this on Wednesday next, so that you will not hear from me again till I am away. Take heed to *thyself.* Your own soul is your first and greatest care. You know a sound body alone can work with power; much more a *healthy soul.* Keep a clear conscience through the blood of the Lamb. Keep up close communion with God. Study likeness to Him in all things. Read the Bible for your own growth first, then for your people. Expound much; it is through *the truth* that souls are to be sanctified, not through *essays upon the truth.* Be easy of access, apt to teach, and the Lord teach you and bless you in all you do and say. You will not find many companions. Be the more with God. My dear people are anxiously waiting for you. The prayerful are praying for you. Be of good courage; there remaineth much of the land to be possessed. Be not dismayed, for Christ shall be with thee to deliver thee. Study Isa. vi., and Jer. i., and the sending of Moses, and Ps. li. 12, 13, and John xv. 26, 27, and the connection in Luke i. 15, 16.

I shall hope to hear from you when I am away. Your accounts of my people will be a good word to make my heart glad. I am often sore cast down; but the eternal God is my refuge. Now farewell; the Lord make you a faithful steward.—Ever yours, etc.

Pastoral Letters to the Flock of St. Peter's.

FIRST PASTORAL LETTER.

View of what God has done,—how it should affect them.

EDINBURGH, *January* 30, 1839.

TO all of you, my dear friends and people, who are beloved of God, and faithful in Christ Jesus, your pastor wishes grace and peace from God the Father, and Christ Jesus our Lord.[1]

As several of you have expressed a desire to hear from me, and as He who at first sent me to you to bear witness of the Lord Jesus has for many weeks withdrawn me, and still lays His afflicting but gentle hand on me, it has seemed good to me, not without prayer, to write to you from week to week a short word of exhortation. May the Holy Spirit guide the pen, that what is written may be blessed to your comfort and growth in grace!

God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ; and the walls of my chamber can bear witness how often the silent watches of the night have been filled up with entreaties to the Lord for you all. I can truly say with John, "that I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth;" and though many of you were in Christ before me, and were living branches of the true vine before I was sent into the vineyard, yet believe me it is true of you also, I have no greater joy than to know that you are more and more filled with the Holy Ghost, and bear more and more fruit to the glory of God the Father. "Herein is the Father glorified, that you bear much fruit." You remember what Paul, when he was a prisoner of the Lord, wrote to the Philippians (i. 12): "I would that ye should understand, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the furtherance of the gospel." I am very anxious that you and I should understand the very same, in the things which have happened unto me, that we may vindicate God in all His dealings with us, and "not despise the chastening of the Lord." I know too well that there are many amongst you who would feel it no grievance if all the Lord's ministers were taken out of the way. Ah, how many are there who would rejoice if they were for ever left to sin unreproved, and to do what was right in their own eyes! Still I am quite sure that to you, "who have obtained like precious faith with us,"—to you, who are the Lord's people, the present is a season of affliction, and you feel, as Naomi felt, that the hand of the Lord is gone out against us. My present object in writing to you is shortly to persuade you that "it is well,"—"the Lord doeth all things well,"—and that it may be really for the furtherance of the gospel among you. In many ways may this be the case.

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[1] He had begun to correct a copy of these Pastoral Letters for publication, at the earnest request of some of his friends. The few corrections made are all inserted. The chief alterations are in the fourth of the Pastoral Letters. He had got no further than the seventh.

First, With respect to myself. It does not become me here to show what benefit it may be to me. Suffice it to say that it has been a precious opportunity in which to reflect on the sins and imperfections of my ministry among you. A calm hour with God is worth a whole lifetime with man. Let it be your prayer that I may come out like gold, that the tin may be taken away, and that I may come back to you, if that be the will of God, a better man, and a more devoted minister. I have much to learn, and these words of David have been often in my heart and on my lips: "I know that Thy judgments are right, and that Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me" (Ps. cxix. 75). Ministers are God's tools for building up the gospel temple. Now you know well that every wise workman takes his tools away from the work from time to time, that they may be ground and sharpened; so does the only-wise Jehovah take His ministers oftentimes away into darkness and loneliness and trouble, that He may sharpen and prepare them for harder work in His service. Pray that it may be so with your own pastor.

Second, With regard to you, my dear brothers and sisters in the Lord, this time of trial is for your furtherance. Does not God teach you, by means of it, to look beyond man to the Saviour, who abideth ever? Is not God showing you that ministers are earthen vessels, easily broken, and fit only to be cast aside like a broken pitcher out of mind? Is He not bidding you look more to the treasure which was in them, and which flows in all its fulness from Christ? It is a sad error into which I see many Christians falling, that of leaning upon man, mistaking friendship towards a minister for *faith* on the Son of God.

Remember that before Moses was sent to deliver Israel, his hand was made leprous, as white as snow, to teach them that it was not the might of that hand that could deliver Israel (Ex. iv. 6, 7). It has been the fault of some of you to lean too much on man. Now God is teaching you that, though the *cistern* may break, the *fountain* abides as open and full and free as ever—that it is not from sitting under any particular ministry that you are to get nourishment, but from being vitally united to Christ. Ministers "are not suffered to continue by reason of death, but *Christ,* because He continueth ever, hath an unchangeable priesthood" (Heb. vii. 23).

Third, With regard to those among you who are almost, but not *altogether,* persuaded to be Christians, does not this providence teach you to make sure of an interest in Christ without delay? You thought you would have the Saviour held up to you for an indefinite number of Sabbaths, little thinking that your Sabbaths and mine are all numbered. Many a time you have said to me in your heart, "Go thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season, I will call for thee." You did not think that a time might come when you may call for your teachers, and they be silent as the grave.

I find many godly people here are looking forward to a time when God's faithful witnesses shall be put to silence, and anxious souls shall wander from sea to sea, seeking the word of God, and shall not find it. Be entreated, O wavering souls, to settle the question of your salvation *now.* Why halt ye between two opinions? It is most unreasonable to be undecided about the things of an endless eternity, in such a world as this, with such frail bodies, with such a Saviour stretching out His hand, and such a Spirit of love striving with you. Remember you are flesh—you will soon hear your last sermon. "I call heaven and earth to record this day against you, that I have put before you life and death, blessing and cursing: therefore choose life, that both thou and thy seed may live" (Deut. xxx. 19).

Fourth, There is another class who are not of you, and yet are on every hand of you, "of whom I have told you often, and now tell you, even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose god is their belly, who glory in their shame, who mind earthly things." Ah! you would not believe if I were to tell you the great heaviness and continual sorrow that I have in my heart for you, and yet I hope my absence may be blessed even to you. Just think for a moment, if God were to remove your teachers one by one—if He were to suffer the Church of our covenanted fathers to fall before the hands of her enemies—if He were to suffer Popery again to spread its dark and deadly shade over the land, where would you be?—you that despise the Sabbath, that care little for the preached word—you that have no prayer in your families, and seldom in your closets—you that are lovers of pleasure—you that wallow in sin! You would have your wish then: you would have your silent Sabbaths indeed—no warning voice to cry after you—no praying people to pray for you—none to check you in your career of wickedness—none to beseech you not to perish. Learn from so small a circumstance as the absence of your stated minister what may be in store for you, and flee now from the wrath to come. "It may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger" (Zeph. ii. 3).

Finally, My brethren, dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, abide all the more in Christ because of my absence, and maintain a closer walk with God, that when I return, as God gives me good hopes now of doing, I may rejoice to see what great things God has done for your souls. God feeds the wild-flowers on the lonely mountain side, without the help of man, and they are as fresh and lovely as those that are daily watched over in our gardens. So God can feed His own planted ones without the help of man, by the sweetly falling dew of His Spirit. How I long to see you walking in holy communion with God, in love to the brethren, and burning zeal for the cause of God in the world! I will never rest, nor give God rest, till He make you a lamp that burneth—a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid. Now strive together with me, in your prayers to God for me, that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. My love be with you all in Christ Jesus. Amen.

SECOND PASTORAL LETTER.

Past times of privilege reviewed—privileges still remaining.

EDINBURGH, *February* 6, 1839.

To all of you, my dear flock, who have chosen the good part which cannot be taken away, your pastor wishes grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

The sweet singer of Israel begins one of his psalms with these remarkable words: "I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto Thee, O God, will I sing." This is the experience of all God's servants in time of trouble. Even in the wildest storms the sky is not all dark; and so in the darkest dealings of God with His children, there are always some bright tokens for good. His way with us of late has been "in the sea, and His path in the deep waters." Yet some of you may have felt that His own hand was leading us like a flock (Ps. lxxvii. 19, 20). One great token of His loving-kindness has been the way in which He has supplied the absence of your stated minister. Ordained messengers, men of faith and prayer, have spoken to you from Sabbath to Sabbath in the name of the Lord. Awakening, inviting, comforting messages you have had; and even your meetings on Thursday evenings He has continued to you; the gates of the house of prayer, like the gates of the city of refuge, have been as open to you as ever, inviting you to enter in and behold by faith what Jacob saw in Bethel, "the ladder set on earth, and the top of it reaching into heaven," inviting you to meet with Him with whom Jacob wrestled till the breaking of the day. Think how often, in times of persecution, the apostles were constrained to leave the seed they had sown, without leaving any one to water it but "the Lord on whom they believed." See Acts xiii. 50, 52, and xiv. 23, and xvi. 40. How often, in times of persecution in the Church of Scotland, our faithful pastors had to leave their few sheep in the wilderness, without any human shepherd to care for their souls, commending them to God, and to the word of His grace! These times may come again. God may be preparing us for such fiery trials. But He hath not yet dealt so with us. He that tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and "who stays His rough wind in the day of His east wind," has mingled mercy with judgment; and even when He humbles us gives us cause for praise. "Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men!" Another mark of His loving-kindness to us is His suffering me to pray for you. You remember how the apostles describe the work of the ministry (Acts vi. 4): "We will give ourselves continually to prayer, and to the ministry of the word." Now, God is my record that this has been my heart's desire ever since my coming among you. I have always felt myself a debtor to you all, both to the wise and to the unwise, so as much as in me is I have been ready to preach the gospel unto you; but God has for a time withdrawn me from that part of the work amongst you. To me that grace is not now given to preach among you the unsearchable riches of Christ. (Oh, how great a grace it is! how wonderful that it should ever have been given to me!) Still He allows me to give myself unto prayer. Perhaps this may be the chief reason of my exile from you, to teach me what Zechariah was taught in the vision of the golden candlestick and the two olive-trees (Zech. iv. 6), that it is not by might, nor by power, but by *His Spirit*, obtained in believing, wrestling prayer, that the temple of God is to be built in our parishes. I have hanged my harp upon the willow, and am no more allowed "to open to you dark sayings upon the harp," nor "to speak of the things which I have made touching the King," who is "fairer than the children of men." Still my soul does not dwell in silence. I am permitted to go in secret to God my exceeding joy; and, while meditating His praise, I can make mention of you all in my prayers, and give thanks for the little flock, who, "by patient continuance in well-doing, seek for glory, and honour, and immortality." "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." I feel it is another gift of grace that I am suffered to write to you. You remember how often the apostles cheered and strengthened the disciples, when absent from them, by writing to them.[1] What a precious legacy of the Church in all ages have these epistles been! every verse like a branch of the Tree of Life, bearing all manner of fruit, and the leaves for the healing of the nation. You remember how holy Samuel Rutherford, and many of our persecuted forefathers in the Church of Scotland, kept the flame of grace alive in their deserted parishes by sending them words of counsel, warning, and encouragement, testifying, not face to face, but with ink and pen, the gospel of the grace of God. I do feel it a great privilege that this door is open to me, and that, even when absent, I can yet speak to you of the things pertaining to the kingdom.

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[1] 2 Cor. vii. 12; Gal. vi. 11; 1 Thess. v. 27; Heb. xiii. 22; 1 Peter v. 12; 2 Peter i. 12–15, iii. 1; 1 John i. 4; Jude 3.

"This second epistle, beloved, I now write unto you, in both which I stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance; yea, I think it meet, so long as I am in this tabernacle, to stir you up by putting you in remembrance."

I. Abide in Him, little children, whom I have always preached unto you, that when He shall appear we may have confidence and not be ashamed before Him at His coming. Let every new sight of your wicked heart, and every new wave of trouble, drive your soul to hide in Him, the Rock of your salvation. There is no true peace but in a present hold of the Lord our Righteousness.

II. Enjoy the forgiveness of sins—keep yourselves in the love of God. If you abide in Christ, you shall abide in His love: your joy let no man take from you. "These things write we unto you, that your joy may be full."

III. Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord. "He that (saith He) abideth in Him ought himself also so to walk even as He walked." Ah, how many falls will I have to mourn over when I return, if God send me back to you,—how many unseemly quarrellings and miscarriages among you, that are God's own,—how many unlovely tempers among those who follow Him who is altogether lovely! Oh, take heed! do not give the enemy cause to blaspheme; naming the name of Christ, depart from all iniquity.

IV. Continue in prayer. How many messages have been carried to you publicly and from house to house, and yet how little success! I bless God for all the tokens He has given us that the Spirit of God has not departed from the Church of Scotland—that the glory is still in the midst of her. Still the Spirit has never yet been shed on us abundantly. The many absentees on the forenoon of the Sabbaths—the thin meetings on Thursday evenings—the absence of *men* from all meetings for the worship of God—the few private prayer-meetings—the little love and union among Christians—all show that the plentiful rain has not yet fallen to refresh our corner of the heritage. Why is this? This is the day of Christ's power—why are the people not made willing? Let James give the answer: "Ye have not, because ye ask not." "Hitherto ye have asked nothing in my name. Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full." Finally, dear brethren, farewell. Day and night I long to come to you, but still God hinders me. Do not omit to praise Him for all the great grace He has mingled in our cup of bitterness. "Seven times a day do I praise Thee because of thy righteous judgments." When passing through the waters He has been with us, and in the rivers they have not overflowed us; and, therefore, we may be sure that when we pass through the fire we shall not be burned, neither shall the flames kindle upon us.

Now, may the God of peace Himself give you peace always, by all means, and the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits. Amen.

THIRD PASTORAL LETTER.

How God works by providences.

EDINBURGH, *February* 13, 1839.

TO all of you, my dear friends and people, who are and shall ever be followers of the Lamb, whithersoever He goeth, your pastor again wishes grace and peace from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ.

I long very much that this grace may again be given unto me to preach among you face to face "the unsearchable riches of Christ." "Oftentimes I purpose to come unto you, but am let hitherto." Still I feel it a great privilege that, even in my retirement, I can send you a word, to the end that you may be established. I feel as if one door was left open to me by the Lord. Believe me, it is the foremost desire of my heart that Christ may be glorified in you, both now and at His coming,—that you may be a happy and a holy people, blessed and made a blessing. For the sake of variety, let me guide your thoughts to a passage of God's own word, and there I will speak to you as if I were yet present with you, and half forget that you are not before me.

In Job xxiii. 8–10 you will find these solemn words:

"Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him. But He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold."

You all know the afflictions which came upon Job. "He was a perfect and upright man," and the greatest of all the men of the East, yet he lost his oxen and his asses, his sheep and camels, and his ten children, in one day. Again, the breath of disease came upon him, and he sat down among the ashes. In all this Job sinned not with his lips. He blessed the hand that smote him: "What! shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil?" And yet when his troubles were *prolonged*, he knew not what to think. Learn how weak the strongest believer is; a bruised reed, without Christ, we are, and can do nothing. When Job's brethren dealt deceitfully with him "as a brook,"—when he felt God hedging him in, and God's arrows drinking up his spirit,—then clouds and darkness rested on his path, he could not unravel God's dealings with his soul; then he cried, "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me!" He longed to get an explanation from God: "Oh that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat! Behold, I go forward, but He is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive Him: on the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him: He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him." You have here, then, in verses 8 and 9, a child of light walking in darkness—an afflicted soul seeking, and seeking in vain, to know why God is contending with him. Dear friends, this is not an uncommon case; even to some of you God's providences often appear inexplicable. I hear that God has been at work among you, and "His way is in the sea." He has tried you in different ways: some of you by the loss of your property, as He tried Job; some of you by the loss of dear friends; some by loss of health, so that "wearisome nights are appointed you"; some by the loss of the esteem of friends, ay, even of Christians. "Your inward friends abhor you." Perhaps more than one trouble has come on you at a time,—wave upon wave, thorn upon thorn. Before one wound was healed, another came,—before the rain was well away, "clouds returned." You cannot explain God's dealings with you,—you cannot get God to explain them; you have drawn the Saviour's blood and righteousness over your souls, and you know that the Father Himself loveth you; you would like to meet Him to ask, "Wherefore contendest Thou with me?" "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" My dear afflicted brethren, this is no strange thing that has happened unto you. Almost every believer is at one time or another brought to feel this difficulty: "God maketh my heart soft, and the Almighty troubleth me." Is it in anger, or is it in pure love, that He afflicts me? Am I fleeing from the presence of the Lord, as Jonah fled? What change would he have wrought in me? If any of you are thinking thus in your heart, pray over this word in Job. Remember the word in Ps. xlvi.: "Be still, and know that I am God." God does many things to teach us that *He* is God, and to make us wait upon Him. And, still further, see in verse 10 what light breaks in upon our darkness: "But He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

Observe *first*, "*He* knoweth the way that I take." What sweet comfort there is in these words: *He* that redeemed me—*He* that pities me as a father—*He* who is the only wise God—*He* whose name is love—"*He* knoweth the way that I take"!

The ungodly world do not know it; the world knoweth us not, even as it knew Him not. A stranger doth not intermeddle with the joys or sorrows of a child of God. When the world looks on your grief with unsympathising eye, you feel very desolate. "Your soul is exceedingly filled with the scorning of those who are at ease." But why should you? He that is greater than all the world is looking with the intensest interest upon all your steps.

The most intimate friends do not know the way of an afflicted believer. Your spirit is lonely, even among God's children; for your way is hid, and the Lord hath hedged you in. Still be of good cheer, the Father of all, the best of friends, knows all the way that you take.

You do not know your own way. God has called you to suffer, and you go, like Abraham, not knowing whither you go. Like Israel going down into the Red Sea, every step is strange to you. Still, be of good cheer, sufferer with Christ! God marks your every step. "The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way." *He* that loves you with an infinite, unchanging love, is leading you by His Spirit and providence. *He* knows every stone, every thorn in your path. Jesus knows your way. Jesus is afflicted in all your afflictions.

"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by My name, thou art Mine. When thou passest through the water, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Second, "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." This also is precious comfort. There will be an end of your affliction. Christians must have "great tribulation"; but they come out of it. We must carry the cross; but only for a moment, then comes the crown. I remember one child of God's saying, that if it were God's will that she should remain in trials a thousand years, she could not but delight in His will. But this is not asked of us: we are only called "*to suffer a while.*" There is a set time for putting into the furnace, and a set time for taking out of the furnace. There is a time for pruning the branches of the vine, and there is a time when the husbandman lays aside the pruning-hook. Let us wait His time; "he that believeth shall not make haste." God's time is the best time. But shall we come out the same as we went in? Ah, no! "we shall come out like gold." It is this that sweetens the bitterest cup; this brings a rainbow of promise over the darkest cloud. Affliction will *certainly* purify a believer. How boldly he says it: "I shall come out like gold"! Ah, how much dross there is in every one of you, dear believers, and in your pastor! "When I would do good, evil is present with me." Oh that all the dross may be left behind in the furnace! What imperfection, what sin, mingles with all we have ever done! But are we really fruit-bearing branches of the true vine? Then it is certain that when we are pruned, we shall bear more fruit. We shall come out like gold. We shall shine more purely as "a diadem in the hand of our God." We shall become purer vessels to hold the sweet-smelling incense of praise and prayer. We shall become holy golden vessels for the Master's use in time and in eternity.

To the many among you who have no part nor lot in Christ, I would say, "See here the happiness of being a Christian in time of trouble." It is no small joy to be able to sing Psalm xlvi. in the dark and cloudy day. I have often told you, and now tell you when I am far from you, "We are journeying to the place of which the Lord hath said, I will give it you: come then with us, and we will do thee good, for God hath spoken good concerning Israel."

Finally, Pray that your pastor may come out of his trials like gold. All is not gold that glitters. Pray that everything that is but glittering dross may be taken away, and that, if it be *His* will, I may come unto you like the fine gold of Ophir. "Continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving, withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance to speak the mystery of Christ."

My chief comfort concerning you is that, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus." Brethren, farewell! Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and of peace shall be with you.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen.

FOURTH PASTORAL LETTER.

God the answerer of prayer.

EDINBURGH, *February* 20, 1839.

TO all of you, my dear flock, who are chosen in Christ before the foundation of the world, to be holy and without blame before Him in love, your pastor again wishes grace and peace from God the Father and our Lord Jesus Christ.

There are many sweet providences happening to us every day, if we would but notice them. In the texts which ministers choose, what remarkable providences God often brings about! I have often felt this, and never more than now. Some of you may remember that the last chapter of the Bible which I read to you in the church was 1 Kings xix., where we are told of Elijah going away into the wilderness for forty days and forty nights to the mount of God, where he was taught that it is not by the *wind*, nor the *earthquake*, nor the *fire*, that God converts souls, but by the still small voice of the gospel. May not this have been graciously intended to prepare us for what has happened? Another providence some of you may have noticed. For several Thursday evenings before I left you I was engaged in explaining and enforcing the sweet duty of believing prayer. Has not God since taught us the use of these things? "Trials make the promise sweet"—"Trials give new life to prayer." Perhaps some of us were only receiving the information into the head; is not God now impressing it on our hearts, and driving us to practise the things which we learned? I do not now remember all the points I was led to speak upon to you, but *one*, I think, was entirely omitted—I mean the subject of answers to prayer. God left it for us to meditate on *now*. Oh, there is nothing that I would have you to be more sure of than this, that "God hears and answers prayer." There never was, and never will be, a believing prayer left unanswered. Meditate on this, and you will say: "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplication" (Ps. cxvi. 1).

First, *God often gives the very thing His children ask at the very time they ask it*. You remember Hannah (1 Sam. i. 10): she was in bitterness of soul, and prayed unto the Lord, and wept sore. "Give unto thine handmaid a man-child." This was her request. And so she went in peace, and the God of Israel heard and granted her her petition that she had asked of Him; and she called the child's name Samuel, that is, "Asked of God." Oh that you could write the same name upon all your gifts! you would have more joy in them, and far larger blessings along with them. You remember David, in Ps. cxxxviii.: "*In the day* that I cried Thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." You remember Elijah (1 Kings xvii. 21): "O Lord my God! I pray Thee let this child's soul come into him again. And *the Lord heard the voice* of Elijah, and *the soul of the child came into him again*, and he revived." You remember Daniel (ix. 20, 21): "*While I was* speaking, and praying, and confessing my sin, and the sin of my people Israel, and presenting my supplication before the Lord my God for the holy mountain of my God; yea, whiles *I was speaking in prayer*, even the man Gabriel, being caused to fly swiftly, touched me about the time of the evening oblation." Oh, what encouragement is here for those among you who, like Daniel, are greatly beloved, —who study much in the books of God's word, and who set your face unto the Lord to seek by prayer gifts for the Church of God! Expect answers while you are speaking in prayer. Sometimes the vapours that ascend in the morning come down in copious showers in the evening. So may it be with your prayers. Take up the words of David (Ps. v. 3): "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up." You remember, in Acts xii., Peter was cast into prison, "but prayer was made without ceasing of the Church unto God for him." And, behold, the same night the answer surprised them at the door. Oh, what surprises of goodness and grace God has in store for you and me, if only we pray without ceasing! If you will pray in union to Jesus, having childlike confidence towards God,—having the Spirit of adoption, crying Abba within you,—seeking the glory of God more than all personal benefits, I believe that in all such cases you will get the *very thing you ask, at the very time you ask it.* Before you call, God will hear; and while you are speaking, He will answer. Oh, if there were twenty among you who would pray thus, and persevere therein like wrestling Jacob, you would get whatever you ask! yea, the case of Daniel shows that the effectual fervent prayer of one such believer among you will avail much. "Delight thyself in the Lord, and He shall give thee the desires of thy heart" (Ps. xxxvii. 4).

Second, *God often delays the answer to prayer for wise reasons.* The case of the Syrophenician woman will occur to you all (Matt. xv. 21–28). How anxiously she cried, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou son of David! But Jesus answered her not a word." Again and again she prayed, and got no gracious answer. Her faith grows stronger by every refusal. She cried, she followed, she kneeled to Him, till Jesus could refuse no longer. "O woman, great is thy faith! Be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Dear praying people, "continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgivings." Do not be silenced by one refusal. Jesus invites importunity by delaying to answer. Ask, seek, knock. "The promise may be long delayed, but cannot come too late." You remember, in the parable of the importunate widow, it is said, "Shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily" (Luke xviii. 1–8). This shows how you, who are God's children, should pray. You should cry day and night unto God. This shows how God hears every one of your cries, in the busy hour of the day-time, and in the lonely watches of the night. He treasures them up from day to day; soon the full answer will come down: "He will answer speedily." The praying souls beneath the altar, in Rev. vi. 9–11, seem to show the same truth, that the answer to a believer's prayers may, in the adorable wisdom of God, be delayed for a little season, and that many of them may not be fully answered till after he is dead. Again, read that wonderful passage, Rev. viii. 3, where it is said that the Lord Jesus, the great Intercessor with the Father, offers to

God the incense of His merits, with the prayers of *all saints*, upon the golden altar which is before the throne. Christ never loses one believing prayer. The prayers of every believer, from Abel to the present day, He heaps upon the altar, from which they are continually ascending before his Father and our Father; and when the altar can hold no more, the full, the eternal answer will come down. Do not be discouraged, dearly beloved, because God bears long with you—because He does not seem to answer your prayers. Your prayers are not lost. When the merchant sends his ships to distant shores, he does not expect them to come back richly laden in a single day: he has long patience. "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord." Perhaps your prayers will come back, like the ships of the merchant, all the more heavily laden with blessings, because of the delay.

Third, *God often answers prayer by terrible things.* So David says in Ps. lxv.: "By terrible things in righteousness wilt Thou answer us, O God of our salvation." And all of you who are God's children have found it true. Some of you have experienced what John Newton did when he wrote that beautiful hymn, "I asked the Lord that I might grow."[1] You prayed with all your heart, "Lord, increase my faith." In answer to this, God has shown you the misery of your connection with Adam. He has revealed the hell that is in your heart. You are amazed, confounded, abashed. You cry, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" You cleave to a Saviour God with a thousand times greater anxiety. Your faith is increased. Your prayer is answered by terrible things. Some of us prayed for a praying spirit: "Lord, teach us to pray." God has laid affliction upon us. Waves and billows go over us. We cry out of the depths. Being afflicted, we pray. He has granted our heart's desire. Our prayer is answered by *terrible things.*

Fourth, *God sometimes answers prayer by giving something better than we ask.* An affectionate father on earth often does this. The child says, Father, give me this fruit. No, my child, the father replies; but here is bread, which is better for you. So the Lord Jesus dealt with his beloved Paul (2 Cor. xii. 7–9). There was given to Paul a thorn in the flesh, a messenger of Satan to buffet him. In bitterness of heart he cried, "Lord, let this depart from me." No answer came. Again he prayed the same words. No answer still. A third time he knelt, and now the answer came, not as he expected. The thorn is not plucked away—the messenger of Satan is not driven back to hell; but Jesus opens wide His loving breast, and says, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Oh, this is something exceeding abundant above all that he asked, and all that he thought! Ah, this is something better than he asked, and better than he thought! Surely God is able to do "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think" (Eph. iii. 20). Dear praying believers, be of good cheer. God will either give you what you ask, or something far better. Are you not quite willing that He should choose for you and me? You remember that even Jesus prayed, "O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me!" That desire was not granted, but there appeared unto Him an angel from heaven strengthening Him (Luke xxii. 43). He received what was far better—strength to drink the cup of vengeance. Some of you, my dear believing flock, have been praying that, if it be God's will, I might be speedily restored to you, that God's name might be glorified; and I have been praying the same. Do not be surprised if He should answer our prayers by giving us something above what we imagined. Perhaps He may glorify Himself by us in another way than we thought. "Oh, the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out! For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things: to whom be glory for ever. Amen."

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[1] *Olney Hymns*, Book iii. Hymn 36.

These things I have written, that you may come boldly to the throne of grace. The Lord make you a praying people. "Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." "I thank my God upon every remembrance of you, always in every prayer of mine for you all, making request with joy."

Now, the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one towards another, according to Christ Jesus. "The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing; and the God of peace be with you all. Amen."

FIFTH PASTORAL LETTER.

What God has done, and the returns made (Isa. v. 4).

EDINBURGH, *February* 27, 1839.

TO all of you, my dear flock, who are washed and sanctified and justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God, your pastor again wishes grace, mercy, and peace.

This is now the fifth time I am permitted by God to write to you. If *you* are not wearied, it is pleasant and refreshing to me. I wish to be like Epaphras (Col. iv. 12): "Always labouring fervently for you in prayer, that you may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." When I am hindered by God from labouring for you in any other way, it is my heart's joy to labour for you thus. When Dr. Scott of Greenock, a good and holy minister, was laid aside by old age from preaching for some years before his death, he used to say, "I can do nothing for my people now but pray for them, and sometimes I feel that I can do that." This is what I also love to feel. Often I am like Amelia Geddie, who lived in the time of the Covenanters, and of whom I used to tell you. The great part of my time is taken up with bringing my heart into tune for prayer; but when the blessed Spirit does help my infirmities, it is my greatest joy to lay myself and you, my flock, in His hand, and to pray that God may yet make "the vine to flourish, and the pomegranate to bud."

If you turn to Isa. v. 4, you will find these affecting words: "What could have been done more to My vineyard, that I have not done in it? wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?"

Consider these words, my dear people, and may the Spirit breathe over them that they may savingly impress your souls. These words are God's pathetic lamentation over His ancient people, when He thought of all that He had done for them, and of the sad return which they made to Him. We have come into the place of Israel; the natural branches of the good olive-tree have been broken off, and we have been grafted in. All the advantages God gave to Israel are now enjoyed by us; and ah! has not God occasion to take up the same lamentation over us, that we have brought forth only wild grapes? I would wish every one of you seriously to consider what more God could have done to save your soul that He has not done. But ah!

consider again whether you have borne grapes, or only wild grapes.

First, Consider how much God has done to save your souls. He has provided a great Saviour, and a great salvation. He did not give man or angel, but the Creator of all, to be the Substitute of sinners. His blood is precious blood. His righteousness is the righteousness of God; and now "to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted to Him for righteousness" (Rom. iv. 5). Most precious word! Give up your toil, self-justifying soul You have gone from mountain to hill; you have forgotten your resting-place; change your plan: work not, but believe on Him that justifieth the ungodly. Believe the record that God hath given concerning His Son. A glorious, all-perfect, all-divine Surety is laid down at your feet. He is within your reach,—He is nigh thee; take Him and live; refuse Him and perish! "What could have been done more for My vineyard, that I have not done in it?"

Second, Again, consider the ordinances God has given you. He has made you into a vineyard. Scotland is the likest of all lands to God's ancient Israel. How wonderfully has God planted and maintained godly ministers in His land, from the time of Knox to the present day! He has divided the whole land into parishes; even on the barren hills of our country He has planted the choicest vine. Hundreds of godly labourers He has sent to gather out the stones of it. God has done this for you also. He has built a tower in the midst of you. Have you not seen His own hand fencing you round,—building a gospel tower in the midst of you, and a gospel vine-press therein? And has He not sent me among you, who am less than the least of all the members of Christ, and yet "determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified"? Has not the Spirit of God been sometimes present in our sanctuary? Have not some hearts been filled there with gladness more than in the time that their corn and wine increased? Have not some hearts tasted there the "love that is better than wine?" "What could have been done more for My vineyard, that I have not done in it?" Now let me ask, what fruit have we borne,—grapes or wild grapes? Ah, I fear the most can show nothing but wild grapes! If God looks down upon us as a *parish*, what does He see? Are there not still a thousand souls utter strangers to the house of God? How many does His holy eye now rest upon who are seldom in the house of prayer,—who neglect it in the forenoon! How many who frequent the tavern on the Sabbath day! Oh, why do they bring forth wild grapes? If God looks upon you as *families*, what does He see? How many prayerless families! How often, as I passed your windows, late at eve or at early dawn, have I listened for the melody of psalms, and listened all in vain! God also has listened, but still in vain. How many careless parents does His pure eye see among you, who will one day, if you turn not, meet your neglected children in an eternal hell! How many undutiful children! How many unfaithful servants! Ah! why such a vineyard of wild grapes? If God looks on you as *individual souls*, how many does He see that were never awakened to real concern about your souls! How many that never shed a tear for your perishing souls! How many that were never driven to pray! How many that know not what it is to bend the knee! How many that have no uptaking of Christ, and are yet cold-hearted and at ease! How many does God know among you that have never laid hold of the only sure covenant! How many that have no "peace in believing," and yet cry, "Peace, peace; when there is no peace"! (Jer. viii. 11). How many does God see among you who have no change of heart and life, who are given up to the sins of the flesh and of the mind! and yet you "bless yourself in your heart, saying, I shall have peace, though I walk in the imagination of my heart, to add drunkenness to thirst" (Deut. xxix. 19). Ah! why do you thus bring forth wild grapes? "Your vine is of the vine of Sodom, and of the fields of Gomorrah: your grapes are grapes of gall, your clusters are bitter" (Deut. xxxii. 32). Ah! remember you will blame yourselves to all eternity for your own undoing. God washes His hands of your destruction. What could have been done more for you that God has not done? I take you all to record this day, if I should never speak to you again, that I am pure from the blood of you all. Oh, barren fig-trees, planted in God's vineyard, the Lord has been digging at your roots; and if ye bear fruit, well; if not, then ye shall be cut down. (Luke xiii. 6–9.)

Now I turn for a moment to you who are God's children. I am persuaded better things of you, my dearly beloved, and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak. Yet what need is there, in these trying times, to search your heart and life, and ask, What fruit does God find in me?

What fruit of *self-abasement* is there in you? Have you found out the evil of your connection with the first Adam? (Rom. v. 19). Do you know the plagues of your own heart? (1 Kings viii. 38); the hell of corruption that is there? (Jer. xvii. 9). Do you feel you have never lived one moment to His glory? (Rom. iii. 25). Do you feel that to all eternity you never can be justified by anything in yourself? (Rev. vii. 14).

Consider, again, what fruit there is of *believing* in you. Have you really and fully uptaken Christ as the gospel lays Him down? (John v. 12). Do you cleave to Him as a sinner? (1 Tim. i. 15). Do you count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Him? (Matt. ix. 9). Do you feel the glory of His person? (Rev. i. 17); His finished work? (Heb. ix. 26); His offices? (1 Cor. i. 30). Does He shine like the sun into your soul? (Mal. iv. 2). Is your heart ravished with His beauty? (Song v. 16).

Again, what fruit is there in you of *crying after holiness?* Is this the one thing you do? (Phil. iii. 13). Do you spend your life in cries from deliverance from this body of sin and death? (Rom. vii. 24). Ah! I fear there is little of this. The most of God's people are contented to be saved from the hell that is *without.* They are not so anxious to be saved from the hell that is *within.* I fear there is little feeling of your need of the indwelling Spirit. I fear you do not know "The exceeding greatness of His power" to usward who believe. I fear many of you are strangers to the visits of the Comforter. God has reason to complain of you, "Wherefore should they bring forth wild grapes?"

Again, what fruit is there of *actual likeness to God* in you? Do you love to be much with God?—"to climb up near to God (Gen. v. 22)—to love, and long, and plead, and wrestle, and stretch after Him?"[1] Are you weaned from the world? (Ps. cxxxi.) from its praise, from its hatred, from its scorn? Do you give yourselves clean away to God (2 Cor. viii. 5) and all that is yours? Are you willing that your will should be lost in His great will? Do you throw yourselves into the arms of God for time and for eternity? Oh, search your hearts and try them! ask God to do it for you, and "to lead you in the way everlasting"! (Ps. cxxxix. 23, 24).

I am deeply afraid that many of us may be like the fig-tree by the wayside, on which the hungry Saviour expected to find fruit, and He found none. Ah! we have been an ungrateful vine, minister and people! What more could God have done for us? Sunshine and shade, rain and wind, have all been given us; goodness and severity have both been tried with us; yet what has been returned to Him? Whether have the curses or the praises been louder rising from our parish to heaven? Whether does our parish more resemble the garden of the Lord, or the howling wilderness? Whether is there more of the perpetual incense of believing prayer, or the "smoke in God's nose" of hypocrisy and broken sacraments?

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[1] See *Brainerd's Diary*, Part ii. April 4.

I write not these things to shame you, but as my "beloved sons I warn you." If there be some among you, and some there are, who are growing up like the lily, casting forth their roots like Lebanon, and bearing fruit with patience, remember "the Lord loveth the righteous." He that telleth the number of the stars taketh pleasure in you. "The Lord taketh pleasure in His people; He will beautify the meek with salvation." Keep yourselves in the love of God. Go carefully through all the steps of your effectual calling a second time.

The Lord give you daily faith. Seek to have a large heart. Pray for me, that a door of utterance may be opened to me. Remember my bonds. Pray that I may utterly renounce myself, that I may be willing to do and to suffer all His will up to the latest breath.

May you all obtain mercy of the Lord now, and in that day to which we are hastening. The grace of the Lord Jesus be with your spirits. Amen.

SIXTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Self-devotedness—what it ought to be.

EDINBURGH, *March* 6, 1839.

TO all my dear flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made me overseer—to all of you who are of the Church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood—your pastor wishes grace, mercy, and peace.

I thank my God without ceasing that ever I was ordained over you in the Lord. For every shower of the Spirit that ever has been shed upon us—for every soul among you that has ever been added to the Church—for every disciple among you whose soul has been confirmed during our ministry, I will praise God eternally. May this letter be blessed to you by the breathing of the Holy Spirit! May it teach you and me more than ever that we "are not our own, but bought with a price."

The most striking example of self-devotedness in the cause of Christ of which I ever heard in these days of deadness, was told here last week by an English minister. It has never been printed, and therefore I will relate it to you, just as I heard it, to stir up our cold hearts, that we may give our own selves unto the Lord.

The awful disease of leprosy still exists in Africa. Whether it be the same leprosy as that mentioned in the Bible, I do not know, but it is regarded as perfectly *incurable*, and so infectious that no one dares to come near the leper. In the south of Africa there is a large lazarhouse for lepers. It is an immense space enclosed by a very high wall, and containing fields, which the lepers cultivate. There is only one entrance, which is strictly guarded. Whenever any one is found with the marks of leprosy upon him, he is brought to this gate and obliged to enter in, never to return. No one who enters in by that awful gate is ever allowed to come out again. Within this abode of misery there are multitudes of lepers in all stages of the disease. Dr. Halbeck, a missionary of the Church of England, from the top of a neighbouring hill saw them at work. He noticed two particularly sowing peas in the field. The one *had no hands*, the other *had no feet*—these members being wasted away by disease. The one who wanted the hands was carrying the other who wanted the feet upon his back, and he again carried in his hands the bag of seed, and dropped a pea every now and then, which the other pressed into the ground with his foot; and so they managed the work of one man between the two. Ah! how little we know of the misery that is in the world! Such is this prison-house of disease. But you will ask, Who cares for the souls of the hapless inmates? Who will venture to enter in at this dreadful gate, never to return again? Who will forsake father and mother, houses and land, to carry the message of a Saviour to these poor lepers? Two Moravian missionaries, impelled by a divine love for souls, have chosen the lazarhouse as their field of labour. They entered it never to come out again; and I am told that as soon as these die, other Moravians are quite ready to fill their place. Ah! my dear friends, may we not blush, and be ashamed before God, that we, redeemed with the same blood, and taught by the same Spirit, should yet be so unlike these men in vehement, heart-consuming love to Jesus and the souls of men?

I wish now to mention to you a proposal which deeply involves the happiness of you and me, and of which I believe most of you have already heard something. Oh that you would trace the Lord's hand in it! Oh that you would "be still, and know that He is God"! Let me go over some of the ways by which God has led us hitherto. When I came to you at the first, it was not of my seeking. I never had been in your town, and knew only one family in it. I did not ask to be made a candidate. I was quite happy where I was labouring in the Lord's work. God turned your hearts to ask me to settle among you. It was the Lord's doing. Since that day "Ye know after what manner I have been with you at all seasons," and how, as far as God gave me light and strength, "I have kept nothing back that was profitable unto you, but have showed you, and have taught you publicly, and from house to house." Ye know also, some of you in your blessed experience, that God has given testimony to the word of His grace, so that "our gospel came not to you in word only, but in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

It is indeed amazing how God should have blessed the word when there was so much weakness and so much sin. But "who is a God like unto our God, that pardoneth iniquity, and passes by the transgressions of the remnant of His heritage?" We planted and watered, and God gave the increase. Ye are God's husbandry—ye are God's building. To Him be the glory.

You know also that I have had some painful trials among you. The state of the mass of unconverted souls among you has often made my heart bleed in secret. The coldness and worldliness of you who are God's children has often damped me. The impossibility of fully doing the work of a minister of Christ, among so many souls, was a sad burden to me. The turning back of some that once cared for their souls pierced my heart with new sorrows. Still I have had two years of great joy among you—unspeakable joy—in seeing souls added to the Church of such as shall be saved. I may never be honoured to preach again, yet still to all eternity I shall praise God that He sent me to you: "For what is our hope, or joy, or crown of rejoicing? Are not even ye in the presence of the Lord Jesus Christ at His coming?

For ye are our glory and joy" (1 Thess. ii 19, 20). And should I lightly break up such a connection as this? Ah, no! My dear friends, I do not need all your affectionate letters to persuade me that, if it were the Lord's will, my own vineyard is the happiest place in the world for me to be. Again and again other vineyards were offered to me, and I was asked to leave you; but I never for a moment listened to one of them, for ye were the seal of my ministry; and where could I be happier than where the Lord had blessed me, and was still blessing me? But God sent another message to me. He laid a heavy hand upon my body. I long struggled against it, but it was too much for me. For two months I have been an exile from you, and I have felt all the time like a widower, or like Jacob bereaved of his children. My constant prayer was, that I might be restored to you, and to the Lord's service. You prayed the same; and when it was not answered, I cried, "Wherefore contendest thou with me?" That word was sent in answer: "My son, despise not thou the chastening of the Lord, neither *be weary* of His correction" (Prov. iii. 11). God seems plainly to shut the door against my returning to you at present. I am greatly better, yet still I am forbidden to preach. I am not even allowed to conduct the family devotions morning and evening; indeed, whenever I exert myself much in conversation, I soon feel the monitor within, warning me how frail I am.

In these circumstances, the General Assembly's Committee on the Jews have this day resolved that your pastor, accompanied by Dr. Black of Aberdeen, and my beloved friend Andrew Bonar of Collace,[1] should travel for the next six months, to make personal inquiry after the lost sheep of the house of Israel.

They propose that we should go without delay to the Holy Land—that we should then return by Smyrna, Constantinople, Poland, Germany, and Holland. Now I did not seek this appointment—I never dreamed of such a thing. "But He that hath the key of David, He that openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth," He has thrown open this door to me, while He keeps the door of return to you still shut. My medical men are agreed that it is the likeliest method of restoring my broken health, and that I have strength enough for the journey. You know how my heart is engaged in the cause of Israel, and how the very sight of Immanuel's land will revive my fainting spirit. And if it be the will of God, I shall return to you, my beloved flock, to tell you all that I have seen, and to lead you in the way to the Jerusalem that is above.

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[1] The Rev. Dr. Keith of St. Cyrus had not at that time joined the deputation.

I cannot tell you how many providences have been sent to me, every one convincing me that it is God's will and purpose I should go.

The most cheering one to me is, that a young man has nearly consented to fill my place, and feed your souls during my absence, who is everything I could wish, and who will make you almost forget that you want your own pastor. Nay, whatever happens, I hope you will never forget me, but remember me in your families, and remember me in your secret prayers. You are all graven on my heart—I never can forget you. How wonderful have been God's dealings with us! For many reasons He has sent this affliction on us,—for sin in me, for sin in you; but also I am persuaded that He might seek after "The dearly beloved of His soul," that are now in the hand of their enemies. His way is in the sea; His name is Wonderful. I grieve to write so much about myself. I had far rather speak to you of "*Him* who is fairer than the children of men." May you look beyond all ministers *to Him*—may He be your guide even unto death! Once again I hope to write before I leave my home and my country. Till then, may all grace abound toward you, and peace be upon Israel. Amen.

SEVENTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Unexpected calls to labour—Parting counsels to believers.

EDINBURGH, *March* 13, 1839.

TO all of you who are my brethren, and my companions in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of our Lord Jesus Christ, your pastor wishes grace, mercy, and peace.

It gives me great joy to address you once more; and if I could only grave on your heart some of those words which make wise unto salvation, my time and labour would be amply repaid. The providences of every day convince me that I have followed not my own will, but God's, in leaving you for a time. If the Lord permit, I shall come to you again, and I trust more fully taught by the Spirit,—a holier, happier, and a more useful minister. I did not know when I last preached to you that I was to be so long parted from you; and though I felt a solemn tenderness stealing over my soul which I could not well account for, and eternity seemed very near, and your souls seemed very precious, yet the Lord was "leading the blind by a way which we knew not." I have been searching God's word to find examples of this, and I find them very many.

You remember Abraham, how he was living quietly in his father's house, in Ur of the Chaldees, when the Lord appeared to him, and said, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will show thee" (Gen. xii. 1). And he went out, not knowing whither he went. You remember Jacob: his mother said unto him, "Arise, flee thou to Laban, my brother, to Haran, and tarry with him *a few days*." But the Lord meant it otherwise; and it was twenty years before Jacob came back again (Gen. xxvii. 43, 44). You remember Joseph: his father sent him a message to his brethren: "Go, I pray thee, see whether it be well with thy brethren, and well with the flocks, and bring me word again" (Gen. xxxvii. 14). He expected to see him return in a few days; but God had another purpose with him. It was more than twenty years before he saw the face of Joseph again; till he said, "It is enough; Joseph my son is yet alive: and I will go and see him before I die."

You will find the same method of dealing in the New Testament. How little Peter knew that morning when he went up to the housetop to pray, that he was that very day to be sent away to open the door of faith to the Gentiles (Acts x. 9); and yet God said to him, "Arise, get thee down, and go with them, nothing doubting" (verse 20). Again, you remember Barnabas and Saul, how happily they were engaged with the brethren at Antioch, ministering to the Lord and fasting. Little did they think that the next day they would be sailing away to carry the gospel to other lands. As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. And when they had fasted and prayed, and laid their hands on them, they sent them away" (Acts xiii. 2, 13).

Once more, when Paul had preached the gospel in all the cities of Asia, and was come to Troas, on the sea-coast, how little did he think that night, when he laid his head upon his pillow, that by the next day morning the swift ship would be carrying him across the seas, to bear the message of salvation to another continent! "A vision appeared to Paul in the night: There stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia and help us. And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them" (Acts xvi. 9, 10).

Now, has not God dealt with us in a similar manner? Although we are nothing in ourselves but evil and hell-deserving creatures, yet, when accepted in the Beloved, God cares for us. Oh, we err, not knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God, when we think that God is indifferent to the least of all that are in Christ. We are fastened on the Redeemer's shoulder. We are graven on His breastplate, and that is on the Redeemer's heart. Surely He hath directed our steps. "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and the knowledge of God!" In other circumstances, I suppose, I would not have listened to this proposal. I could not have torn myself away had I been in strength and usefulness among you, and indeed the expedition probably would never have been thought of.

But God, who chose *Israel* to be his peculiar treasure, can easily open up ways when *His set time* is come. I parted from you only for a *few days;* but God meant otherwise, and He will make it His own fixed time. And now, behold, I know that there are some of you among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, who "shall see my face no more." "He that keepeth Israel" may preserve your pastor under His almighty feathers. I know you will pray for me, as you have done in secret, and in your families, and in your meetings for prayer, "that the sun may not smite me by day, nor the moon by night;" but if I should come back again, will I find you all where I left you? Alas! I know it cannot be so. "For what is your life? It is even a vapour;" and God is still crying, "Return, return, ye children of men."

For some among you, I give thanks unto the Father that He hath made you meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light (Col. i. 12). There are some among you from whom I have learned more than I taught you, "who have been succourers of many, and of myself also" (Rom. xvi. 2), and who have often reminded me of corn, when it was fully ripe. Shall we be surprised if the Son of man puts in the sickle? (Rev. xiv. 13, 16). Dear advanced believers, we may never meet again. I feel it almost wrong to pray that ye may be kept to comfort us on our return. It is wrong to grudge you "an entrance into perfect day," where you shall lay aside that body of death and sin which is your greatest grief; yet may the Lord spare you and bless you, and make you a blessing, that ye may bear fruit in old age. Oh, fill up the little inch of time that remains to His glory; walk with God; live for God. Oh that every thought, and word, and action might be in His favour, and to His praise! The Lord grant that we may meet again here, and with you be refreshed; but if not, may we meet "where we shall walk with Christ in white." God, who knows my heart, knows it would be a hell to me to spend an eternity with unconverted Christless souls; but to be with Christ and His people is heaven to me wherever it is. There are many young believers among you, whom I may never meet again. It is hard to think of parting with you; the mother feels it hard to part with the sucking child. It was my highest delight in this world, to see you growing day by day—to see your sense of the plague in your own heart deepening—to see you cleaving to Christ with full purpose of heart—to see your "peace widening like a river," and to see your love burning higher and higher toward the throne of God. You are in my heart to live and to die with me. Still *He* who at any time fed you by *me*, can as easily feed you by another. I commend you to the Lord, on whom you believe. Read 2 Pet. iii. 17; meditate over it, pray over it; beware lest ye also, being led away with the error of the wicked, fall from your own stedfastness; but grow in grace.

The only way to be kept from *falling* is to *grow*. If you stand still, you will fall. Read Prov. xi. 28: "The righteous shall flourish as a branch." Remember you are not a *tree*, that can stand alone; you are only "a branch," and it is only while you abide in *Him*, as a branch, that you will flourish. Keep clear your sense of justification; remember *it is not* your own natural goodness, nor your tears, nor your sanctification, that will justify you before God. It is Christ's sufferings and obedience *alone*. Seek to be made holier every day; pray, strive, wrestle for the Spirit, to make you like God. Be as much as you can with God. I declare to you that I had rather be one hour with God, than a thousand with the sweetest society on earth or in heaven. All other joys are but streams; God is the fountain: "all my springs are in Thee." Now may the blessings that are on the head of the just be on your head. Be faithful unto death, and Christ will give you a crown of life; and if I never meet you again in this world, may I meet you as "pillars in the house of my God," where "you shall go no more out." Pray for me when you have access to the throne,—when you have a heart for it. I will try and pray for you, that ye may endure to the end. I have a word more for those of you that are still unconverted, whom I may never see again in the flesh. My heart bleeds to think of parting with you; but I must defer this to my next letter, for I expect to write you again before I go. Farewell for the present, and may the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits. Amen.

EIGHTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Warnings to the unsaved—Causes why so many among us are unsaved.

EDINBURGH, *March* 20, 1839.

TO all of you, my dear flock, who are dearly beloved and longed for, my joy and crown, your pastor wishes grace, mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ.

In my last letter I showed you that, in all human probability, there are many of you to whom I have preached the gospel of salvation, to whom I shall never preach it again face to face. I cannot be blind to the many dangers that accompany foreign travel,—the diseases and accidents to which we shall be exposed; but if, through your prayers, I be given to you again, how many blanks shall I find in my flock! How many dear children of God gone to be "where the weary are at rest," where the imperfect "are made perfect"! How many of you that have stood out against all the invitations of Christ, and all the warnings of God, shall I find departed, to give in your account before the throne! It is to these last I wish now to speak. For two years I have testified to you the gospel of the grace of God. I came to you in "weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling;" and if the case of the children of God, and of backsliding souls, has often lain heavy at my heart, I can truly say that your dreadful condition—"settled like wine upon her lees," when you are about to be "turned upside down, as a man turneth a dish and wipeth it"—has been a continued anxiety to me; and sometimes, when I have had glimpses of the reality of eternal things, it has been an unsupportable agony to my spirit. I know well that this is a jest to you,—that you care not whether ministers go or stay; and if you get a short sermon on the Sabbath day that will soothe and not prick your conscience, that is all you care for. Still, it may be, the Lord who opened Manasseh's heart will open yours, while I go over solemnly, in the sight of God, what appear to be the chief reasons why, after my two years' ministry among you, there are still so many unconverted, perishing souls.

One cause is to be sought in *your minister*. In Mal. ii. 6 you will find a sweet description of a faithful and successful minister: "The law of truth was in his mouth, and iniquity was not found in his lips: he walked with me in peace and equity, and did turn many away from iniquity." This is what *we should* have done; but the furnace brings out the dross, and afflictions discover defects unknown before. Oh that I could say with Paul: "That I have been with you at all seasons serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears"! "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily and justly and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe." I am indeed amazed that the ministry of such a worm as I am should ever have been blessed among you at all; and I do this day bewail before God every sin in my heart and life that has kept back the light from your poor dark souls. Oh, you that can pray, pray that I may come back a holy minister,—a shepherd not to lead the flock by the voice only, but to *walk* before them in the way of life. Looking back over my pulpit work, alas! I see innumerable deficiencies. I always prayed that I might "not keep back anything that was *profitable*,"—that I might not shun to declare the whole counsel of God,—"that I might decrease, and Christ increase." Still, alas! alas! how dimly I have seen and set before you "the truth as it is in Jesus"! How coldly have I pleaded with you to "save yourselves from this untoward generation"! How many things I have known among you "besides Christ and Him crucified"! How often have I preached myself, and not the Saviour! How little I have "expounded to you in all the Scriptures the things concerning Jesus"! One error more has been in my private labours among you. How much fruitless intercourse have I had with you! I have not been like a *shepherd* crying after the lost sheep, nor like a *physician* among dying men, nor like a servant bidding you to the marriage, nor like one plucking brands from the burning! How often have I gone to your houses to try and win your souls, and you have put me off with a little worldly talk, and the words of salvation have died upon my lips! I dared not tell you you were perishing,—I dared not to show you plainly of the Saviour. How often I have sat at some of your tables, and my heart yearned for your souls, yet a false shame kept me silent! How often I have gone home crying bitterly, "Free me from *blood-guiltiness*, O God, thou God of my salvation!"

I turn now to the causes in you, dear children of God. You also have hindered in great measure God's work in the parish. *First*, by your want of *holiness.* "Ye are the light of the world." I have often told you that a work of revival in any place almost always begins with the children of God. God pours water first on "him that is thirsty," and then on the dry ground. But how little has "the word of the Lord sounded out from you"! I do not mean that you should have been loud talkers about religious things. "In the multitude of words, there wanteth not sin, and the talk of the lips leadeth to penury." But you should have been "living epistles, known and read of all men. You know that a lighted lamp is a very small thing, and it burns calmly and without noise; yet "it giveth light to all that are within the house." So, if you had day by day the blood of Christ upon your conscience,—walking a forgiven and adopted child of God,—having a calm peace in your bosom, and a heavenly hope in your eye,—having the Holy Spirit filling you with a sweet, tender, chaste, compassionate, forgiving love to all the world,—oh, had you shone thus for two years back, how many of your friends and neighbours that are going down to hell might have been saying this day, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God"! Think, my beloved friends, that every act of unholiness, of conformity to the world, of selfishness, of whispering and backbiting, is hindering the work of God in the parish, and ruining souls eternally. And what shall I say to those of you who, instead of emitting the sweet winning light of holiness, have given out only rays of darkness? "I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love. Remember, therefore, from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do thy first works, or else I will come unto thee quickly, and will remove thy candlestick out of his place, except thou repent."

Second, You have hindered God's work by your want of prayer. When God gives grace to souls, it is in answer to the prayers of His children. You will see this on the day of Pentecost

(Acts ii.); Ezek. xxxvii. 9 shows that in answer to the prayer of a single child of God, God will give grace to a whole valley full of dry and prayerless bones. Where God puts it into the heart of His children to pray, it is certain that He is going to pour down His Spirit in abundance. Now, where have been your prayers, O children of God? The salvation of those around you depends on your asking, and yet "hitherto ye have asked nothing in Christ's name." Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers, keep not silence, and give Him no rest. Alas! you have given God much rest,—you have allowed His hand to remain unplucked out of His bosom. It is said of John Welsh, minister of Ayr, that he used always to sleep with a plaid upon his bed, that he might wrap it around him when he arose in the night to pray. He used to spend whole nights in wrestling with God for Zion, and for the purity of the Church of Scotland; and he wondered how Christians could lie all night in bed without rising to pray. Oh, we have few Welshes now! therefore our Church is so dim, and our land a barren wilderness. Dear Christians, I often think it strange that ever we should be in heaven, and so many in hell through our soul-destroying carelessness. The good Lord pardon the past, and stir you up for the future. I learn that you are more stirred up to pray since I left, both in secret and unitedly. God grant it be so. Continue in it, dear children. Do not let it slip again. Plead and wrestle with God, showing Him that *the cause is His own*, and that it is all for *His own glory* to arise and have mercy upon Zion.

Last of all, think of the causes in yourselves, O unconverted souls! Be sure of this, that you will only have yourselves to blame if ye awake in hell. You will not be able to plead God's secret decrees, nor the sins of your minister, nor the carelessness of your godly neighbours,—you will be speechless. If you die, it is because you *will* die; and if you *will* die, then you must die.

Think, first, on your carelessness about ordinances. They are the channels through which God pours His Spirit. The Bible, prayer, the house of God,—these are the golden pipes through which the golden oil is poured. How many of you utterly neglect the Bible! You know not the blessedness of the man spoken of in the first Psalm. How many of you restrain prayer before God! How many of you have dead useless prayers, learned by rote! And oh, how you despise the house of God! Alas, that church shall rise against you in judgment. It was a door of the ark brought near to you. Two years and more its gates have been wide open to you, and yet how you have slighted it! Already I seem to hear your loud wailing when you mourn at the last, and say, "How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof, and have not obeyed the voice of my teachers!"

Think, second, how you have been mockers. It has been too common for you to make a mock of eternal things and of godly people. When there have been anxious souls seeking the way to be saved, and they could not conceal their tears, you have called them hypocrites! When some have got a new heart, and have changed their way of life, you have spoken scoffingly of them, and tried to bring them into contempt, Alas! poor soul, look within. You have hardened your hearts into an adamant stone. Look at Prov. xvii. 5: "He that mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker." And again (Isa. xxviii. 22): "Now, therefore, be ye not *mockers*, lest your bands be made strong."

To sum up all. The great cause that I leave you hardened is, that you "despise the Son of God." You see no beauty in Him that you should desire Him. You lightly esteem the Rock of your salvation. You have not had a soul-piercing look at a pierced Saviour. You have not seen the infinite load of sins that weighed down His blessed head. You have not seen how open His arms are to receive,—how often He would have gathered you. You have not heard that sweet word whispered of the Spirit, "Behold me, behold me," which, when a man once hears, he leaves all and follows. You have trampled under foot the blood of the Son of God. Farewell, dear, dear souls. God knows that my whole heart prays that you may be saved.

Perhaps there are some of you that never would bend under my ministry, that will melt like wax before the fire under the word of the dear young minister who is to speak to you in my absence. May the Lord give him hundreds for my tens! I will often pray for you, and sometimes write to you, when I am far away. If I reach Immanuel's land, I will say, "The Lord bless you out of Zion." And if you will not turn, remember I take God for a record that I am pure from the blood of you all.

Dear children of God, I now cast you on Him who cast you on me when I was ordained over you. He said to me, "Feed my sheep,"—"feed my lambs,"—"feed my sheep." Now, when

He sends me away, I would humbly return His own words to Him, saying, O Shepherd of Israel, feed my sheep,—feed my lambs,—feed my sheep. Little children, love one another. Keep yourselves from idols. Bear me ever on your hearts. Pray that when I have preached to others, I may not be a castaway. Pray that I may save some.

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus Christ, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in His sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

My next, if God will, may be from England.

NINTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Incidents of the way as far as Leghorn—Exhortations.

LEGHORN, *May* 2, 1839.

TO all of you, my beloved flock, who have received Christ, and walk in Him, your pastor wishes grace, and mercy, and peace, from God our Father, and from our Lord Jesus Christ.

My heart's desire and prayer for you every day is that you may be saved. I am now far from you in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit. I thank my God without ceasing, for as many of you as have been awakened to flee from the wrath to come, have rested your souls upon the good word of God concerning Jesus, and have tasted the love of God. In every prayer of mine for you all, I ask that ye may continue in the faith, grounded and settled,—that ye may be like trees, rooted in Christ Jesus, or like a holy temple built up in Him who is the only foundation-stone.

I expected to have written you from London, and again before leaving France; but we have travelled so rapidly, often day and night, and the fatigue was so great to my weak frame, that I was disappointed in this; but I did not forget you night or day, and I know well I am not forgotten by you. Since I wrote you last I have passed through many cities and countries, and seen many faces and things strange to me. Many lessons for my own soul, and for yours, I have learned. At present I must write you shortly.

We left London on the 11th of April, and next morning crossed the British Channel from Dover to Boulogne, and found ourselves on the shores of France. The very first night we spent in France, we were visited by a most interesting Jew, evidently anxious about his soul. He spoke with us for many hours, accepted the New Testament in Hebrew, and bade good-bye with much emotion. We thanked God for this token for good. Pray for us, that God may give us good success, that we may have the souls of Israel for our hire. From Boulogne we travelled to Paris, by day and by night, and spent a Sabbath there. Alas! poor Paris knows no Sabbath; all the shops are open, and all the inhabitants are on the wing in search of pleasures,—pleasures that perish in the using. I thought of Babylon and of Sodom as I passed through the crowd. I cannot tell how I longed for the peace of a Scottish Sabbath. There is a place in Paris called the *Champs Elysées*, or Plains of Heaven,—a beautiful public walk, with trees and gardens; we had to cross it on passing to the Protestant church. It is the chief scene of their Sabbath desecration, and an awful scene it is. Oh, thought I, if this is the heaven a Parisian loves, he will never enjoy the pure heaven that is above! Try yourselves by that text, Isa. lviii. 13, 14. I remember of once preaching to you from it. Do you really delight in the Sabbath day? If not, you are no child of God. I remember with grief that there are many among you that despise the Sabbath,—some who buy and sell on that holy day,—some who spend its blessed hours in worldly pleasures, in folly and sin. Oh, you would make Dundee another Paris if you could! Dear believers, oppose these ungodly practices with all your might. The more others dishonour God's holy day, the more do you honour it, and show that you love it of all the seven the best. Even in Paris, as in Sardis, we found a little flock of believers. We heard a sweet sermon in English, and another in French. There are only 2000 Protestant hearers out of the half million that inhabit Paris, and there are fourteen faithful sermons preached every Sabbath.

We left the French capital on the 16th April, a lovely evening, with a deep blue sky above, and a lovely country before us, on the banks of the Seine. This would be a delightsome land, if it only had the light of God's countenance upon it. We travelled three days and three nights, by Troyes, Dijon, and Chalons, till we came to Lyons, upon the rapid river Rhone, in the South of France. The Lord stirred up kind friends to meet us. Lyons is famous as being the place where many Christians were martyred in the first ages, and where many were burned at the time of the Reformation because they loved and confessed the Lord Jesus. God loves the place still. There is a small body of three hundred believers, who live here under a faithful pastor, Mr. Cordees. He cheered our hearts much, and sent us away with affectionate prayers.

That day we sailed down the Rhone more than one hundred miles, through a most wonderful country. We hoped to have spent the Sabbath at Marseilles; but just as we entered the Mediterranean Sea, a storm of wind arose, and drove the vessel on a barren island at the mouth of the Rhone. We all landed and spent our Sabbath quietly on the desert island. It was your communion Sabbath; and I thought that perhaps this providence was given me that I might have a quiet day to pray for you. There were about twelve fishermen's huts on the island, made of reeds, with a vine growing before the door, and a fig-tree in their garden. We gave tracts and books in French to all our fellow-passengers, and to the inhabitants, and tried to hallow the Sabbath. My heart went up to God the whole day for you all, and for my dear friends who would be ministering to you. I tried to go over you one by one, as many as I could call to mind. My longing desire for you was, that Jesus might reveal Himself to you in the breaking of bread,—that you might have heart-filling views of the lovely person of Immanuel, and might draw from *Him* rivers of comfort, life, and holiness. I trust your fellowship was with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. Many I know are ignorant of Jesus. I trembled when I thought of their taking the bread and wine. You all know my mind upon this. The next morning the storm abated, and we sailed over the tideless sea, and reached the beautiful harbour of Marseilles by eight o'clock. We had conference with a faithful young minister, and with the Rabbi of the Jews. We also attended the synagogue the same evening. The Jews of France are fast falling into infidelity, especially the younger Jews. They do not love the law and the prophets as their fathers did. They are, indeed, the dry bones in Ezek. xxxvii. Still God can make them live. It is our part to speak to them the word of the Lord, and to pray for the quickening Spirit.

True Christians in France are increasing. There are four hundred Protestant ministers, and nearly one half of these are faithful men, who know nothing among their flocks but Christ and Him crucified. In some places Christians seem more bold and devoted than in Scotland. It is very pleasant to hear them singing the French psalms: they sing with all their heart, and are much given to prayer. Oh, my dear Christians, be like them in these things! May the same Holy Spirit, who has often visited you in times gone by, fill your hearts more than ever with praise and prayer!

Popery in France is waxing bolder. The first day we landed on the shore, it was evident we were in a land of Popish darkness. On the height above Boulogne, a tall white cross attracted our eyes. We found on it an image of our Saviour nailed to the tree, larger than life; the spear, the hammer, the nails, the sponge, were all there. It was raised by some shipwrecked fishermen; and sailors' wives go there in a storm to pray for their absent husbands. The Popish priests meet us in every street: they wear a three-cornered hat, black bands, a black mantle with a sash, and large buckles on their shoes; they have all a dark, suspicious look about them. At the entrance of every village there is a cross, and the churches are full of pictures and images. I went into one church in Paris, the finest in France, where the crosses were all of pure silver, and there was a large white image of the Virgin Mary, holding the infant Jesus in her arms. Many rich and poor were kneeling on the pavement before the image, silently praying. Gross darkness covers the people. A priest travelled one whole night with us in the coach. We argued with him first in French and then in Latin, trying to convince him of his errors, showing him his need of peace with God, and a new heart. In Psalm cxxxvii. you will see that Babylon, or Popery, is "doomed to destruction;" and in Rev. xviii. you will see that her destruction will be very sudden and very terrible. Oh that it may come soon, for thousands are perishing under its soul-destroying errors! And yet remember what I used to read to you out of Martin Boos, and remember the saying of the Lord to Elijah (1 Kings xix.). There may be many hidden ones even in Babylon. The whole way through France we distributed French tracts. Many hundreds in this way received a message of life. In every village they came crowding around us to receive them. Pray that the dew of the Spirit may make the seed sown by the wayside spring up.

We were too late for the first vessel to Malta, and therefore resolved to sail into Italy. We left Marseilles on the 23rd April, and landed at Genoa on the 24th. Genoa is one of the most beautiful towns in the world: the most of the houses and churches are of pure white marble, and from the sea look like palaces. But Satan's seat is there: we dared not distribute a single tract or book in Genoa,—we would have been imprisoned immediately. The Catholic priests, in their black dismal cloaks, and the monks with their coarse brown dress, tied with a cord, a crucifix and beads hanging round their neck, bare feet, and cowl, swarm in every street. I counted that we met twenty of them in a ten minutes' walk. Popery reigns here triumphant, yet the people "are sitting still, and at ease," living for this world only. Oh, it is an awful thing to be at ease when under the wrath of God! Every place I see in Italy makes me praise God that you have the gospel so freely preached unto you. Prize it highly; do not neglect the wells of salvation that flow so freely for you.

The next day we sailed for Leghorn, where we have been ever since. We are living in the house where the excellent Mr. Martin, once minister of St. George's, Edinburgh, died in 1834. We visited his grave. I prayed that, like him, we might be faithful unto the end. There are from 10,000 to 20,000 Jews here. We went to the synagogue the night we arrived, and twice since; it is a beautiful building inside, capable of holding 2000 persons. The place where they keep the law, written on a parchment roll, is finely ornamented with marble; so is the desk kept where they read the prayers. Lamps are continually burning. One Rabbi was chanting the prayers when we entered. Beside the ark there stood three Rabbis, in the Eastern dress, with turbans and flowing robes, and long beards. They were much reverenced, and many came to kiss their hand and receive their blessing, One of them is from Jerusalem; we have had many interesting conversations with him. Every day we have met with several Jews; they are very friendly to us, and we try to convince them out of the Scriptures that Jesus is the Christ. There are about two hundred and fifty Protestants here; and we have tried to stir them up also to care for their souls. Dr. Black preached to them in our hotel last Sabbath evening.

Hitherto the Lord hath helped us. To-morrow we sail from Italy to Malta, then for Egypt, and then for the Holy Land. Dear believers, it is a sweet consolation to me that your prayers go with me wherever I go. Often, perhaps, they close the mouth of the adversary,—often keep back the storms from our vessel,—often open a way to the hearts of those we meet,—often bring down a sweet stream of the Spirit to water my thirsty soul. May I be enabled to make a sweet exchange with you, praying my heavenly Father to render double unto each of your bosoms what you pray for me! May my dear brother, who, I trust, fills my place among you, be made a blessing to you all! May his own soul be watered while he waters yours! Join him with me in your supplications. May he win many souls among you that I could never win.

This is Thursday evening. I trust you are at this moment met together in the prayer-meeting. Oh, do not forsake the assembling of yourselves together! My heart is with you all. May the Spirit fill the whole church and every heart with His presence and power. My body is still far from being strong. I am more and more convinced that I did right in leaving you. I trust to be restored to you again in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. "The will of the Lord be done."

My dear brother who is with me, whom you know well, and who daily joins me in fervent prayers for you, sends his salutations. Remember me to all who are sick and afflicted. Alas! how many of you may be labouring and heavy laden, that I know not of; but Jesus knows your sorrows. I commend you to the good Physician.

My dear classes I do not and cannot forget. Psalm cxix. 9th verse, I pray may be written in your hearts.

My dear children in the Sabbath schools I always think upon on the Sabbath evenings, *and on those* who patiently labour among them. The Lord Himself give you encouragement, and a full reward.

To all I say, keep close to Christ, dear friends. Do not be enticed away from Him; He is all your righteousness, and all mine; out of *Him* you have all your strength, and I mine. It pleased the Father that in *Him* should all fulness dwell.

The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ be with your spirits. Farewell.

TENTH PASTORAL LETTER.

Incidents of the way in Palestine and other lands—Request.

Breslau, in Prussia, *October* 16, 1839.

TO my dear flock, whom I love in the Lord Jesus, grace, mercy, and peace, be multiplied from God the Father, and from His Son Jesus Christ.

I fear that many of you will be thinking hardly of your distant pastor, because of his long silence; and, indeed, I cannot but think hardly of myself. I little thought, when leaving Italy, that I would be in Europe again before writing to you. I did not know how difficult it is to write at any length when travelling in the East. From the day we left Egypt till we came to Mount Lebanon, for more than two months, we were constantly journeying from place to place, living in tents, without the luxury of a chair or a bed. In these circumstances, with my weak body, and under a burning sun, you must not wonder at my silence. At the foot of Mount Carmel I began one letter to you, and again in sight of the Sea of Galilee I began another, but neither did I get finished. Last of all, before leaving the Holy Land, I set apart a day for writing to you; but God had another lesson for me to learn. He laid me down under a burning fever, bringing me to the very gates of death. Indeed, my dear people, I feel like Lazarus, whom the Lord Jesus raised from the tomb. I feel like one sent a second time with the message of salvation, to speak it more feelingly and more faithfully to your hearts, as one whose eye had looked into the eternal world. In all our wanderings, you have been with me by night and by day. Every scene of Immanuel's land brought you to my remembrance, because every scene tells us of Jesus Christ and Him crucified. In the wilderness—in Jerusalem—beside the Sea of Galilee—at Smyrna—on the Black Sea—on the Danube—you have been all with me. I have, day and night, unceasingly laid your case before God. It has been one of my chief comforts, that, though I could not preach to you, nor come to you, I could yet pray for you. Perhaps I may obtain more for you in this way than I could have done by my personal services among you. Another joy to me has been, that I know all of you who pray, pray for me. This has been a lamp to me in many a dark hour. God has wonderfully preserved us through your prayers. In the south of the Holy Land we were daily exposed to the plague. Every night we heard the wail of the mourners going about the streets of Jerusalem; yet no plague came near our dwelling. Near the Sea of Galilee we were often in danger of being robbed and murdered by the wild Arabs; yet we passed unhurt through the midst of them. Sailing to Smyrna, your pastor was brought low indeed, insomuch that I never thought to see you again; yet He sent His word and healed me. In Poland, the Sabbath before last, I was actually in the hands of robbers; but through God's wonderful mercy, I escaped safe. In every step of our journey, I am persuaded we have been watched over by our all-loving Father, who is the hearer of prayer! And the Lord shall deliver us from every evil work, and will preserve us unto His heavenly kingdom. I speak of these things only that you may give Him the glory, and trust in Him to your dying day. Sing Psalm cxvi. in all your families. Another joy to me has been, that God has given you the dear brother who watches over you so tenderly. You know not what joy it gave me to hear of you all through him. The letter reached me at Smyrna, when I was so weak that I could not walk alone. It was like health and marrow to my bones, to hear that the Lord's work is not yet done in the midst of you, and that so many of you stand fast in the Lord, having your conversation in heaven. I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth. It is not like common joy. All joys of this world are short and fading,—they reach not beyond the dark boundary of the grave; but to rejoice over those whom the Lord has given me out of a perishing world—this is joy which God Himself shares, and which reaches into the light of eternity. Ye are my joy and crown. In like manner, there is no sorrow like the sorrow of the pastor, who has to weep over a backsliding people. I do tremble to return to you, for I know well I shall have deep sorrow from some of whom I expected joy. I fear lest I have to mourn over some branches that are without fruit on the good vine-tree; over some, who once gave their hand to the Saviour, but are now saying, "I will go after my lovers." Are there none of you who have left your first love, and broken the bands that bound you to follow Jesus? Shall I find none of whom I must needs say, "They went out from us, but they were not of us"? Oh, there is no sorrow like unto this sorrow! Had I been able, as I hoped, to have written you from all the chief places in our journeyings, I would have attempted to describe to you all I saw; but now there are so many countries to look back upon, that it would be vain to attempt it. I do hope that if the Lord bring us together again, I may be able to tell you many things of our wanderings, and especially of Immanuel's land, which may both refresh and improve you. Nothing that I have heard I keep back from you, if only it be for your soul's good and God's glory. Of the Holy Land, I can only say, like the Queen of Sheba, "that the half was not told me." It is far more wonderful than I could have believed. I shall always reckon it one of the greatest temporal blessings of my lot, that I have been led to wander over its mountains with the Bible in my hand, to sit by its wells, and to meditate among its ruined cities. Not a single day did we spend there without reading, in the land itself, the most wonderful traces of God's anger and of His love. Several times we went to the Mount of Olives, to the Garden of Gethsemane, to the Pool of Siloam, and to the village of Bethany, and every stone seemed to speak of the love of God to sinners. These places are probably very little altered from what they were in the days when Jesus tabernacled among men, and they all seemed to say, "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." We were four days in sight of the Sea of Galilee. I could not help thinking of you, my dear young people, for we used to go over the Sea of Galilee so often on the Monday evenings, and all the scenes of divine love it has been witness to. One day we rode through the plain of Gennesareth, and passed the mouldering ruins of Capernaum, the Saviour's city, where His voice of mercy was so often heard, and where His hand was so often stretched out to heal. We asked in vain for Chorazin and Bethsaida. The woe which Jesus pronounced has fallen upon them.

Oh, my dear flock, "how shall you escape if you neglect so great salvation?" See how desolate they are left, that refuse Him that speaketh from heaven. The free offer of a Divine Surety rings through your churches, now that God continues faithful teachers among you. Every Sabbath, and oftener, the fountain for sin is publicly opened for you, and souls, all defiled with sin, are invited to come and wash. But these mercies will not always last.

If you tread the glorious gospel of the grace of God under your feet, your souls will perish; and I fear Dundee will one day be a howling wilderness like Capernaum. I spent nearly the whole of August, during my illness in Bouja, a village near

Smyrna, under the care of tenderest friends, whom the Lord wonderfully provided for me in a strange land. You remember Smyrna is one of the Seven Churches in Asia to which the Saviour sent those quickening messages in the Revelation of St. John. I thought again and again of the happy Thursday evenings which I once spent with you in meditating on these seven epistles to the churches. You know it is said of Samuel, even when he was a child, that God did not let one of his words fall to the ground; and the same is true to this hour of the very weakest of God's faithful ministers. What we have spoken to you is not like the passing wind, which hurries on and leaves no trace behind. It is like the rain and snow—it will not return to God without accomplishing some end in your hearts, either melting or hardening. Smyrna is the only one of these churches where a pure golden candlestick is now to be found with the light burning. There is a small company who believe in Jesus. It was pleasant indeed to hear the gospel preached there in all its purity and power. Be you also faithful to death, and you shall receive a crown of life. Leaving Smyrna, we sailed past Troas and Bithynia, and visited Constantinople, the most beautiful city in the world, and yet the most miserable. Looking round from the deck of the vessel, I could count above ninety minarets, many of them pure marble, carved and gilded in the richest manner. These all form part of mosques, or temples of the false prophet Mahomet. This religion is a singular invention of Satan; their Koran, or Bible, is a book filled with nonsense, and with much wickedness. All their belief is comprehended in the short saying, "Lo Ullah il Allah, a Mahomed Rasal Allah"—"There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." They expect to be saved chiefly by making pilgrimages to Mecca, by abstaining from wine and pork, and by praying five times a day. Every day, at sunrise or sunset, we saw them at prayer; wherever they are, in the open street, on the top of the house, or on the deck of a ship, they take off their shoes, wash hands, face, and feet, spread their garment before them, and, turning their face towards Mecca, pray, bending and kissing the ground, often fifteen and twenty times. They are rather pleased if you look at them. They are very proud of their own faith, and will not listen for a moment to the gospel of Jesus. It would be instant banishment or death if any missionary were to attempt their conversion. Ah, my dear flock, how differently you are situated! How freely salvation is offered to you—a faith that really saves you from your sins—that makes you love one another! For love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God. If you are not growing humble and loving, be sure your faith is no better than a Mahometan's. You are not of God, but of the world. The next countries we visited were Wallachia and Moldavia. We sailed to them from Constantinople, across the raging waves of the Black Sea, and up the mighty river Danube. These are two singular countries, seldom visited by travellers; they are governed by two princes, and the established religion is of the Greek Church. I wish I could show you all that I have seen of the superstitions and wickedness practised among them, that you might give more earnest heed to the pure gospel that flows as freely as air and water through our beloved land. One day, in Bucharest, the capital city of Wallachia, I was present at a festival on the prince's birthday. An immense crowd was present in their finest church, and all the nobles of the land. The service consisted of prayers and chanting by a number of priests, dressed in the most splendid manner. When all was over, I stayed behind to see a curious superstition. At one side of the altar lay an open coffin, highly ornamented; within I observed a dead body wrapped in cloth of gold; a dead withered hand alone was left out. This is said to be the body of St. Demetrius, lately found in a river, by the water parting asunder miraculously. Such is the tale we are told. I stood beside it when the worshippers approached the coffin in great numbers, men and women, rich and poor. First they crossed themselves and kneeled, kissing the floor three times. Then they approached reverently, and kissed the withered hand of the dead body, and a cross that lay beside it. Then they gently dropped a small coin into a little plate at the dead man's feet, and after receiving a blessing from the priest, with three prostrations more to the ground, they retired. This is one specimen of their abominable worship of dead men. Do I tell you these things that you may be proud of your superior light? Ah, no! I write these things, that those of you who live no better lives than they do, may be convinced of your danger. What can you expect of these poor idolaters, but that they will live after the flesh, in rioting and drunkenness, in chambering and wantonness, in strife and envying? But are there none of you, my dear flock, for whom night and day my prayers ascend—are there none of you who do the same things, though you have the Holy Bible, and a freely preached gospel, and no superstition? Yet how many of you live an unholy life! Ah! remember Sardis: "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead. Be watchful, and strengthen the things which remain, that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God." The next kingdom we came through was Austrian Poland—the land of graven images. We came through its chief towns, Tarnapole, Brody, Lemburg, and from thence to Cracow, travelling many hundred miles. You would be amazed, as I have been, if you saw the abominable idolatry of this land. The Roman Catholic is the established faith; and the Government are bitter persecutors of any who change. At every village there are numbers of crosses, of immense size, with the image of the Saviour. There are also statues of the Virgin Mary, and of other saints, as large as life, all along the roads. Often there are wooden boxes set up full of images; often in the middle of a square there is a small covered chamber full of these idols, of wood and stone, whom the poor people worship every day. The Bible is an unlawful book in this country. All our Bibles were taken away from us, even our Hebrew ones, that we might not preach to the Jews the glad tidings of a Saviour. Blessed be God, they could not take them from our memories and hearts. Should not this make you all pray for the coming of the day when the towers of Popery shall fall—the day when God shall avenge us on her? For the Bible which she hates so much says: "Her plagues shall come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire; for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." Pray for that day, for it will be the same day when God will bind up the breach of His people Israel, and shall heal the stroke of their wound. It will be the day when the Lamb's wife shall come forth in all her loveliness, and when the Lord Jesus shall wear the crown of His espousals.

I began this letter to you in Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, but now an independent state. We spent three days there inquiring after the poor despised Jews. We had much intercourse with a faithful, prayerful missionary, who labours among them there; and on the Sabbath we celebrated the Lord's Supper. During the four years he has been in Cracow, the missionary had never once enjoyed the ordinance, for all around are sunk in Popery or infidelity. We were but five souls in all, and yet we felt it very pleasant, when surrounded with them that hated us, and far from our homes, with the door of the chamber shut, to remember Jesus. My thoughts and desires were much towards you. I had greatly hoped to be present at your next Lord's Supper, but now I see it cannot be. My only comfort is, I have committed you to those who are beloved of the Lord, workmen that need not to be ashamed, whose names are in the Book of Life; and the chief Shepherd, I feel persuaded, will not leave you orphans, but will come to you, and breathe upon you. May the Lord keep back from the table all who are not united to Christ; and may you, who are His own children, have communion with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ.

Since yesterday morning we have travelled one hundred and eighty miles nearer home. We are now in Breslau, and we breathe more freely, for this is the Protestant kingdom of Prussia. It makes my heart light to think that I am really on my way to you. It has been a sweet work indeed to me to carry, with poor stammering lips, the word of salvation to the scattered sheep of the house of Israel; still, I do long, if it be the Lord's will, to feed once more the flock that was given me in the dew of my youth. Whether I shall be permitted, and how long, to take up so great a work again, my Master only knows; but if you wish for it as fervently as I do, solemnly agree, in the presence of God, on the night on which this letter is read to you, to these two things,—*First*, Strive together with me in your prayers to God for me, that it would please Him to forgive and forget our past sins and shortcomings,—mine in carrying the message, yours in receiving it; and that He would really heal my body, and strengthen my soul, for again uptaking the blessed work of the gospel ministry among you, and that He would grant us a prosperous journey to come unto you. *Second*, Solemnly agree, in the strength of the Lord Jesus, to break off your sins by righteousness, and your iniquities by showing mercy to the poor. The sin of one Achan troubled the whole camp of Israel. If any one of you who are God's children wilfully continue in some old sin, then it may be God's will, for your sake, to trouble our camp, and continue His chastening. See that no fleshly lust—no covetousness, which is idolatry—no hankering after the world and its unholy pleasures—no unlawful affection—be reigning in you. Clean out the old leaven from all your houses, so that we may meet again in peace, and be refreshed together by days of the Lord's presence, and of the Spirit's power, such as we have never seen before. This is the hearty desire and prayer of your affectionate pastor, etc.

TO REV. JOHN ROXBURGH, OF ST. JOHN'S, DUNDEE.

The Holy Land.

JERUSALEM, *June* 17, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I am sure you will be glad to hear from your brother in the ministry, in this land trodden by the feet of "God manifest in the flesh." My thoughts wander continually to the spot where God first counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry; where, for two years, He made me a happy minister of the gospel, and where I believe I have many praying friends who will not forget me so long as I live. In these sweet remembrances—whether in the vales of Italy, or on the mighty waters, or in the waste howling wilderness, or in this land of promise—you and your family have their constant place. I doubt not also that you often think and talk of me. When some Church Extension expedition has turned out well, you will say, "What would our travelling friend say to this?" Or when the liberties of our Church are infringed, and the arm of unhallowed power is raised against her, you perhaps think a moment, "How will our traveller bear this?" I am thankful to Him who dwelt in the bush that we are all here in safety, and I myself in moderate health, quite able to endure the fatigues of travelling, although these have been very great. You would hear of our swift journey through France, and our pleasant stay in Italy. Malta was the next place of interest we came to. It is a very lovely island, having customs from every nation almost under heaven. It is highly important as a centre of missionary operations, having a printing-press, and some useful, excellent men employed. In riding round its rocky shore, we looked on every creek with interest, remembering Paul's shipwreck here, and his three months' stay in the island. The atmosphere is truly pleasant, and the sky has a peculiarly fine tinge of yellowish red. We had a pleasant sail past Greece, and among the wonderful islands of the Ægean Sea. We landed on one called Syra, and saw the mission actively engaged, six hundred Greek children reading God's word in Greek. The same evening we sailed between Naxos and Paros, where the beautiful marble was found, and stretched our eyes to see Patmos, where the beloved John wrote the Revelation. We could only see the waves that washed its shore. We passed Crete, and read the Epistle to Titus with a new interest;

and the next day at four (13th May) sailed into the harbour of Alexandria. The costumes of the East are very striking to the eye at first. The turban, the beard, the hyke or immense plaid, the wide Arab trousers, the black visages and legs of the men, quite arrest the attention. The close veil, the forehead ornaments, the ear-rings, the anklets, the burden carried on the head, the children carried on the shoulder, or on the side,—all these in the women are striking, especially at first. They will recall to you many of the words of the prophets. The plague having broken out at Alexandria the day we arrived, we were prevented from going up to Cairo; and after having visited the Jews in the synagogues, we determined on proceeding through the desert for the Holy Land, that we might escape quarantine. We left Alexandria on the 14th May, and reached Jerusalem on the 7th June. We were about twenty-two days living after the manner of Bedouins in the wilderness.

Mount Carmel, June 24, 1839.—I thought to have got this letter finished in Jerusalem; but we were hurried away so unexpectedly in consequence of a considerable increase of the plague in the Holy City then, that I had to leave this and many other things undone. You will see by the date that we are now beside that mountain where God did such wonders in the days of Elijah. We are encamped in our tents within a few yards of the sea. I am now writing upon a mat on the sand. The thermometer is somewhere about 80°, and I am writing with my desk on my knee. For the sake of distinctness, I will take up the thread of our story where I last left it off. Our journey through the desert was a very trying one in many ways. I *now* understand the meaning of the text which says, "God led the Israelites through the wilderness to try them, and prove them, and make them know what was in their hearts." The loneliness is very great. The utter silence of all the world to you,—the want of every necessary except what you carry along with you, —all these try the soul in a way you can hardly imagine, whether we will cast all our care upon God or no. The first part of the desert journey we went upon asses; but the second and longest part upon camels—a mode of journeying of all others the most fatiguing. I have thought a hundred times what a singular picture it would make, to draw our company riding through the desert, exalted to the giddy height of the hunch of the camel. I have often thought also, more seriously and properly, how plainly God heard the prayers of all our dear friends in preserving us from many dangers. It is quite a miracle that I was enabled to bear the fatigue of being up before sunrise, and sailing over that burning wilderness, often twelve hours a day. We came the nearest way from Egypt, alluded to in Ex. xiii. 17, and had opportunity of seeing Rosetta and Damietta, two curious Egyptian towns. We sailed across a lake called Menzaleh, and encamped one night beside the ruins of the ancient Zoan. Amid these we could plainly trace the finger of God in the fulfilment of the words in Ezek. xxx. 14: "I will set fire in Zoan." At El Arish, the last town of Egypt, we clearly traced what we believed to be the river of Egypt, so often spoken of as the boundary of Judah. Like all the streams in the south, it is perfectly dry; but the watercourse was very evident. By the way, this suggests the meaning of a text which I never understood before, Ps. cxxvi.: "Turn our captivity as the streams in the south." In the whole of the south part of Canaan the streams dry up in the summer. I think we only came upon *one* flowing stream between the Nile and Jerusalem. In the winter God restores these streams, supplying them with abundance of water. Now this is the very prayer of the Psalmist: "Do for our brethren in captivity what Thou doest for the streams in the south. Restore them in all their life, and fulness, and beauty." So may it be in all our parishes in all our beloved Scotland,—never so lovely or desirable as when we are far from it, and from its pleasant Sabbaths. I must tell you now about Jerusalem. It is indeed the most wonderful place I was ever in. We reached it about twelve o'clock, under a burning sun. The bleak rocky hills over which we crossed were like a heated oven; but all was forgotten when the city of the Great King came in sight. "Your house is left unto you desolate." That word was upon every tongue. Almost every approach to Jerusalem gives you this desolate feeling; but when you stay there, and wander down into its deep valleys, or climb its terraced hills, or sit beside shady Siloam, whose waters flow softly, or meditate on Mount Zion, ploughed like a field, the whole current of your feelings is made to flow, and Jerusalem presents the remains of departed beauty such as you seek for in vain in any other land. The scene which might seem of greatest interest in Jerusalem is Calvary, where the Son of God died. But God has so willed it that nothing but pain and disappointment follow the inquirer after the spot where the blood flowed which cleanses from all sin. You know there is a great church built over the place.

The hole made by the cross is enclosed in a star of gold; and a marble slab covers what *they call* the sepulchre. They tell you so many heinous falsehoods, that we were all inclined to doubt the whole matter. The place in Jerusalem is now within the walls, instead of "without the gate." There is no mount, no garden,—nothing to remind you of that day of awful interest. Gethsemane makes up in interest all that we want in Calvary. The very place remains, and by its simplicity convinces the mind that it was the spot that Jesus loved. Above you, on the opposite side of Kedron, the high steep brow of Moriah rises; then the wall of the city; and above it the Mosque of Omar, which stands on the site of God's holy temple. The road to Bethany passes in front of the garden. The path up the Mount of Olives forms another boundary. It is enclosed with old stone walls like all the walls of Judea, of rude stones, without any cement. Eight very old olives, of a thousand years at least, stand as monuments in the place. It is a sweet and sacred spot; and you will not wonder that we were often drawn to visit it, and to pray on the very spot where Jesus sweated great drops of blood. The Mount of Olives is a hill of which you never weary. As you ascend it from Gethsemane, every step gives you a new prospect. We turned round again and again to look upon Jerusalem. Jeremiah says, "From the daughter of Zion all beauty is departed." And I believe, if we had seen "the perfection of beauty" in the day of its glory, we would say the same. Still from the Mount of Olives it is most beautiful. You see "the mountains all standing round about Jerusalem." The whiteness of the buildings gives it a dazzling appearance. The deep valleys on every side are very remarkable. On the north, a rising tower marks Ramah, where Samuel was born; and on the south, the eye fixes on Herodion, a conical hill beside Bethlehem. When you come to the top of Olivet, you look to the east, and the Dead Sea seems to be stretched at your feet. The mountains of Moab look quite near; and you try to find out Pisgah, where Moses enjoyed his view of the good land. Bethany appears upon the east side of a declivity near you,—a pleasant village. Twice we wandered out as far as Bethany. It was pleasant indeed to sit under its spreading fig-trees, and to read over John xi. Returning by the Jericho road, we stopped at the spot where Jesus wept over the city. It is the place where you "come near and behold the city," at the descent of the Mount of Olives. After full consideration, I believe it to be the very spot. Zion is literally ploughed like a field. I have brought with me some barley that I found growing on its summit. Jerusalem is become heaps. The heaps of ruins within the city are amazing; in some parts they are higher than the walls. "The mountain of the house is like the high places of the forest." Mount Moriah has now two Turkish mosques upon it. Aceldama is a peaceful spot, overhanging the pleasant valley of Hinnom, once the scene of hideous rites. The plague was very severe in the city during our stay there, which prevented us from having that close intercourse with the inhabitants, and especially with the Jews, which was so desirable. Mr. Nicolayson, the English missionary, acted towards us like a brother. He lodged us in one of the mission houses upon Mount Zion, and gave us opportunity of preaching and of receiving the Lord's Supper. It was truly pleasant to eat of that bread and drink of that cup in an upper room in Jerusalem. There are about five thousand Jews in Jerusalem, very poor and very divided among themselves, looked down upon as dogs by the Moslems; still they bear in their faces and manners the proof that the land is their own. They are entirely supported by contributions from Europe. They devote themselves to the study of the Law and the Talmud. I had an interesting meeting with one Jew at the large stones, the only remains of God's temple. He was sitting praying, and looking very sad. I asked him what he was reading. He showed me; it was Ps. xxii. in Hebrew. I took it up and read it over to him. He said he understood it, and that it applied to David. I showed him that could *not* be, for David was never pierced in hands and feet. I shortly explained to him the gospel, and showed him the only way of forgiveness. He looked very sad sitting on the ground.

I must hurry on. We visited Hebron, and had an interesting meeting with the Jews there. It is a delightful place. We visited Bethlehem on our return. It is curious that almost all the inhabitants of Bethlehem are Christians, that is, Greek and Catholics. We left Jerusalem on the 18th instant, and proceeded north by Ramah, Gibeon, Bethel, Sychar, Samaria, to Carmel. I cannot tell you the delightful and solemn feelings with which we traverse this land of promise. The fulfilment of prophecy is everywhere remarkable. At Sychar we tried to find out *the well* where Jesus sat wearied. Mr. Bonar found it, and let his Bible fall into it. He could not get it again, "for the well is deep." Ebal on the north, a frowning rocky hill.

Gerizzim is also precipitous, but smiles with verdant gardens. Sychar is a beautiful place. We spent a most interesting morning among the Jews and Samaritans, saw both their synagogues, and reasoned with them out of the Scriptures, proving that Jesus is the Christ. Oh that the Saviour would do as He did before in this place,—say plainly, "I that speak unto thee am *He"!* When we meet, if that be the will of God, I shall have many descriptions to give you of the scenes of this land. It has far surpassed all my expectations. We arrived at Carmel on Saturday, and are now in quarantine. We and all our clothes were yesterday bathed in the sea. In consequence of undergoing this process, our quarantine is seven days shorter; and on Monday next we hope to proceed to Tiberias and Saphet, the only places of importance for Jews, except Tyre and Sidon, which we shall visit on our way to Beyrout. We are sorry that so much of our time is taken up; but we have gone as quickly as possible in the circumstances. We are all in good health. I suffer occasionally from my heart, but much less than I used. I do hope, if it be the will of my Master, that I may yet again serve Him in the gospel of His Son. This is a delicious climate. I have heard once from home. I am thankful to hear of the peace and grace given to my people on our communion day. Dear people, may the great Shepherd feed them! I was happy to hear of Dr. Chalmers' success. Dismayed at the decision of the Lord Chancellor; but "Jehovah nissi,"—the Lord is our banner. My kindest regards to Mrs. R., and to the brethren that ask for me. I often pray most humbly for *all*, even my enemies.—Yours ever, etc.

TO REV. R. MACDONALD OF BLAIRGOWRIE.

The Holy Land.

MOUNT CARMEL, *June* 26, 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I wrote to you from the land of Egypt, and now from the Land of Promise. I would have written from Jerusalem; but our departure was so hurried, owing to an increase of the awful disease of plague, that I could not accomplish it. Indeed, I thought it would be more for the pleasure and advantage of all my friends if I spent my time in fully seeing the wonders of the city of the Great King. It is all deeply graven on my memory and my heart. The first sight of Jerusalem made my heart sink within me, it was so desolate; the walls appeared so low, so dark, so poor. But better acquaintance with its deep valleys and singular hills, its trees and fountains, has made it appear one of the loveliest spots Jesus visited. There is a holy beauty about Jerusalem; for you cannot walk a step without remembering the scenes that have passed there, and without looking forward to a time when it will again become the joy of the whole earth. You will be glad to know that I have stood all our great fatigues wonderfully, and even without being the worse of them, but rather the better. I may almost say I feel that God has been answering the continued prayer of those that love me; still I am not yet what I was, though I hope to be. All my companions had the privilege of preaching in Jerusalem. I felt that it was kept from me; but that it was overflowing goodness that gave us to receive the broken bread and poured out wine in an upper chamber, where Jesus first instituted it. I wish I could recount to you all that we have seen with our eyes, so as to make you almost see it all over again. Joy is increased by spreading it to others. Thus Christ's joy and glory are increased by making us partakers of it. Our life in the wilderness was a singular one. Since the day I wrote you we have never known the luxury of a bed. We spread our mats upon the sand, and God watches over us, when we are under the cover of our frail tent, as much as if we were within brazen gates and bars. We often hear the cry of the wolves at night, and there are many lynxes and hyenas in this very mountain; but God keeps us safely. The burning heat of the desert, the long fatiguing journeys,—sometimes twelve hours or fourteen in the day upon a camel,—the insatiable thirst, and our weakness, were very trying to our faith and to our temper; it proved us, and made us know what was in our heart. Ah, dear friend, wherever we journey, union to Jesus, and holiness from His Spirit flowing into us, is our chief and only happiness. Never cease to show your people that to be holy is to be happy; and that to bring us to perfect holiness and likeness to God, was the very end for which Christ died. We entered the land of the Philistines 1st of June. You know the prophets say that the sea-coast there is to be "cottages for shepherds and folds for flocks" (Zeph. ii. 6). It is really so. You cannot imagine a country more completely covered with flocks and herds,—camels and asses, and oxen and sheep and goats. The inhabitants are Arabs,—a poor and ignorant race of men.

How often we have wished for the Arabian tongue, to preach to them the unsearchable riches of Christ! We passed like the spies through the valley of Eshcol. We came to a small Arab town, Bet-hanoon. For illustration I will draw it.[1] This will give you an idea of all Arab towns. Every roof is flat; so that the people sit there, pray there, dry their corn and sift it there. There are no vines in Eshcol now, but immense bunches of grapes are still produced in some places of the Holy Land. The trees around the village are figs,—a beautiful dark-green tree. We are now tasting the first ripe figs, which are, like Jeremiah's, very good. We crossed the brook Sorek—quite dry; indeed, I think we only met with one flowing stream between the desert and Jerusalem. The streams in the south are all dry in the summer (see Ps. cxxvi.). We slept that night beside a small town, which we take to be Eshtaol, near which Samson was born. We saw there the brown tents of some Bedouin Arabs, illustrating Song i.—the brown tents of Kedar. This was in the tribe of Dan. Next day we went due east, across the vast plain Sephela, where Asa fought his battle (2 Chron. xiv.), till we entered among the lovely hills of Judah. A wonderful fulfilment of God's word was pressed on our attention all that day. The quantities of weeds in the plains are quite remarkable, and all of them are of a briery, prickly nature. I counted eleven different kinds of thistle, some of them of gigantic size. In a field where barley had been sown, there were more of these thorns and briers than of the barley. Now turn to Isa. xxxii. 13: "Upon the land of my people shall come up thorns and briers;" and see how long (ver. 15), "until the Spirit be poured upon us from on high." Indeed, every mountain and valley of this land is a witness for God, speaking silently but mightily, declaring that God's word abideth for ever.

We arrived at Jerusalem on 7th June, and lighted off our camels within the Jaffa gate. The first thing that struck me was the quantity of various heaps (see Mic. iii. 12). It was two or three days before we recovered our fatigues. The first time we went out was to the two pools of Gihon; the upper pool still contains water.

Again we went to Mount Olivet. Winding round the noble walls at Jerusalem, Mount Olivet appears with its softly rounded triple point. It is a beautiful hill of very great extent. It is composed of a pure white limestone, which appears in many places, and gives the whole a whitish appearance. Fine old olives adorn it on every side; fig-trees here and there, and pomegranates, with their beautiful deep-red flowers. A monastery and a mosque are on the top, and three or four small towers on different points of it. Crops of barley may be discerned here and there. It is altogether a pleasant hill. Between you and it lies the deep valley of Jehoshaphat. The bed of the Kedron, quite dry, forms the lowest part. Going along by the east wall of Jerusalem till you are nearly opposite the place where the temple stood (now the Mosque of Omar), you then descend the steep bank of Moriah to the Kedron. A small bridge now helps you to cross. Here David went flying from Absalom barefooted. Here Jesus used to cross going to Gethsemane or to Bethany. The path before you leads right up the steepest part of Mount Olivet. It is a pleasant path. Turning every now and then, you see Jerusalem in all its faded glory,—minarets and cupolas lying beneath you. Another path winds upwards round the hill to Bethany—the sweet village of Martha and Mary—two miles off. The little nook between these two paths forms all that remains of Gethsemane. It is a pleasant spot. No one that knows the Saviour can visit it and look upon its eight old olive-trees without feeling drawn to it. We tried to pray there, where Jesus sweated blood for us. It was sweet to intercede for you and all we love in that sacred spot. Another favourite spot was the fountain of Siloam, farther down the valley of Jehoshaphat. It flows so softly from under the temple, that you cannot hear the ripple of its waters. You descend a great many steps in the rock, and drink its delightful waters. I send you a small hymn on the other side, which will imprint it on your memory. The valley of Hinnom is a deep gorge or vale to the south of Jerusalem. Mount Zion is actually ploughed like a field. It descends steeply into Hinnom, which again has a rocky barrier on the opposite side. Aceldama is a fearful spot above.

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[1] Here he had sketched the village with his pen. He enlivened many of his letters with these outlines, that spoke more expressively than words.

We left Jerusalem on 18th June, and arrived here on the 21st. Many a pleasant scene we saw between. It is a delightsome land. One only I can mention—Sychar. It was a sweet evening when we entered the valley made by Ebal, a gloomy barren hill, and Gerizzim, a rocky hill, but garnished with gardens. The town lies beautiful between, keeping nearer to Gerizzim. The next morning we visited the synagogue. A. B.

was in time for the service at six o'clock. He had very interesting discussions with several of the Jews, all carried on in Hebrew. You may believe we are not very fluent in the holy tongue, and yet it is wonderful how we get on. We visited the Samaritans also, and, after taking off our shoes, we were admitted into their synagogue to see the MS. of the Pentateuch three thousand six hundred years old. Andrew alone found out the well where Jesus sat, and dropped his Bible in by accident. The Jews here are far kinder and pleasanter than in Europe. They wear a beautiful dress. They are much fairer in colour than the Arabs, and every way a more noble people; and then, when you look your Bible, and see the promises that are waiting to be fulfilled to them, how does the heart fill towards them! God will yet gather them one by one. Pray still for their in-bringing. It is not easy to pray really for Israel; it needs you to have much of the peculiar mind of God. The same evening we visited Samaria, about six or eight miles north of Sychar. It is now a poor Arab village, but the finger of God is there. It is a hill surrounded by hills on all sides. Mic. i. 6 is the clearest description of it. It is like an heap of the field. Just as you have seen the stones gathered out of a field into heaps, such is Samaria. The vast ruins are all thrown down, and form just heaps in the field. It is as the plantings of a vineyard. There is but one vine on the whole hill, but it is all terraced and cleared, just as if it were to be planted with vines. "And I will pour," etc. This is wonderfully fulfilled. It filled me with holy awe to look at the heaps of stones—fragments of pillars all rolling down into the valley. The foundations are actually discovered. What a monument of the truth of God! I have only time to commend you to God, and to say, Brother, pray for us.—Yours ever, etc.

P.S.—Commend me to your true yokefellow, Mr. Smith, and to Mr. Gillies, and to Mr. Baxter. I cease not to mention all in my prayers, and hope that they do not forget me. "We are made partakers of Christ if we hold the beginning of our confidence firm unto the end."

TO WM. C. BURNS, DUNDEE.

Inquiries about the revival on first coming home.

20 Hill Street, Edinburgh,
15*th November* 1839.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—I last night arrived once more in my beloved home, conducted through every danger by the unseen hand of our Father in heaven. I cannot lose a moment in writing you a few lines. It was not till we arrived in Hamburg that we heard anything of what has been doing in our beloved land for the last five months. There we heard only a rumour that God had visited His people in love, and those also that were Lo-Ammi. You may believe that it was with a thankful, joyful spirit that we read of these things. I cannot rest till I hear from you what has been done among my own dear flock. I do not like to impose a task on you; but if you have an hour's leisure, it would be truly gratifying to me to hear from you, before I come over, a minute account of all that God seems to have wrought in Dundee during my absence. You remember it was the prayer of my heart when we parted, that you might be a thousandfold more blessed to the people than ever my ministry had been. How it will gladden my heart, if you can really tell me that it has been so! My poor, dear flock, hard-hearted and stiff-necked as they were, if the Lord has really opened their hearts, and brought them to a saving knowledge of Christ, and if their hearts and lives are together changed, I will bless God while I have any being!

The work at Kilsyth seems to be owned by all God's true servants as not the work of man, but indeed divine. What a great joy to you and to your excellent father, to have your labour thus honoured of God! The Lord preserve you both from all the personal danger to your own souls which such success exposes you to!

I must not write much, having agreed to preach on Sabbath. I would often have written you when away; but you know my weakness, and I was always uncertain as to your movements. Do write me if you have time. Tell me all the good and all the bad. I know well that when Christ is nearest, Satan also is busiest. What of my elders?—of my dear established Christians? What of those who were but lambs? And what of those whom I left in darkness and in the shadow of death?

The Lord send me good news.

I shall try to be over on Thursday evening next, if I am well, and trust to join you in praising God together for all His mercy and grace and faithfulness since we parted. Whether I shall be able to resume the full work of the ministry again or no, I cannot tell. My heart still beats too much. But I shall try; and if the Lord shows me that my work in that way is done, I shall pray for submission.

Do write me speedily, for I weary to hear.

With regard to temporal things, remember I shall expect you honestly to tell how far your small salary has gone to cover your expenses. And if it has not covered them, remember I insist on your demanding as much more as will. The workman is worthy of his hire.

And now the Lord keep you humble and prayerful in secret, and may it not be needful that you be afflicted as I have been; and may your ministry be blessed still a thousand times more!—With kindest love to all my people, yours affectionately, etc.

TO MISS COLLIER, DUNDEE.

Riches of Christ—resemblance to Him.

EDINBURGH, *February* 26, 1840.

MY DEAR MISS COLLIER,—I am sorry to leave town without seeing you, but I find myself obliged to do so. A long and interesting meeting of Presbytery took up the greater part of my time. I am delighted to hear that you are still keeping a little better, and fondly hope the Lord may restore you to us once more, to help us by your prayers in these trying but glorious times. I would like to have seen you once again before going back; but I must just content myself with casting you on the Lord on whom you believe. Precious friend and unchangeable priest is Christ—sweeter to you than honey and the honeycomb. How great is the goodness He hath *laid up* for them that fear Him! Just as the miser lays up money that he may feast his eyes upon it, so Christ has laid up unsearchable riches that He may supply all our need out of them. Unfathomable oceans of grace are in Christ for you. Dive and dive again, you will never come to the bottom of these depths. How many millions of dazzling pearls and gems are at this moment hid in the deep recesses of the ocean caves! But there are unsearchable riches in Christ. Seek more of them. The Lord enrich you with them. I have always thought it a very pitiful show when great people ornament themselves with brilliants and diamonds; but it is truest wisdom to adorn the soul with Christ and His graces. "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire? yet my people have forgotten me, days without number." You see my pen runs on, though I fear you will hardly be able to read what I write. The Lord Jesus give you out of His fulness, and grace for grace. In a mirror you will observe that every feature of the face is reflected—both the large and small features. Now our soul should be a mirror of Christ; we should reflect every feature; for every grace in Christ there should be a counterpart grace in us. The Lord give you this; then I can ask no more for you. Your times are in His hand (Ps. xxxi.). May you have the blessing of Asher: "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

Farewell till we meet. Kindest regards to Miss N. and Mrs. Coutts, and believe me ever yours in lasting bonds, etc.

TO MR. J. T. JUST.

How to conduct prayer-meetings.

March 27, 1840.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I was glad to receive your letter, and am happy to answer you on the matter in which you apply to me. No person can be a child of God without living in secret prayer; and no community of Christians can be in a lively condition without unity in prayer. In Daniel's time you see how it was (Dan. ii. 17, 18). You see what Jesus said to His disciples on it (Matt. xviii. 19), and what a sweet promise of His presence and a gracious answer He connects with meeting for prayer. You see how it will be in the latter day (Zech. viii. 21), when meetings for prayer, or at least concerts for prayer, shall be held by different towns. One great rule in holding them is, that they be really meetings of disciples. If four or five of you that know the Lord would meet together regularly, you will find that far more profitable than a meeting open to all. In an open meeting you are apt to become teachers, and to be proud. In a secret meeting you feel all on a level, poor and needy, seeking water. If a young man, acquainted with any of you, becomes concerned about his soul, or a lively Christian is visiting any of you, these may be admitted; but do not make your meeting more open.

The prayer-meeting I like best is where there is only praise and prayer, and the reading of God's word. There is then least room for frail human nature to pervert the meeting to an improper end. It is well to read regularly through a book of Scripture, or at least to fix the chapter the evening before, that it may be prayed over in secret, before coming to the meeting. If you *only read*, then two chapters may be read, and then two members pray at a meeting. Each member would take his turn. Let there be be no presiding of one over another, for all are brethren. When a godly minister or elder or experienced Christian is visiting you, he should be invited to take the whole service.

Many meetings are not contented with merely reading God's word; they fix upon some verse or two as matter of conversation, and each one gives his opinion round. Some take a question of the Shorter Catechism each evening, and speak on it in the same manner. Some propose cases of conscience, and how Christians ought to act in different cases. Now, I never forbid any of these where the members prefer this; still, I must confess I feel the danger to which they are exposed. You require more grace to be kept humble and meek and loving, if you engage in this service. You are exposed to the danger of differing from one another—disputing, seeking admiration and pre-eminence, to all which you know, dear John, your hearts are naturally most prone. If you choose any of these, the first appears the best, that of fixing on a verse or two of the chapter read. But do seek meekness in speaking together upon it. Meet weekly, at a convenient hour. Be regular in attendance. Let nothing keep you away from your meeting. Pray in secret before going. Let your prayers in the meeting be formed as much as possible upon what you have read in the Bible. You will thus learn variety of petition, and a Scripture style. Pray that you may pray to God, and not for the ears of man. Feel His presence more than man's. Pray for the outpouring of the Spirit on the Church of Christ and for the world; for the purity and unity of God's children; for the raising up of godly ministers, and the blessing of those that are so already. Pray for the conversion of your friends, of your neighbours, of the whole town. Pray for the sending of the gospel to the Jews, and to the Gentile nations.

Pride is Satan's wedge for splitting prayer-meetings to pieces: watch and pray against it. If you have not the Spirit of God among you, you will have the spirit of the devil. Watch against seeking to be greater than one another; watch against lip-religion. Above all, abide in Christ, and He will abide in you. He is able to keep you from falling, and to make you happy, holy young men. There is no joy like that of holiness. May Enoch's companion be yours.

Write me how you come on, and believe me ever yours affectionately, etc.

TO A PARISHIONER ON A SICK-BED.

How cares and troubles sanctify.

March 31, 1840.

DEAR M.,—I may not see you for a little, as I am not strong; and therefore I send you a line in answer to your letter. I like to hear from you, and especially when God is revealing Himself to your soul. All His doings are wonderful. It is, indeed, amazing how He makes use of affliction to make us feel His love more. Your house is, I trust, in some measure like that house in Bethany of which it is said, "Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus." They had different degrees of grace. One had more faith, and another more love, still Jesus loved them all. Martha was more inclined to be worldly than Mary, yet Jesus loved them both. It is a happy house when Jesus loves all that dwell in it. Surely it is next door to heaven.

The message of Martha and Mary to Christ (John ii. 3) teaches you to carry all your temporal as well as your spiritual troubles to His feet. Leave them there. Carry one another's case to Jesus. Is it not a wonderful grace in God to have given you *peace in Christ*, before laying you down on your long sick-bed? It would have been a wearisome lie if you had been an enemy to God, and then it would have been over hell. Do you feel Rom. v. 3 to be true in your experience? You cannot love trouble for its own sake; bitter must always be bitter, and pain must always be pain. God knows you cannot love trouble. Yet for the blessings that it brings, He can make you pray for it. Does trouble work patience in you? Does it lead you to cling closer to the Lord Jesus—to hide deeper in the rock? Does it make you "be still and know that He is God"? Does it make you lie passive in His hand, and know no will but *His?* Thus does patience work experience—an experimental acquaintance with Jesus. Does it bring you a fuller taste of His sweetness, so that you know whom you have believed? And does this experience give you a further hope of glory—another anchor cast within the veil? And does this hope give you a heart that cannot be ashamed, because convinced that God has loved you, and will love you to the end? Ah! then you have got the improvement of trouble, if it has led you thus. Pray for me still, that I may get the good of all God's dealings with me. Lean all on Jesus. Pray for a time of the pouring out of God's Spirit, that many more may be saved. I hope the Lord's work is not done in this place yet.—Ever your affectionate pastor, etc.

TO A SOUL WHOM HE HAD NEVER SEEN, BUT WHOSE CASE WAS LAID BEFORE HIM BY A FRIEND.

COL. ii. 1, 2.

Looking out to Jesus.

March 20, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not even know your name, but I think I know something of the state of your soul. Your friend has been with me, and told me a little of your mind; and I write a few lines just to bid you look to Jesus and live. Look at Num. xxi. 9, and you will see your disease and your remedy. You have been bitten by the great serpent. The poison of sin is through and through your whole heart, but Christ has been lifted up on the cross that you may look and live. Now, do not look so long and so harassingly at your own heart and feelings. What will you find there but the bite of the serpent? You were shapen in iniquity, and the whole of your natural life has been spent in sin. The more God opens your eyes, the more you will feel that you are *lost in yourself.* This is your disease. Now for the remedy. Look to Christ; for the glorious Son of God so loved lost souls, that He took on Him a body and died for us—bore our curse, and obeyed the law in our place. Look to Him and live. You need no preparation, you need no endeavours, you need no duties, you need no strivings, you only need to look and live. Look at John xvii. 3. The way to be saved is to know God's heart and the heart of Jesus. *To be awakened*, you need to know your own heart. Look in at your own heart, if you wish to know your lost condition. See the pollution that is there—forgetfulness of God, deadness, insensibility to His love. If you are judged as you are in yourself, you will be lost. *To be saved*, you need to know the heart of God and of Christ. The four Gospels are a narrative of the heart of Christ. They show His compassion to sinners, and His glorious work in their stead. If you only knew that heart as it is, you would lay your weary head with John on His bosom. Do not take up your time so much with studying your own heart as with studying *Christ's heart.* "For one look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ!"

Look at Rom. xv. 13. That is my prayer for you. You are looking for peace in *striving*, or peace in *duties*, or peace in *reforming* your mind; but ah! look at His word. "The God of hope fill you with all joy and *peace in believing*." All your peace is to be found in believing *God's word* about his Son. If for a moment you forget your own case altogether, and meditate on the glorious way of salvation by *Christ for us*, does your bosom never glow with a ray of peace? Keep that peace; it is joy in believing. Look as straight to Christ as you sometimes do at the rising or setting sun. Look direct to Christ.

You fear that your convictions of sin have not been deep enough. This is no reason for keeping away from Christ. You will never get a truly broken heart till you are really *in Christ* (see Ezek. xxxvi. 25–31). Observe the order: *First*, God sprinkles clean water on the soul. This represents our being washed in the blood of Christ. *Then* He gives "a new heart also." *Thirdly*, He gives a piercing remembrance of past sins. Now, may the Lord give you all these! May you be brought as you are to the blood of the Lamb! Washed and justified, may He change your heart—give you a tender heart, and His Holy Spirit within your heart; and thus may He give you a broken heart for your past sins.

Look at Rom. v. 19. By the sin of Adam, many were made sinners. We had no hand in Adam's sin, and yet the guilt of it comes upon us. We did not put out our hand to the apple, and yet the sin and misery have been laid at our door. In the same way, "by the obedience of Christ, many are made righteous." Christ is the glorious One who stood for many. His perfect garment is sufficient to cover you. You had no hand in His obedience. You were not alive when He came into the world and lived and died; and yet, in the perfect obedience, you may stand before God righteous. This is all my covering in the sight of a holy God. I feel infinitely ungodly *in myself:* in God's eye, like a serpent or a toad; and yet, when I stand *in Christ alone,* I feel that God sees no sin in me, and loves me freely. The same righteousness is free to you. It will be as white and clean on your soul as on mine. Oh, do not sleep another night without it! Only consent to stand in Christ, not in your poor self.

I must not weary you. One word more. Look at Rev. xxii. 17. Sweet, sweet words! "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." The last invitation in the Bible, and the freest,—Christ's parting word to a world of sinners! Any one that pleases may take this glorious way of salvation. Can you refuse it? I am sure you cannot. Dear friend, be persuaded by a fellow worm not to put off another moment. Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.

You are sitting, like Hagar, within reach of the well. May the Lord open your eyes, and show you all that is in Christ! I pray for you, that you may spiritually see Jesus and be glad—that you may go to Him and find rest. Farewell.—Yours in the Lord, etc.

TO REV. W. C. BURNS.

A minister's afflictions to be improved.

June 10, 1840.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am truly thankful that you have been raised up again—renewed, I trust, both in the inner and outer man. "I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant." Sweet rod that drives the soul into such a precious resting-place! "I will visit their iniquity with stripes; nevertheless, My loving-kindness I will not take from him." This has been the experience of the greater part of my life, at least of my spiritual life. Remember Edwards' magnificent resolution: "Resolved to improve afflictions to the uttermost." Spread the sail when the breeze of adversity blows, and let it drive your vessel onwards on its course.

When I was laid aside from the ministry, I felt it was to teach me the need of prayer for my people. I used often to say, Now God is teaching me the use of prayer. I thought I would never forget the lesson, yet I fear I am grown slack again when in the midst of my work.

All these remarks I have transferred to myself, that you may learn in me the same things. Exhort one another daily. My object in writing now is to say that I have engaged to be at Collessie next Wednesday, at Alloa on Thursday, and at Errol on Sabbath week. Now the people here were disappointed by your not appearing lately; and it would be very gratifying, if you are not better engaged, if the Lord would direct your steps towards us. If you would take both Thursday and the Sabbath, it would be pleasant to me. I have been weakened a little by the hard labours of the Assembly, but I trust to recruit shortly for our glorious warfare. I feel there are two things it is impossible to desire with sufficient ardour,—personal holiness, and the honour of Christ in the salvation of souls.

The Lord give you both more than He has given me, and may He send you to us, if it be His will. Send me a line quickly, and believe me, ever yours in sweet bonds, etc.

TO THE REV. DAN. EDWARDS.

Before his ordination as missionary to the Jews—What he must seek.

Dundee, *July* 15, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . . The grand matter of study, however, must still be divinity,—a knowledge of divine things, a spiritual discernment of the way of pardon for the chief of sinners. I feel that the best of ministers are but babes in this. Pray for more knowledge of your own heart,—of the total depravity of it,—of the awful depths of corruption that are there. Pray for glorious discoveries of Christ,—His person, beauty, work, and peace. But I need not tell you these things; only I feel persuaded that God will put all natural and literary qualifications in the dust, if there be not the simple exhibition of Christ for us in the preaching of our missionaries.—Yours, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Holiness and success.

Dundee, *October* 2, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I trust you will have a pleasant and profitable time in Germany. I know you will apply hard to German; but do not forget the culture of the inner man,—I mean of the heart. How diligently the cavalry officer keeps his sabre clean and sharp; every stain he rubs off with the greatest care. Remember you are God's sword,—His instrument,—I trust a chosen vessel unto Him to bear His name. In great measure, according to the purity and perfections of the instrument, will be the success. It is not great talents God blesses so much as great likeness to Jesus. A holy minister is an awful weapon in the hand of God. I am now almost well, but have not yet got my full strength. We had a sweet night last night, though there was no external movement. Some waited after; one from St. Andrews, awakened deeply, she knows not how. God is still working here, and I look for far greater things. I am very anxious to know how I could do more good to many people and to the whole world; and not to know only, but to do it. It is our truest happiness to live entirely for the glory of Christ,—to separate between "I" and "the glory of Christ." We are always saying, What have *I* done?—was it *my* preaching—*my* sermon—*my* influence? whereas we should be asking, What hath God wrought? Strange mixed beings we are! How sweet it will be to drop our old man, and be pure as Christ is pure! I hope you will come and see us again before your departure for your mission station. The Lord direct all your steps, comfort your heart, and stablish you in every good word and work to do His will.—Yours, etc.

TO MRS. THAIN, HEATH PARK.

When invited to rest a while.

Dundee, *June* 1840.

MY DEAR MRS. T.,—You know how glad I would be of some such retreat as Elijah had by the brook of Cherith, where I might learn more of my own heart, and of my Bible, and of my God, where I might while away the summer hours in quiet meditation, or talking of

His righteousness all the day long. But it is only said of *the dead* in the Lord that they rest from their labours; and I fear I must not think of resting till then. Time is short, my time especially, and souls are precious; and I fear many are slumbering because I watch not with sufficient diligence, nor blow the trumpet with sufficient clearness.

I have to be away so much on business, that I feel I dare not be away on pleasure only—at least at present. I rather think I must be in Ireland next week, at the Synod of Ulster, which prevents me coming to Mr. Macdonald's communion.

There is some request as to another communion in St. Peter's also, which I shall be glad to see carried into effect, provided it be done with all the heart of the Lord's children. In these circumstances, you must not think me neglectful of your kindness, if I put off my visit to you a little longer.

I trust that you are keeping strong, and able to enjoy the open air, and that your souls all prosper,—that you have often such times as Jacob had at Mahanaim, when the angels of God met him,—or such times as that at Peniel, when God had to cry out, "Let Me go, for the day breaketh." Alas, we do not weary God now with our wrestlings, but with our sins. The dark clouds gather, and the Church and we should all be entering into our chambers, and shutting our doors upon us. "In that day sing unto her a vineyard of red wine." His song will be with us in the dark night. May you and yours be hid in the day of the Lord's anger! A smile of His can lighten up a thundercloud.

Read Psalm xxix., and meditate on the last verse. Live near to God, and so all things will appear to you little in comparison with eternal realities.—Ever yours, etc.

TO A STRANGER.

Intended to lead on one whose face was Zionward, but who was not fully decided.

DUNDEE, *July* 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I do not even know your name; but your cousin has been telling me about your case, and wishes me to write you a line inviting you to lay hold on Jesus Christ, the only refuge for a perishing soul. You seem to have been thinking seriously of your soul for some time. Do remember the words of Peter (2 Pet. i. 10): "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." Never rest till you can say what John says (1 John v. 19): "We *know* that we are of God." The world always loves to believe that it is impossible to know that we are converted. If you ask them, they will say, "I am not sure—I cannot tell;" but the whole Bible declares we may receive, and know we have received, the forgiveness of sins (see Ps. xxxii. 1; 1 John ii. 12). Seek this blessedness,—the joy of having forgiveness; it is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb. But where shall I seek it? In Jesus Christ. "God hath given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life" (1 John v. 11, 12). Get deeply acquainted with yourself, your sins and misery. Most people are like the Laodiceans (Rev. iii. 17). Even those that are most deeply concerned about their souls do not see the millionth part of the blackness of their hearts and lives. Oh, if we could but put our sins where God puts them (Ps. xc. 8), how we would cry out, Unclean, unclean! Woe is me, for I am undone! Have you ever discovered your lost condition? Many know that they are great sinners; but where God is teaching, He will make you feel as an *undone* sinner. Have you felt this? What things were gain to you, those do you count loss for Christ? Do you know that no human righteousness can cover you? In His holy, pure sight, all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags (Isa. lxiv. 6). If you have been convinced of sin, have you been convinced of righteousness? (John xvi. 8). Have you heard the voice of Jesus knocking at the door of your heart? Have you opened the door and let Him in? Awfully momentous question! Your eternity depends upon the answer,—yes or no. "He that hath the Son hath life; and he that hath not the Son hath not life." Oh, what a simple thing the gospel is! How fearful to think it is hid from so many! (2 Cor. iv. 3, 4). Jesus stands at your door willing to be your shield (Ps. lxxxiv. 9, 11); your righteousness (Jer. xxxiii. 6); your all in all. Now, then, throw open the door and let Him in. Accept His white raiment, that you may be clothed. And oh, remember, if Christ justifies you, He will sanctify you! He will not save you and leave you in your sins. Why did He get the name Jesus? (Matt. i. 21). Here is a prayer for every one that has been found of Christ: "Order my steps in Thy word, and let not any iniquity have dominion over me" (Ps. cxix. 133). If you are redeemed, you are not your own —not the world's—not Satan's. Think of this when you are tempted to sin. Now, did I not say well that you should make your calling and election sure? Oh, beware of being a hypocrite—a mere professor, with an unholy heart and life! That your sister is on the road to Zion, I am glad, and pray that you may go hand in hand. Be diligent; the time is short. Try and persuade your friends to go with you. It is an awful thing to separate at the throne of Christ, for that will be for eternity. Pray much for the Holy Spirit to open your eyes, to soften your heart to make Christ lovely and precious, to come and dwell in your hearts, and fit you for glory. Come to the living stone, and you will be built up as living stones (1 Pet. ii. 4, 5). Oh, how sweet to be made living stones in that glorious temple! Pray much in secret. Pray for ministers, that we may speak the word boldly. Christ is doing great things in our day, which should make us wrestle at a throne of grace. Oh that the Lord that was pierced with many thorns, might soon be crowned with many crowns!

Praying that you and your sister may both be saved, I am, your friend in the gospel, etc.

TO MISS A. S. L.

The person and heart of Jesus—Consolation to believers.

August 16, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I fear I may not be able to see you for a little time, and therefore think of sending you a few lines to minister a little of the peace and grace of the Lord Jesus to you. I hear that you are worse in health than when I saw you; still I have no doubt you can say, "It is well," "He doeth all things well." You remember Jacob said, when they wanted to take Benjamin away from him, "All these things are against me" (Gen. xlii. 36). But in a little while he saw that "all these things were working together for good to him." In a little while all his lost children were restored to him, and he and his seed preserved from famine. So will it be with you. If at any time unbelief steals over your heart—if you lose sight of Jesus, our Passover sacrificed for us—if you forget the hand of the all-tender gracious Father of Jesus and of your soul—you will be crying out, All these things are against me. But ah! how soon you will find that everything in your history, except *sin*, has been *for* you. Every wave of trouble has been wafting you to the sunny shores of a sinless eternity. Only believe. Give unlimited credit to our God.

Think on Jesus when your mind wanders in search of peace; think where He came from—from the bosom of His Father. He was *from the beginning*. He is the life—the life of all that truly live. He is that eternal life which was with the Father. Let the beams of the divinity of Jesus shine in upon your soul. Think how He was manifested—God manifest in the flesh—to be a Surety for sinners. Made sin for us, although He knew no sin,—made a curse for us. Oh, if I could declare Him unto you, you might have fellowship with apostles, and with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. These things will we write unto you, that your joy may be full. Other joys do not fill the heart. But to know the Lord Jesus as our Surety satisfies the soul; it brings the soul unto rest under the eye of our pardoning God. I met[1] the other day with a thought which has filled my heart often since. It is intended to explain that wonderful verse, John xiv. 18, I will not leave you orphans—I will come to you. Jesus, at the right hand of the Father, is yet present with all His younger brethren and sisters in this vale of weeping. His *human nature* is at the right hand of God upon the throne—a lamb as it had been slain. But His divine nature is unlimited, fills all worlds, and is present in every dwelling of every disciple in this world. His divine nature thus brings in continual information to His human heart of everything that is going on in the heart and history of His people; so that His human heart beats towards us just as if He were sitting by our side. Hence He cried to Saul, "Why persecutest thou me?'

Dear friend, do you feel that Jesus is your Surety and Elder Brother? Then remember that, by reason of His real divinity, He is now by your bedside, afflicted in all your afflictions, touched with a feeling of your infirmities, and able to save you to the uttermost. He is really beside you as He was beside Mary when she sat at His feet. Tell Him all your sorrows, all your doubts and anxieties. He has a willing ear. Oh, what a friend is Jesus, the sinner's friend! What an open ear He has for all the wants, doubts, difficulties of His people! He has an especial care for His sick, weakly, and dying disciples. You know how it is with a kind mother, even though a worldly person. In a time of danger she clasps her children to her breast. In a time of health she may often let them wander out of her sight, but in hours of sickness she will *watch* beside their bed. *Much more* will Jesus watch over you.

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[1] It was in a sermon by J. B. Patterson of Falkirk.

I trust you feel real desire after complete holiness. This is the truest mark of being born again. It is a mark that he has made us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. If a nobleman were to adopt a beggar boy, he would not only feed and clothe him, but educate him, and fit him to move in the sphere into which he was afterwards to be brought; and if you saw this boy filled with a noble spirit, you would say he is meet to be put among the children. So may you be made meet for glory. The farmer does not cut down his corn till it is ripe. So does the Lord Jesus: He first ripens the soul, then gathers it into His barn. It is far better to be with Christ than to be in Christ. For you to live is Christ, and to die is gain. Nevertheless, I trust God will keep you a little longer for our sake, that you may pray for us, and encourage us to work on in the service of Jesus till our change come. I began this letter about two weeks ago, and now send it away to you. I was called very suddenly to Edinburgh, and then sent to the north, and am just returned again, so that I did not get it sent away. I will try and see you this week, if it be the will of God. However, you must not be disappointed if I am prevented. I pray for you, that according as your day is, so your strength may be. Keep your eye upon Jesus and the unsearchable riches that are in Him; and may the gentle Comforter fill your soul, and give you a sweet foretaste of the glory that is to follow. May He leave His deep eternal impress upon your soul, not healing you and going away, but abiding within you, keeping the image of Christ in your heart, ever fresh and full,—Christ in you the hope of glory. The Comforter is able to fill you with calmness in the stormiest hour. May He fill your whole soul, and transform you into a child of light. Good-bye till we meet, if it be the Lord's will. If not in this world, at least before the throne, casting our crowns at His feet.—Ever yours in the gospel, etc.

TO THE REV. W. C. BURNS.

Awakenings—Personal holiness in ministers.

DUNDEE, *September* 1840.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have had a severe illness, or would have answered your kind note long before this. I fear you may have left Breadalbane before this can reach it; still I write in hope. You may be sure I ever follow you with my prayers and earnest longings of heart that God may humble, purify, and make use of you to carry glad tidings of great joy to the inmost hearts of poor, guilty, perishing sinners, wherever you go. I have been much interested by all that I have heard of the good that has attended you in the north. I long to hear still more. The very name of Moulin stirs up the inmost depths of the heart, when I remember what great things the Lord Jesus did there of old. Do write to me when you have a moment, and stir me up. You know a word to a minister is worth a word to three or four thousand souls sometimes. Nothing stirs me up so much to be instant and faithful as hearing of the triumphs of the Lord Jesus in other places. I am glad and thankful to say that we are not left quite desolate. There have been evident tokens of the presence of the Spirit of God among my dear people many nights,—more, I think, upon the Thursday nights than on the Sabbaths. Some I have met with seemingly awakened without any very direct means. A good number of young mill-girls are still weeping after the Lord Jesus. I have been out of my pulpit only one Sabbath, and I hope to be back to it next Sabbath, if the Lord will.

What Mr. T. mentioned to you was true of some having followed after an enthusiastic kind of man, who in my absence came among them. Doubtless Satan wanted to carry off some of the sheep, and succeeded so far. Still I trust it will end in good. Some have been a good deal humbled in the dust on account of it, and I have been roused up to cry for more knowledge how to guide them in the right way. I think if strength were restored to me, I will try, in the name of the Lord Jesus, to catechise through my parish. I ask your advice and prayers on this. If it could be conducted humbly and with patience and aptness to teach, I am persuaded it would tend to ground them more deeply in divine things. Hypocrites also might be denounced and warned, and the unconverted pointedly dealt with. I feel the immense difficulty of it in a town, and such a neglected, ignorant one as this. Still, if God were with me, who can be against me?

Everything I meet with, and every day I study my Bible, makes me pray more that God would begin and carry on a deep, pure, widespread, and permanent work of God in Scotland. If it be not *deep and pure*, it will only end in confusion, and grieving away the Holy Spirit of God by irregularities and inconsistencies; Christ will not get glory, and the country generally will be hardened, and have their mouths filled with reproaches. If it be not *widespread*, our God will not get a large crown out of this generation. If it be not *permanent*, that will prove its impurity, and will turn all our hopes into shame. I am much more afraid of Satan than I used to be. I learned a good deal by being with Cumming in Strathbogie.

I am also deepened in my conviction, that if we are to be instruments in such a work, we must be purified from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit. Oh, cry for personal holiness, constant nearness to God by the blood of the Lamb! Bask in His beams,—lie back in the arms of love,—be filled with the Spirit; or all success in the ministry will only be to your own everlasting confusion.

You know how I have always insisted on this with you. It is because I feel the need thereof myself. Take heed, dear friend; do not think any sin trivial; remember it will have everlasting consequences. Oh to have Brainerd's heart for perfect holiness,—to be holy as God is holy,—pure as Christ is pure,—perfect as our Father in heaven is perfect! Oh, what a cursed body of sin we bear, that we should be obliged by it to break these sweet gospel rules! How much more useful might we be, if we were only more free from pride, self-conceit, personal vanity, or some secret sin that our heart knows! Oh, hateful sins, that destroy our peace, and ruin souls!

But I must be done. I have not attained the full use of the pen. Go on, dear brother; but an inch of time remains, and then eternal ages roll on for ever,—but an inch on which we can stand and preach the way of salvation to a perishing world. May He count us faithful, keeping us in the ministry.—Ever yours, etc.

TO THE REV. PATRICK L. MILLER,

Then labouring in Strathbogie, on his being elected minister of Wallacetown.

DUNDEE, *September* 18, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I cannot tell you how sincerely I thank God for the event of this evening. You are unanimously chosen minister of Wallacetown. I have already been on my knees to praise God for it, and to pray that you may be filled with the Holy Spirit for this glorious work. I hope you will see your way clear in leaving your attached people at Botriphnie. Make good use of your last days among them. Warn every man. Take each aside, and tell him you will be a witness against him at the last day if he do not turn and obey the gospel. The Lord give you a spiritual family in that place; and may you come to us in the fulness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. I am persuaded the Spirit of God is still remarkably present in this town. You could not become a minister in a more blessed season, or in a more promising field. Oh, pray to be fitted for the arduous work! I was just praying this morning over Matt. ix. 36–38, and little thinking that God was about to answer so graciously.

I have had a severe illness of late, and been taught to look more toward the Church above. But I am better, and my heart warms again towards the Lord's work below. Now, farewell! The Lord humble, empty, satisfy, and fill you,—make you a Boanerges and a Barnabas all in one. May the Lord arise, and His enemies be scattered; and may poor parched Angus become like the garden of the Lord.—Ever yours, etc.

TO MR. GEORGE SHAW, BELFAST.

Prophecies concerning Israel—Revival—Conduct of studies.

DUNDEE, *September* 16, 1840.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—It gives me great joy to be able to answer your kind letter, although I fear you have almost despaired of me. In writing your esteemed pastor, I mentioned to him my intention of writing you very soon; but I have since then been laid down upon a sick-bed by a severe feverish illness, from which I am now only recovering. Like you, my dear friend, God has seen it meet to train me often by the rod, and I have always found that He doeth all things well. Indeed, who would have his own health in his own guidance? Ah! how much better to be in His all-wise, all-powerful hand, who has redeemed us, and is making us vessels to hold His praise, now and in eternal ages! I have been only twice in the open air, and cannot yet manage the pen with facility; but I cannot delay writing to you any longer. You cannot tell how much real joy your letter gave me when you tell me of the dear brethren who meet along with you on Monday mornings, to read and pray concerning Israel. This is indeed a delightful fruit of my short visit among you, for which I give humble and hearty thanks to Him who has stirred up your hearts in what I felt, by experience, to be His own blessed cause. I feel deeply persuaded, from prophecy, that it will always be difficult to stir up and maintain a warm and holy interest in outcast Israel. The lovers and pleaders of Zion's cause will, I believe, be always few. Do you not think this is hinted at in Jer. xxx. 13: "There is none to plead thy cause, that thou mayest be bound up"? And again (ver. 14): "All thy lovers have forgotten thee; they seek thee not." And is not this one of the very reasons why God will at last take up their cause? See ver. 17: "I will restore health unto thee; because they called thee an outcast, saying, This is Zion, whom no man seeketh after." It is a sweet encouragement also to learn, that though the friends of Zion will probably be few, so that it may almost be said, No one seeketh after her, yet there always will be some who will keep watch over the dust of Jerusalem, and plead the cause of Israel with God and with man. See Isa. lxii. 6, 7. If any of your company know the Hebrew, you will see at once the true rendering: "I have set watchmen *over* thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night. *Ye that are the Lord's remembrancers,* keep not silence, and give Him no rest till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." Oh, my dear brethren, into whose hearts I trust God is pouring a scriptural love for Israel, what an honour is it for us, worms of the dust, to be made watchmen by God over the ruined walls of Jerusalem, and to be made the Lord's remembrancers, to call His own promises to His mind, that He would fulfil them, and make Jerusalem a blessing to the whole world! Ver. 1 is supposed to be the language of our Lord Himself—our glorious Advocate with the Father. Oh, what an example does He set us of unwearied intercession! Ver. 2 showeth the great effect which the conversion of Israel will have on the Gentile world. Ver. 3 shows how converted Israel will be a glorious diadem in God's hand, held out to show forth His praise. Ver. 4 shows that it is *literal Israel* that is spoken of, for there is a sweet promise to *their land.*

I think you must take these two verses, 6, 7, as the motto of your praying society, not in boasting, but in all humility of mind, and with much self-upbraiding for the neglect of the past. Indeed, you will find it a difficult matter to keep your heart in tune really to desire the salvation of Israel, and the widely extended glory of the Lord Jesus. You must keep in close union to Jesus, and much in the love of God, and be much filled with the infinite, almighty Spirit of God. He will help your infirmities. It is when you feel the sweetness of the kingdom of God within you, that you will truly fall down on your knees, and pray, "Thy kingdom come." The possession of grace fills us with very different feelings from the possession of anything else. A man who has much money is not very anxious that all the world should be rich; one who has much learning does not long that all the world were learned; but if you have tasted the grace of the gospel, the irresistible longing of your hearts will be, Oh that all the world might taste its regenerating waters! And if it be true, as I think it is, that God's method of bringing in the kingdom is to be by the salvation of Israel, how can an enlightened, gracious soul but pray, "Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion?"

As to the mode of studying prophecy, dear friend, I am far from being a capable adviser. My advice, however, is that you begin with the simple and more unquestioned parts, and then advance to the more difficult ground. Begin with fulfilled prophecy: you will thus gain an intimate acquaintance with the language and manner of the prophetic writings. Then advance to the marks of unfulfilled prophecy, and cautiously and prayerfully to those parts that are obviously unfulfilled. This would be a most interesting course, and if humbly followed out, cannot but give you great light and interest in the cause of Israel, and the world's conversion. For fulfilled prophecy, you might follow the guidance of Keith on *Fulfilled Prophecy*, or Bishop Newton, or both.

I am delighted to hear of the thank-offering you mention. It is sweet when thankfulness does not end in mere words, but in gifts to God and devotedness of our all to Him. I am happy to say that the Lord's cause seems still to advance in Scotland. On the very day I arrived from Ireland we had very sweet tokens of the presence of the Spirit of God in the congregation, and many Thursday evenings since.

I have been in Strathbogie also, and seen some of the Lord's wonders there. He that hath the key of David has opened a door there, for the salvation of many souls. I am still as anxious as ever that God's work should be pure, and unmixed with error and satanic delusions; and, therefore, when I pray for the revival of God's work, I always add that it may be pure and permanent. I have seen two awakened since I came home, with the use of hardly any means. If they shall turn out real conversions, I think I shall never despair of any.

I trust that your own studies get on well, dear friend. Learn much of your own heart; and when you have learned all you can, remember you have seen but a few yards into a pit that is unfathomable. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" (Jer. xvii. 9). Learn much of the Lord Jesus. For every look at yourself, take ten looks at Christ. He is altogether lovely. Such infinite majesty, and yet such meekness and grace, and all for sinners, even the chief! Live much in the smiles of God. Bask in His beams. Feel His all-seeing eye settled on you in love, and repose in His almighty arms. Cry after divine knowledge, and lift up your voice for understanding. Seek her as silver, and search for her as for hid treasure, according to the word in Prov. ii. 4. See that ver. 10 be fulfilled in you. Let wisdom *enter into your hearts*, and knowledge *be pleasant to thy soul;* so you will be delivered from the snares mentioned in the following verses. Let your soul be filled with a heart-ravishing sense of the sweetness and excellency of Christ and all that is in Him. Let the Holy Spirit fill every chamber of your heart; and so there will be no room for folly, or the world, or Satan, or the flesh. I must now commend you all to God and the word of His grace. My dear people are just assembled for worship. Alas! I cannot preach to them to-night. I can only carry them and you on my heart to the throne of grace. Write me soon.—Ever yours, etc.

TO HIS SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS, DURING A WEEK OF ABSENCE FROM THEM.

(Accompanied by notes on the Scripture Lesson that was to be taught in the classes that week.)

KELSO, *February* 24, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIENDS AND FELLOW-LABOURERS,—I send you a few notes on the parable for next Sabbath evening. May you find them profitable. You cannot tell what a sweet comfort it is to me, when I am so far distant from my flock, to know that you are in the midst of the lambs, speaking to God for them, and speaking to them for God. I thank my God without ceasing for your work of faith, and labour of love, and patience of hope. Be not weary in well-doing, dear friends, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not. Do not be impatient—wait on the Lord. The blessing will come. Use a few spare half-hours in seeking after the lambs on the week-days. This will prove to the parents that you are in earnest. To bring one child to the bosom of Christ would be reward for all our pains in eternity. Oh, with what glowing hearts we shall meet in heaven those whom God has used us as humble instruments in saving! Meditate on Phil. i. 8. And may the Lord meet with you and the lambs on Sabbath day, and bless you, and do you good.

Farewell, dear fellow-labourers.—Ever your affectionate friend and pastor, absent in body, not in spirit, etc.

TO A SOCIETY IN BLAIRGOWRIE FOR DIFFUSING THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE TRUTH.

Advices.

DUNDEE, *March* 27, 1841.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I was happy indeed to receive your letter, and the rules of your Society, which interested me very much. I would have answered you sooner, but have been laid down by my heavenly Father on a bed of sickness, from which I am just recovering by His grace. Spared fig-trees should bear much fruit; pray that it may be so with me. Luther used to say that "*temptations, afflictions*, and *prayer*, made a minister." I do trust that your Society may be greatly blessed, *first*, in the comforting, enlivening, and sanctifying of your own souls, and *then* in the bringing others to know the same fountain where you have found peace and purity. Let Jesus come into your meetings and sit at the head of the table. It is a fragrant room when the bundle of myrrh is the chief thing there. Let there be no *strife* among you, but *who* to be lowest at His feet, *who* to lean their head most fully on His breast. Let all your conversation, meditations, and readings lead you to the Lamb of God. Satan would divert your minds away to questions and old wives' fables, which gender strifes. But the Holy Spirit *glorifies* Jesus—*draws* to Jesus—*makes you cleave* to the Lord Jesus with full purpose of heart. Seek advance of personal holiness. It is for this the grace of God has appeared to you (see Tit. ii. 11, 12). For this Jesus died; for this He chose you; for this He converted you, to make you holy men—living epistles of Christ—monuments of what God can do in a sinner's heart. You know what true holiness is. It is *Christ in you the hope of glory.* Let Him dwell in you, and so all His features will shine in your hearts and faces. Oh to be like Jesus! This is heaven, wherever it be. I think I could be happy among devils, if only the old man were slain in me, and I was made altogether like Jesus! But, blessed be God, we shall not be called to such a trial, for we shall not only be like Jesus, but be with Him to behold His glory. Pray to be taught to pray. Do not be content with old forms that flow from the lips only. Most Christians have need to cast their formal prayers away, to be taught to cry, Abba. Arrange beforehand what you have to pray for. Do not forget *confession of sin*, nor *thanksgiving*. Pray to get your closed lips opened in intercession; embrace the whole world, and carry it within the veil. I think you might with advantage keep a small book in which you might mark down objects to be prayed for. I pray God to make you very useful in the parish and in the world. Do all things without murmurings and disputings (see Phil. ii. 14, 16). Live for eternity. A few days more, and our journey is done. Oh, fight hard against sin and the devil! the devil never sleeps. Be you also active for good. The Lord bless you and your dear minister. Pray for us. Pray for the dead parishes around you.—Ever yours, etc.

LETTERS TO A SOUL SEEKING JESUS.—No. I.

Seek to know your corruption.

DUNDEE, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND,—According to promise, I sit down to talk with you a little concerning the great things of an eternal world. How kind it is in God that He has given us such an easy way of communicating our thoughts, even at a distance! My only reason for writing to you is, that I may direct your soul to Jesus, the sinner's friend. "This man receiveth sinners." I would wish much to know that you were truly united to Christ, and then, come life, come death, you will be truly and eternally happy. Do you think you have been *convinced of sin?* This is the Holy Spirit's work, and His first work upon the soul (John xvi. 8; Acts ii. 37, xxi. 29, 30). If you did not know your body was dangerously ill, you would never have sent for your physician; and so you will never go to Christ, the heavenly Physician, unless you feel that your soul is sick even unto death. Oh, pray for deep discoveries of your real state by nature and by practice! The world will say you are an innocent and harmless girl; do not believe them. The world is a liar. Pray to see yourself exactly as God sees you; pray to know the worth of your soul. Have you seen yourself *vile*, as Job saw himself? (Job xi. 3, 5, xiii. 5, 6); undone, as Isaiah saw himself? (Isa vi. 1, 5). Have you experienced anything like Ps. li.? I do not wish you to feign humility before God, nor to use expressions of self-abhorrence, which you do not feel; but oh, pray that the Holy Spirit may let you see the very reality of your natural condition before God! I seldom get more than a glance at the true state of my soul in its naked self. But when I do, then I see that I am wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked (Rev. iii. 17). I believe every member of our body has been a servant of sin (Rom. iii. 13, 18)—throat, tongue, lips, mouth, feet, eyes. Every faculty of our mind is polluted (Gen. vi. 5). Besides, you have long neglected the great salvation; you have been gainsaying and disobedient. Oh that you were brought to pass sentence on yourself, *guilty of all!* Hear what a dear believer writes of himself: "My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, and swallowing up all thought and imagination, like an infinite deluge, or mountains over my head.

I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. When I look into my heart and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss infinitely deep, and yet it seems to me that my conviction of sin is exceeding small and faint." Perhaps you will ask, Why do you wish me to have such a discovery of my lost condition? I answer, that you may be broken off from all schemes of self-righteousness; that you may never look into your poor guilty soul to recommend you to God; and that you may joyfully accept of the Lord Jesus Christ, who obeyed and died for sinners. Oh that your heart may cleave to Christ! May you forsake all, and follow Jesus Christ. Count everything loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ. You never will stand righteous before God in yourself. You are welcome this day to stand righteous before God in Jesus. Pray over Phil. iii. 7, 9. I will try and pray for you. Grace be with you.—Your friend in Jesus, etc.

TO THE SAME.—No. II.

Seek the righteousness of Christ.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was glad to hear of your safe arrival, and that your health had not suffered by the voyage. I trust the Lord is dealing gently with your frail body, so that your mind may get leave freely to fix itself on Jesus Christ and Him crucified. Above all, I pray that the Holy Spirit may sweetly and silently open your heart, to relish the way of salvation through the blood and obedience of Immanuel. Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins, and by Him all that believe are justified from all things (Acts. xiii. 38, 39). You would be deeply concerned to hear that your room-mate, ——, has been so suddenly and awfully called away. Should it not be a solemn warning to you? Oh that you may be even now clothed in the righteousness of Jesus! so that, if you were called away, you may meet God in peace, and hear Jesus say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." In yourself you never will stand righteous before Jehovah. Ps. cxliii. 2 answers your case. "Enter not into judgment with me," must be your cry. In your nature, in your past life, in your breaking of the holy law, in your contempt and neglect of Jesus, in your indwelling sin, God can see nothing but what He must condemn. Oh that you would be of the same mind with God about your own soul! Do not be afraid to look upon its loathsomeness; for God offers to clothe you in Jesus Christ. "By the obedience of *one* shall many be made righteous" (Rom. v. 19). There is only *one* in all the world on whose face God can look and say, "He is altogether lovely." Jesus is that one. Now God is willing that you and I should *hide in Jesus.* I feel at this moment that He is my righteousness. "This is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our Righteousness," (Jer. xxiii. 6). I feel that the love of God shines upon my guilty soul through Jesus. This is all my peace. Your tears will not blot out sin; they do nothing but weep in hell, but that does not justify them. Your right views of the gospel will not justify you; you must be covered with a spotless righteousness. Your change of heart and of life will not justify you; it cannot cover *past sins*—neither is it perfect. Your amended life is still fearfully sinful in Jehovah's sight, and yet nothing but perfect righteousness can stand before Him. Jesus offers you this perfect righteousness; in Him you may stand and hear God say, "Thou art all fair, my love." There is no spot in me. Do you thus look to Jesus? Do you believe the record that God has given concerning Him? Do you receive Christ with open arms? Do you cry, "My Lord and my God;" my Surety—my all? Dear friend, do not tarry. Eternity may be near. *Now* is your best time, perhaps your only time, of closing with Christ. How many worlds would a lost soul in hell give for such an opportunity of cleaving to Christ as you have now! "He that hath the Son hath life." This is all my prayer and desire for your precious, precious soul.—Ever yours in the gospel, etc.

TO THE SAME.—No. III.

Joy in believing.

DEAR FRIEND,—I send you another line to tell you Jesus is *the way.* I would like much to hear how your weak body prospers, and whether your soul is resting under the apple-tree (Song ii. 3); but till some opportunity occurs, I must just content myself with committing your soul and body into the hand of Jesus, your faithful Creator (1 Pet. iv. 19). We are now looking forward to another communion season, and I am busy instructing young persons for that holy and blessed ordinance. I think you said you were a good deal impressed at our last communion, and wished that you had been one of those seated at the table: perhaps you may never be permitted to sit at the table on earth; perhaps your first communion may be in glory. There is a text in Rom. xv. 13, which expresses all my desire for you: "Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that you may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost." You see here who is the author of conversion—"the God of hope." He must open your heart to attend to the things that are spoken. The truths that are presented to you will not convert your heart; the God of hope must breathe on your heart and water it oft. Then see how He gives you joy and peace—"in believing." When Jesus revealed Himself to Thomas (John xx. 28), Thomas cried out with joy, "My Lord and my God!" If Jesus reveal Himself to you in all the glory of His person, the completeness of His work, and the freeness of His love, you too will be filled with appropriating, joyful faith, and will cry, "My Lord and my God!" It is a difficult thing to explain what it is to believe—I suppose it is impossible. But when Jesus unveils His matchless beauty, and gives you a sweet glimpse of His matchless face that was buffeted and spit upon, then the soul joyfully clings to Him. This is believing, and this is joy and peace in believing. The truest, purest joy flows from a discovery of Jesus Christ. He is the hidden treasure that gives such joy to the finder (Matt. xiii. 44). Do you think you have found that treasure? Touching question! for if not, you are poor indeed. But how much joy may you have in Christ? "The God of hope *fill* you with all joy." You need not be afraid to take the full joy that Jesus gives. If you really come unto Christ, you come unto the love of Jehovah, and that is a filling love. The love of the creature does not fill the heart; but God's love coming full upon the soul gives fulness of joy (1 John i. 4). It is holy love, sovereign love. I have been interrupted several times in writing this little note. I will not be long in writing you again. Do decide the question of your eternity. One thing is needful! have you closed with the great Mediator? Have you got saving knowledge of Jesus? Then only will death lose its power, and the grave become the bed of peaceful rest.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

Lean all your care for time and eternity on Jesus; that is the softest of all pillows—the bosom of our guardian Immanuel.—I am, ever yours, etc.

TO THE SAME.—No. IV.

Taste that Christ is precious.

December 1841.

DEAR FRIEND,—It is written, "*Unto you who believe He is precious;*" and if you are a child of God, you will know and feel what the words mean (1 Pet. ii. 7). At one time Christ was "like a tender plant" to you, and like "a root out of a dry ground." You saw "no form nor comeliness in Him, no beauty that you should desire Him." At that time you were at ease in Zion—you had no concern for your soul. Do you remember that time? Is it otherwise with you now? Have you been pricked in your heart by the Holy Spirit? Have you been made to see how impossible it is for man to be just with God? and has the Spirit drawn away the veil from the fair face of Immanuel, and given you an unfeigned glance at the brow that was crowned with the thorns, and the cheek from which they plucked off the hair? Has the Spirit opened a window into the heart of Jesus, and let you see the fountain-head of that love that "passeth knowledge"? Then you will be able to say, "To me *He is precious.*" If you see plainly that all your standing before God is in Him, that He is your foundation-stone, your fountain, your wedding-garment, then you will feel Him to be precious. Most people refuse to come to Christ. Read Luke xiv. 16–24—"They all with one consent began to make excuse." Why is this? Just because they do not see and feel that He is precious. But oh, if you, my dear friend, feel that He is your only righteousness—your only fountain of living water—your High Priest—your Shepherd—your Advocate, then you will say, "*He is precious!*" You will never say, "Have me excused." I carry to you the sweet invitation, "Come, for all things are now ready." Jesus is ready to wash and clothe you in His own blood and righteousness. The Holy Spirit is ready to come into your heart and make it new. The Father is ready to put His arms round your neck, and kiss you (Luke xv. 20). The angels are ready to give thanks for you, and to love you as a sister for eternity.

Now, will you come, for *all things are ready?* Are you now saying in your heart, "I cannot but believe I am the chief of sinners, and Jesus offers to be my refuge, my Mediator, my all in all; I feel He is precious"? Oh, dear friend, I trust you do. This only will make you happy in living, and blessed in dying. This is a poor dying world. Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. There is no part here that death cannot take from us. But if you have Christ, you have the only imperishable portion! Oh, may the Holy Spirit give you a firm hold of Jesus! Then we shall meet in that sweet place, where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain. The Lord deal kindly and gently with you, both soul and body. Farewell, dear friend.—Ever yours, etc.

TO THE SAME.—No. V.

Be found in Christ.

December 8, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND,—I send you another line to tell you of Him who is altogether lovely. I have a very dear boy in my parish who is dying just now. He said to me the other day, "I have just been feeding for some days upon the words you gave me: 'His legs are like pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold' (Song v. 15); for (said he) I am sure He is able to carry me and all my sins." You may say the same, if your eyes have been opened to see the beauty, fulness, freeness, and compassion of the Lord Jesus Nothing but the hand of God can open your eyes to see your lost condition as it truly is. Flesh and blood cannot reveal Him unto you, but my Father. Oh, call upon Him to do this for you! A spiritual discovery of yourself and of Jesus is better than a million of worlds to you, and to me also. Remember, you cannot be fair in yourself before God. Song i. 6 must be all your prayer: "*Look not upon me.*" Take yourself at your best moments, you are but a vile worm in Jehovah's sight, and so am I. Remember you may be "perfect in Christ Jesus." Allow yourself to be found in Christ. Oh, what will come of you if you are found in yourself? Where will you appear? You will shrink back, and call on rocks and mountains to fall upon you and cover you. But if you are hiding in Jesus—if your eye and heart are fixed upon His wounds made by our sins—if you are willing to be righteous in His righteousness, to lie down under the stream of His blood, and to be clothed upon with the snowy fleece of the Lamb of God—then God will love you with His whole soul exceedingly. The pure, full love of God streams through the blood and obedience of Jesus to every soul that is lying under them, however vile and wretched in themselves. Have you tried—have you tasted the holy love of a holy God? Thy love is better than wine. It is better than all creature love or creature enjoyments. Oh, do not live—oh, do not die, out of this sweet, sweet, sin-pardoning, soul-comforting love of God! Remember, Jesus is quite willing to gather you under His wings (Matt. xxiii. 37). Put that beyond all doubt. Remember, also, the present is your only time to be saved (Eccles. ix. 10). There is no believing, no repenting, no conversion in the grave—no minister will speak to you there. This is the time of conversion. We must either gain you now, or lose you for ever. Oh that you would use this little time! Every moment of it is worth a world. Your soul is very dear to me—dearer far to Jesus. Look to Him and you will be saved.—Ever yours, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Go up, leaning on Jesus.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have heard of you from ——, and have been praying for you, that your eye may rest on Jesus, and that your soul may lie in perfect peace under His blood shed for the sins of many. I have been thanking my Father, too, for dealing so bountifully with you. "He is the Father of mercies, and the God of all comforts." I will give you a sweet verse to meditate upon: "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon the beloved?'" (Song viii. 5). Do you think this is your position? Truly this world is a wilderness if you have seen it rightly. It is a place of guilt and shame. Every natural heart is a wilderness—a dead place without a drop of living water; and then all natural hearts put together make up a wilderness world. The whole world lieth in wickedness. There are few that know and love Jesus, and these few are panting to get more of the living water. But if you have truly fled to Jesus, you are coming up from the wilderness. Now is our salvation nearer than when we believed. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand.' Have you found Jesus truly? Do you feel willing to be all vile, all hell-deserving in yourself, and to let God's dear Son be all your shield and righteousness? Oh, make sure of this. Never mind what *man* thinks of you. I would not give a straw for the opinions of men, as to whether I was safe or no. It is not what man thinks of us that will cover us on the judgment day. Oh no! You must be in Jesus, sitting at His feet, allowing Him to wash your stains away, allowing Him to enwrap your guilty soul in divine righteousness. If you were lying at the bottom of the sea, no eye could see your deformities; so when the infinite ocean of Immanuel's righteousness flows over the soul, you are swallowed up as it were in Christ. Your blackness is never seen, only His fairness; and thus a God of truth can say, "Behold thou art fair; behold thou art fair, My love. Thou art all fair, My love; there is no spot in thee" (Song iv. 1–7). Keep this always in memory; and when guilt comes on the conscience, as it will, lie down again beneath the righteousness of Jesus. Never lose sight of this. Jesus must be seen by the Father instead of our guilty soul. It is no change in our black soul that is to be our covering. You must leave self, and stand in your Elder Brother. Hide behind Him. Let the Father's eye fall on Him, not on you. This is what Jesus wants. He died to be a shelter for such as you. This is what the Father wants; for He is not willing that any should perish. If you are seen by the Father a naked, guilty sinner, you must die; there is no help for it. But if Jesus appear for you—if you hide in His wounds like the dove in the clefts of the rock, and under His snowy raiment—then the Father Himself loveth you, and now you are coming up from the wilderness. Every hour that strikes, that is an hour less between you and glory. Oh, do not grieve to part with the world if you are in Christ! an hour with Christ will make up for all your griefs and pains. Half an hour in the presence of our God will make us forget a lifetime of agony. "Leaning on her beloved!" Is this the position of your soul? Do you feel empty, weak, and helpless? and do you see Him mighty to save, able to save to the uttermost? "His legs are like pillars of marble." This is Christ's glory, that He justifies sinners who have no righteousness, and sanctifies souls that have no inborn holiness. Let Jesus bear your whole weight. Remember, He loves to be the only support of the soul. He is a jealous Saviour. He wants to be entirely trusted. There is nothing that you can possibly need but you will find it in Him. "*All my springs are in Thee.*" Do you want righteousness? He has the spirit of a weaned child to give you (Ps. cxxxi.). Do you want love? He is the fountain of love: all the promises of God in Him are yea and in Him amen. I am sure, if you get a glimpse of Him, you would lay your head in His breast and die there. May the Spirit anoint your eyes to see Him more and more, and soften your heart to lean on Him. Those that have leaned on Him through the wilderness shall sit with Him on the throne (Rev. iii. 21). Farewell, dear soul! the Lord feed you sweetly, as He feeds the flowers, by silent drops of dew.—Ever yours, etc.

TO THE MEMBERS OF A PRAYER-MEETING.

Parable of the Sower.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It has been a matter of great joy to me to hear that you meet together from time to time to read the word of God and pray—to pray for a blessing on yourselves and families, that you may be brought to the saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to pray for ministers, that they may be filled with the Holy Spirit, and made insatiably greedy for the salvation of souls, and that the word of God preached on the Sabbath may rise and be glorified till the whole world bow the knee at the name of Jesus.

Oh, you that have had your eyes opened to see your lost condition by nature and by wicked works,—you that have been drawn by the Father to believe in Jesus, to wash in the blood of the Lamb, and to put on the righteousness of God,—oh, pray with all your heart that your dear friends may be brought to take the peace you feel,—that your enemies may be brought to the same Saviour, and that all the world may be brought to know Him, whom to know is life eternal!

If you look at Matt. xiii. 3–9, you will see how much of our preaching is in vain, and what need there is to pray that God would open the hearts we speak to.

Many among you, I fear, are like the hard wayside, so that, when the seed falls, it cannot get into your hearts, and the devil plucks it all away (vers. 3, 4). Is it not true that some of your hearts are like the footpath, trodden all the week by wicked thoughts? "*Free passage this way*" is written over your hearts—common, worldly thoughts—busy, covetous desires of money—

malicious thoughts—impure, abominable thoughts. Oh who can tell what a constant thoroughfare of wicked imaginations is passing night and day through every unconverted mind! Oh, look at Gen. vi. 5, and weep over the Bible description of your own hard hearts. Now, when you come to the church on Sabbath, your heart is like a footpath; the seed cannot fall in, it lies upon the surface. You do not understand the minister. Perhaps he preaches of the desperate wickedness of the heart, and the danger you are in of going to hell if you be not born again. You feel it to be a dry subject, and turn your head away. Perhaps he is preaching of the love of Jesus, in tasting death for every man; and that He will in no wise cast the vilest sinner out. Still you feel no interest, and perhaps you fall asleep during the sermon. Oh, you are the wayside hearers,—the devil plucks all the seed away. When you turn your back on the church, you turn your back on divine things; and before you have got half-way home, the devil has carried off every word of the sermon. Yea, often, I fear, before you have got a sight of your own cottage, or the trees before the door, the devil has filled your hearts with abominable worldly thoughts, and your tongue with evil talk, unworthy of the Sabbath. O Satan, Satan! what a cunning fiend thou art! Even when the hard hearts will not receive the word, thou wilt not suffer it to remain; lest it should come back in a time of sickness or danger, thou carriest all away.

Dear believers, pray that it be not so with you, nor with your friends; pray for a soft heart and a retentive memory; and often speak together of the sermons you hear, and get them harrowed into your hearts, that Satan may be cheated, and your soul saved.

Many, I fear, among you, are receiving the seed into stony places (Matt. xiii. 6)—receiving the word for a while, but soon withering away in time of persecution. I fear there may be some among you who are charmed with something about the gospel, instead of cleaving in heart to Christ. I can imagine that some of the wounded Israelites, that were bitten by the serpent, were much taken with Moses, as he held up the brazen serpent, instead of looking at the serpent itself. Many are fond of ministers who are not fond of Christ. Read over Ezek. xxxiii. 30–32, and pray that this be not your case.

Now, I will give you two marks, by which you may know whether you are one of these unfruitful hearers. First, The *rocky heart* will remain the same. If you find that your liking to the gospel is from the surface, from curiosity or fancy, or love to a minister—if you find that your rocky heart has never been broken by conviction of sin, has never melted to flow towards Jesus—then you are an empty professor; you have a name to live, while you are spiritually dead.

Second, *You will endure for a while.* A really converted soul is like a branch. "I am the vine, ye are the *branches.*" It will cleave to it summer and winter. But if you have only a mock conversion, you will wither away when persecution comes. God knows how soon days of trial may come in Scotland. Be ye therefore ready. He that endureth to the end shall be saved. I fear, dear friends, that many of you receive the seed among thorns (Matt. xiii. 7). Look into your heart and see, when you read your Bible in the morning, how many cares and anxieties are dancing before your eyes, so that you can hardly see the page you are reading. How often you come to the house of God, and you see the minister preaching of eternal things with all his might; but your heart is stuffed full of cares, and plans, and pleasures. Alas, alas! the world has got the first hold of your heart, and so you can think of nothing else. What will it profit you if you gain the whole world and lose your own soul?

One thing is plain, that thorns and wheat cannot grow on the same spot of ground; so that, if you will keep to your thorns, you must burn with them. Oh, dear souls, if you got but a glimpse of the beauty of Jesus, you would leave all and follow Him! If you got but a taste of the sweetness of forgiveness, you would count everything else but loss for the excellence of the knowledge of Christ. See how Matthew did (Matt. ix. 9). He was once as worldly as yourselves, and as greedy of money as any one of you; and yet a word from the sweet mouth of Christ made him leave all. Read that sweet command of Christ (Matt. x. 37, 38). Oh, pray to be made willing to leave all for Christ! He is kinder than father or mother—more precious than son or daughter. Take up your cross, then, and follow Him.

Last of all, I trust there are some among you like the good ground (Matt. xiii. 8), who receive the word into a heart broken up by the Spirit of God,—watered by prayer,—and who bear fruit unto *life eternal.* HAVE YOU HAD YOUR HEARTS BROKEN, dear friends? Has God ploughed up your hard, unbelieving hearts? Have you had real concern for your perishing soul? Have you been driven to your knees? Have you ever wept in secret for your sins? Have you been made to tremble under your load of guilt? Do you come thus to the house of God,—*your heart like an open furrow waiting for the seed?* Inquire earnestly whether the fallow-ground of your heart has ever been broken up (Jer. iv. 3). *A broken heart alone can receive a crucified Christ.*

HAVE YOU UNDERSTOOD THE GOSPEL? Have you believed the record that God has given concerning His Son? Do you feel that it is true that God is love?—that Christ has died, the just for the unjust?—that He is beckoning you to come to Him? Do you believe on the Son of God? He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned (Mark xvi. 16).

DO YOU BEAR FRUIT? Without holy fruit all evidences are vain. How vain would it be to prove to a farmer that his fields were good and productive, if they produced no corn! You might say to him, "Neighbour, your land is good; the soil is dry and well trenched." "Oh, but," he would say, "where is the yellow grain—where are the full ears falling from the sickle of the reaper?" Dear friends, you have awakenings, enlightenings, experiences, a full heart in prayer, and many due signs; but if you want holiness you will never see the Lord. If you are a drinker, a swearer, a liar, a lascivious talker, a wanton, a slanderer, you are in the broad way that leads to destruction.

Read Matt. vii. 21–23, and pray that you may not be deceiving your own souls. Dear believers, pray that you may bear fruit an hundredfold. Do not be content with bearing thirtyfold or sixtyfold; pray to be *sanctified wholly* (1 Thess. v. 23). Pray that the whole lump may be leavened (Matt. xiii. 33). Pray that, day or night, in company or alone, Sabbath and week-day, you may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things. I often pray for you all; and desire that in secret, and in your families, you will not forget me.—Your friend and soul's well-wisher, etc.

TO M. S.

Trying dispensations.

DUNDEE, *February* 28, 1841.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have heard from J. S. of your brother's death, and I write a line to comfort you. There is no true comfort to be found but in Christ. He is a fountain of living waters, and you must go with your thirsty soul to Him and drink (John vii. 37; Ps.

lxiii.). If your brother died in the Lord, then he is far better than if he were here (Phil. i. 23). If he died out of the Lord, you must be like Aaron when "he held his peace" (Lev. x. 3). Be not moved by these afflictions, knowing that you were appointed thereunto. Seek more and more abiding peace in Christ. He is not only a Saviour, but a sympathising elder brother.

Read John xi. and Lam. iii., and you will see what a compassionate bosom Christ has. Lean your head more, and you will find rest. "Do not despise the chastening of the Lord." Inquire what change He would have wrought in you and in all your friends. Are there any need to be awakened? let them listen to this warning. Are there any need to be brought off from love of the world? let them hear the voice of God from your brother's grave, saying, "What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Your brother, though dead, still speaketh. To you he says, "Lean on the Beloved as you come up out of the wilderness. The Lord is at hand." Keep your eye fixed on Jesus. Pray much for His Spirit and likeness; and be ready for His coming.

Our communion is on Sabbath next. Your friend J. thought you would perhaps love to be here. Farewell for the present. May the Lord Jesus be very near you, to comfort and sanctify and bless you.—Ever yours, etc.

TO E. R., ASKING COUNSEL.

A sight of corruption drives to Christ.

DUNDEE, 1842.

DEAR FRIEND,—I send you a hurried line, and may the Spirit accompany it with His divine power to your heart! It is a good thing to be shown much of the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of your heart, provided it lead you to the Lord Jesus, that He may pardon and subdue it. Slightness and carnal ease are much more to be dreaded than discoveries of our leprosy.

The groans and triumphal song of a believer are not far separated, as you may see in Paul (Rom. vii. 24, 25): "O wretched man," and "I thank God," all in one breath! David felt the same (see Ps. lxxiii.). At one verse he feels himself a fool and a beast in the sight of a holy God, and in the very next verses he is cleaving to Christ with a song of unspeakable joy (vers. 22–24). Ah! there is a sweet mystery here—bitter herbs along with our passover Lamb. It is sweet to see ourselves infinitely vile, that we may look to Jehovah our Righteousness, as all our way to the Father.

The sweet Psalmist of Israel felt this on his dying bed: "Although my house be *not so* with God, yet hath He made with me," etc. (2 Sam. xxiii. 5). His house had been the scene of many a black sin; and now, when dying, he could not but confess that it was not right with God. Not a day he had lived appeared clean—not a moment. So may you say, in the house where you live, and looking at the pollutions of your own heart: "Although my house be not so with God"—although my heart and life be not so, "yet hath He made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure."

God makes that covenant with you, when He brings you to lay hold on Jesus as your Surety—your curse-bearing, law-fulfilling Surety. Then you are brought into the bond of the everlasting covenant, and all its blessings are yours—pardon, righteousness, consolation, grace upon grace, life, love, the spirit of supplications—all are yours, and you are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

Pray to be made like Caleb, who had another spirit, and followed the Lord fully. Follow Christ all the day. He is the continual burnt-offering in whom you may have peace. He is the rock that follows you, from whom you may have constant and infinite supplies. Give yourself wholly away to Him. You are safe in no other keeping but in the everlasting arms of Jehovah Jesus.

Keep yourself from other men's sins. Do not go to *the end of the string*, that is, going as far as you can in dallying with temptation without committing open sin. Remember that it is our happiness to be under grace, and every sin will be bitterness in the end, and will take something out of your eternal portion of glory.

Grace be with your dear and much honoured minister, and with all that love Christ in sincerity. Never cease to pray for the parish, and for all parishes, that God would pour down His life-giving Spirit, to the conversion of perishing sinners and the glory of His own great name. I will remember you on the 12th of June.—May the Lord remember us.—Ever truly, etc.

TO J. T.

A young boy anxious about his soul.

Collace, *January* 27, 1842.

MY DEAR BOY,—I was very glad to receive your kind note, and am glad to send you a short line in return, although my time is much taken up. You are very dear to me, because your soul is precious; and if you are ever brought to Jesus, washed and justified, you will praise Him more sweetly than an angel of light. I was riding among the snow to-day, where no foot had trodden, and it was pure, pure white; and I thought again and again of that verse: "*Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.*" That is a sweet prayer,—make it your own. Often go alone and look up to Jesus, who died to wash us from our sins, and say, "*Wash me.*" Amelia Geddie was one day dressed in a new white frock, with red ribbons in her bonnet, and some one said to her, "No doubt you will think yourself very trim and clean?" "Ah, no!" she said; "*I will never think that until I have the fine white robe of my Redeemer's righteousness put upon me.*" I am glad, my dear boy, you think that God is afflicting you to bring you to Himself. It is really for this that He smites you. His heart, His hand, and His rod, are all inscribed with love. But then, see that He does bring you to *Himself.* Do not delay. The lake of fire and brimstone stretches beneath every soul that lives in sin. "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." If the Lord Jesus would but draw the curtain and let you see His own fair face, and His wounded side, and how there is room for the guiltiest sinner in Him, you would be drawn to Jesus with the cords of love. I was preaching in Perth last Sabbath. When I came out, a little girl came up to me, I think about three or four years old. She wanted to hear of the way to be saved. Her mother said she had been crying the whole night before about her soul, and would take no comfort till she should find Jesus. Oh, pray that the same spirit may waken you! Remember, Johnnie, you once wept for your soul too, and prayed and sought Jesus. Have you found Him? or have you looked back, like Lot's wife, and become a hard, cold pillar of salt? Awake again, and call upon the name of the Lord. Your time may be short, God only knows. The longest lifetime is short enough. It is all that is given you to be converted in. They are the happiest who are brought soonest to the bosom of Jesus.

Write me again. At present I must draw to a close. Give my kindest remembrances to your mamma, and to A. when you write. Tell him to write me. May you all meet at the table of Jesus above; and may I be there too, a sinner saved by grace. —Ever yours, etc.

TO A. T.

On the death of his brother, the little boy to whom the preceding letter was written.

St. Peter's, *March* 1, 1842.

MY DEAR A.,—I did not think I was to have answered your kind letter in the time of bitter grief. But so it pleases Jehovah, whose will must be our will, if we would be happy. It is good for you to bear the yoke in your youth. This is the way God trains His saints, and especially His ministers. I saw your dear little brother twice on his dying bed, and indeed I could not believe he was dying, except that his calm eye was directed to the hills of immortality, and he seemed already to breathe some of the atmosphere of the world of sinless joy. I do trust and believe that he was a saved boy. You know I am rather slow of coming to this conviction, and not fond of speaking when I have not good evidence; but here, I think, God has not left us in doubt.

At Blairgowrie he used several times to speak to me about divine things, and the tear would gather in his eye when he said that he feared he had never been brought to Jesus. Once, when he had a sore throat, he told me he was not ready to die. But now he was quite different. The veil seemed to be lifted away from his heart, and he saw divine things simply and fully.

Over and over he told me that he was not afraid to die, for Christ had died. "How kind it was in God to send Jesus to die for sinners." He seemed tranquil and happy, even when the pain came on in his head and made him knit his brows. You have reason to mingle praise with your tears. Do not sorrow as one who has no hope. Only seek a right improvement of this bereavement. He is not lost, but gone before, and we shall soon put off this clay cottage also. And soon we and he, made new, body and soul, shall meet the Lord in the air, and so be for ever with the Lord. I was at your house on Sabbath night, and saw them all,—sorrowful, yet rejoicing. Your dear little brother lies like a marble statue in the peaceful sleep of death, till Jesus' voice shall waken him. Happy boy! he shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on him, nor any heat. The days of his mourning are ended, and his eternity of love and holy joy is begun.

Improve this sharp wind, dear A., for you will soon lose the benefit, if not carefully sought after. Search out the Achan in your heart at such an hour. Let affliction strike heavy blows at your corruptions, your idolatries, and self-pleasing and *worldly schemes.* Learn much of Christ at such an hour. Study Him at the grave of Lazarus (John xi.); and at the gate of Nain (Luke viii. 11); and also within the veil (Rev. i. 18). Do not be ashamed to grieve deeply; but let your sadness find relief in the bosom that was pierced with the spear.

"Is any afflicted? let him pray." Strange, Satan often tempts us to restrain prayer at such a time. Be very gentle towards the souls of your kindred now.

Remember D—— and H—— at the throne of grace. If God had taken them, where would they have been? Learn also that ministers must care for lambs. "Preach the gospel to every creature."

Pray for me, also, that I may do so,—that I may be made a better man and a more faithful pastor of old and young.—Ever yours, till we meet in glory, etc.

TO THE REV. D. CAMPBELL OF LAWERS.

Advice to a brother in sickness.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Like yourself, I have been laid aside from the work of the ministry for two Sabbaths, but am now recovering.

I am truly afflicted to hear of your trouble; and yet I pray it may turn out to the furtherance of the gospel. The time of my absence from my flock in 1839 was more blessed to my people than even my presence had been. Our God can work through means or above them. He then puts the treasure into earthen vessels, often allows the vessels to be chipped and broken, that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us. Fear not for your flock. The Chief Shepherd who sent you to them is faithful, and His name is the Mighty God. He can feed them with or without you. And none that are His can perish.

Use all prudent means for your recovery. Commit yourself entirely to God, and He will turn the shadow of death into the morning. I have been often brought very low, but it has been always good for me. In this way God educates His ministers, both for His temple below, and for being pillars in the temple above.

I do not think Broughty-Ferry a safe place for you, if your lungs are at all affected. The air is damp, and east wind cold. If it is only your stomach that ails, then it will do well; but if you have any chest complaint, do not think of the east coast. Blairgowrie would be much more suitable; when you would have the kind care of a good Christian doctor, and the ministry of dear R. M.

I fear my illness will prevent me leaving home this summer; but I do not know. Your absence will make us pray more that your flock may not be forgotten.

Do not be afraid at leaving home. His compassions are new every morning. Great is His faithfulness. He doth not afflict willingly.

All grace be with you from the fountain of living waters.—Ever yours, etc.

TO THE REV. H. BONAR, KELSO.

Ministerial arrangements—Breathings after holiness.

August 18, 1842.

MY DEAR HORACE,—I laid aside your note, and cannot find it again. I think you ask me for the second Sabbath of November, on my way back from London. I fear I must not do it, but abide by my former arrangement. Mr. Hamilton presses me hard to stay two Sabbaths, and I would have agreed, but am to elect elders on the second Sabbath of November. According to the new law of the church, the signed lists are read in a meeting of session on the third Sabbath after the intimation is given, so that I will need to be back, even though I should need to be in Edinburgh the week after. If spared then, I shall hold to our former arrangement.

We have had a very sweet season here during the concert, which was also our communion week. Andrew, Candlish, Cormick, Cumming, Milne, and Graham from Ireland, all assisted me. We had meetings every morning, Your scheme was very helpful; I enclose mine. About seven hundred people attended each morning; and on the fast-day, and Sabbaths too. Several souls have been deeply awakened.

I have great desire for personal growth in faith and holiness. I love the word of God, and find it sweetest nourishment to my soul. Can you help me to study it more successfully? The righteousness of God is all my way to the Father, for I am the chief of sinners; and were it not for the promise of the Comforter, my soul would sink in the hour of temptation.

Did you observe that the Charlinch Revival took place in the week of the concert for prayer last year?

The trials of the Church are near. May we be kept in the shadow of the rock. Farewell! May Jesus shine on you.—Yours, etc.

TO THE REV. R. MACDONALD, BLAIRGOWRIE.

Inward life—Words of counsel.

DUNDEE, 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—This is Friday evening, and I do not know what to preach on Sabbath next, else I would have written you at greater length; but as I am to see you so soon face to face, there is the less need of communing with ink and pen.

I hope your health keeps good, and your labours abundant, —that you have a continued interest in the blood which speaketh peace,—a sense of forgiveness and acceptance in the Beloved—that you feel "His right hand under your head," and the power of His indwelling Spirit dwelling in you and walking in you. These sweet experiences alone make the minister's life calm and serene, like this autumnal evening. Ah! how easy it is to speak or write about them! What a different thing to feel them! It is my constant desire, and yet I am constantly disappointed. I think I never was brought to feel the wickedness of my heart as I do now. Yet I do not feel it as many sweet Christians do, while they are high above it, and seem to look down into a depth of iniquity, deep, deep in their bosoms. Now, it appears to me as if my feet were actually in the miry clay, and I only wonder that I am kept from open sin. My only refuge is in the word, "I will put My Spirit within you." It is only by being made a partaker of the *divine nature* that I can escape the corruption that is in the world through lust.

All things go on here much as they did. I cannot say that my sermons are much shorter, though I have tried to shorten them. My meeting is still the hour and half, nor do I see how I can shorten it. It is very well attended. A stranger started up and prayed one evening. I did not interrupt him, or take notice of it, but have thought it best to forbid it. None but ordained servants should speak in churches.

I hope you have got all your preparations well forward. Deal faithfully by all that speak to you for the communion, especially the young. If you would have a clear conscience, none but those who are seeking really to close with Jesus Christ should be allowed to take the bread and wine, if a word of yours can help it.

Be decided in keeping back the scandalous. Stir up your elders to this. They are very apt to be remiss. May you have much grace given you at this time, and peace—droppings of the Spirit, and refreshings of peace in the heart. I invite all who have any wish to speak to their minister before communicating, to do so. May you have much fruit at this time that shall appear many days hence! I have been surprised to find even a poor table service blessed. Expect much, and much will be given. Pray for me, for I am all but desolate.—Yours faithfully, etc.

TO ONE OF HIS FLOCK, WHO HAD BEEN APPOINTED TO THE CHARGE OF A FEMALE SCHOOL IN THE COUNTRY.

Do what you can.

COLLACE, *July* 25, 1842.

DEAR FRIEND,—I have been laid aside for a short time, and did not receive your letter till it was too late to send the communicant's line which you desired. I have no doubt Mr. B. would give you a token, however, even without a line. I am truly glad to hear that you are so fully employed, and earnestly trust that your labours may be owned by God. Souls are perishing every day, and our own entrance into eternity cannot be far distant. Let us, like Mary, "do what we can," and no doubt God will bless it, and reward us openly. Sit under a living ministry if you can. Seek much personal holiness and likeness to Christ in all the features of His blessed character. Seek to be lamb-like, without which all your efforts to do good to others will be as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

Pray for dear St. Peter's, that the dew may never cease to fall there; continue in prayer, and watch in the same with thanksgiving.—Ever truly, etc.

TO ONE AWAKENED.

Call upon a soul to choose Jesus.

DUNDEE, *September* 1842.

MY DEAR G.,—I was glad indeed to see, by the line you sent me, that though your mind is dark and troubled, you have not gone back to the world. Ah, it is a false, deceiving world! It smiles only to betray. Fain would I lead you to taste the peace that passeth understanding, and that it is only to be found in Jesus. You are quite wrong in thinking that I do not understand your misery. I know it well. It is true Jesus does give me peace. He washes me from all sin in His own blood. I often feel Him standing by my side and looking down upon me, saying, "Thou art mine." Yet still I have known more misery than you. I have sinned more deeply than you. I have sinned against more light and more love, and yet I have found mercy; why may not you? Remember what James Covey said: "Tell poor sailors that none of them need to despair, since poor blaspheming Covey found mercy." I was interrupted just while writing this, by a very little girl coming to ask, "What must I do to be saved?" Poor thing, she has been weeping till I thought her heart would break. She lives several miles off; but a companion was awakened and told her, and ever since she has been seeking Christ with all her heart. I was telling her that sweet verse: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am the chief" (1 Tim. i. 15). It will answer you also, dear friend. Christ Jesus was God's dear Son. He made all things,—sun, moon, and stars, men and angels. He was from all eternity in the bosom of the Father, and yet He came into the world. He did not say, "I will keep my throne and my happiness, and leave sinners to die and perish in their sins." No, "He came into the world." He became a babe, and was laid in a manger, for there was not room in the inn. The inn was like your heart; it was filled with other lodgers, and had no room for Jesus. He became "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief." He bore our sins upon His own body on the tree.

While we were sinners, "Christ died for us." Why did He do all this? Ah! it was to save sinners. Not to save good people—not to save angels—but sinners. Perhaps you will say, "But I am too bad a sinner;" but Paul says, "of whom I am the chief." Paul was the chief of sinners, and yet He was saved by Christ. So Christ is willing and able to save you, though you were the chief sinner on the face of the earth. If Christ came into this world and died to save such as you, will it not be a fearful thing if you die without being saved by Him? Surely you have lived long enough without Christ. You have despised Jesus long enough. What has the world done for you, that you love it so much? Did the world die for you? Will the world blot out your sins or change your heart? Will the world carry you to heaven? No, no! You may go back to the world if you please, but it can only destroy your poor soul. "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth" (1 Tim. v. 6). Read these words in your Bible, and mark them; and if you go back, that mark will be a witness against you before the great white throne, when the books are opened. Have you not lived long enough in pleasure? Come and try the pleasures of Christ,—forgiveness and a new heart. I have not been at a dance or any worldly amusement for many years, and yet I believe I have had more pleasure in a single day than you have had all your life. In what? you will say. In feeling that God loves me,—that Christ has washed me,—and in feeling that I shall be in heaven when the wicked are cast into hell. "A day in thy courts is better than a thousand" (Ps. lxxxiv. 10).

I do not know what is to be the result of your anxieties. I do not know whether you will be drawn to Christ, or driven back into the whirlpool of a perishing world; but I know that all will soon be settled for eternity. I was in a very wicked family to-day, where a child had died. I opened my Bible, and explained this verse to them over the coffin of their little one: "It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment" (Heb. ix. 27). Solemn words! we have only once to die, and the day is fixed. If you die wrong the first time, you cannot come back to die better a second time. If you die without Christ, you cannot come back to be converted and die a believer,—you have but once to die. Oh, pray that you may find Christ before death finds you! "After this the judgment." Not, after this purgatory. No further opportunity to be saved: "after this the judgment." As death leaves you, so judgment finds you. If you die unsaved, you will be so in *the judgment*. May I never see you at the left hand! If I do, you will remember how I warned you, and prayed for you, and besought you to come to the Lord Jesus.

Come to Jesus,—He will in nowise cast you out.—Your affectionate friend, etc.

TO A SOUL INQUIRING AFTER JESUS.

The wise men—Guilt in us, righteousness in Jesus.

St. Peter's, *Monday, September* 18, 1842.

MY DEAR C.,—I do not and cannot forget you; and though it is very late, I have to write you a few lines to say, Follow on to know Jesus. I do not know if you can read my crooked writing, but I will make it as plain as I can. I was reading this morning (Luke ii. 29), what old Simeon said when he got the child Jesus into his arms: "Now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." If you get a firm hold of the Lord Jesus, you will be able to say the same.

If you had died in your ignorance and sin, dear soul, where would you have been this night? Ah! how shall we sufficiently praise God if He really has brought you to the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ! Ps. xxxvi. 12, 13 will suit your case. If you all are really brought to Christ, it will be something like the case of the wise men of the East (Matt. ii.). When they were in their own country, God attracted their attention by means of a star. They followed it, and came to Jerusalem, saying, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews? for we are come to worship Him." Herod and Jerusalem were troubled at the saying. No one was seeking Christ but themselves. The world thought they were mad; but soon they saw the star again, and it led them to the house where the infant Saviour lay,—His robe of state a swaddling band, His cradle the manger. Yet they kneeled down and called Him, "my Lord, and my God,"—they got their own souls saved, and gave Him gifts, the best they had, and then departed into their own country with great joy in their hearts, and heaven in their eye. So it may be with you. The most around you care not for Jesus. But you are asking, "Where is He?—we are come to be saved by Him." None around you can tell. They think you are going out of your mind. But God is leading you to the very spot where the Redeemer is,—a lowly, despised, spit-upon, crucified Saviour. Can this be the Saviour of the world? Yes, dear soul; kneel down and call Him your Redeemer. He died for such as you and me. And now you may go away into your own country again, but not as you came. You will carry with you joy unspeakable and full of glory. A young woman called upon me on Wednesday last, whom I had never seen before. She said she was a stranger from another part of Scotland; she came to this town about a year ago, and attended St. Peter's, and there for the first time learned that she was a sinner and needed Christ. About four weeks ago she found rest and joy at the Saviour's feet. I said to her, "Then you will bless God that He brought you from your own country to this place." She said, "I often do that." Another woman came the same evening, whom I had never seen. She said she had been married eight years to a wicked husband. One of her neighbours had brought her to our church, and now she feels that Christ has saved her soul.

Thus the work goes on: "The Lord added to the Church daily such as shall be saved." A young woman was with me to-night in great distress. She said, "I have a wicked heart within me that would sink a world." I said, "I am thankful to hear you complain of your wicked heart, dear friend, it is unsearchably wicked. There is not a sin committed on earth or in hell but has its spring and fountain in your breast and mine. You are all sin,—your nature is sin,—your heart is sin,—your past life is sin,—your prayers are all sin. Oh that you would despair of being righteous in yourself! Then take the Lord Jesus for your righteousness. In Him is no sin. And He stood for us, and offers to be your shield,—your way to the Father. You may be righteous in Christ with a perfect righteousness, broad as the law, and pure as the light of heaven. If you had an angel's righteousness, you might well lay it down and put on Jesus. The robe of a blood-washed sinner is far whiter than that of an angel. Do not fear the frown of the world. When a blind man comes against you in the street, you are not angry at him; you say, He is blind, poor man, or he would not have hurt me. So you may say of the poor world; when they speak evil of Christians, they are blind. If they knew their sin and misery, and the love of Jesus, they would cleave to Him also. Fear not them which kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do. Keep close to the Lord Jesus. He is greater than all that can be against you; He is the Shepherd of His sheep; He will defend you from wolves. Pray for the Holy Spirit, dear friend. Ask Him to come into your heart, and abide there. It is a mean dwelling for such a guest. Still He will make it clean and holy by dwelling in it. Ask Him to teach you to pray (Rom. viii. 26, 27). He will give you "groanings that cannot be uttered." Ask Him to change your heart, and make it like that of Jesus. Ask Him to write the law upon your heart, and to keep you in every time of need. I fear you are weary of my long sermons. Remember, if you are not saved, I will be a witness against you in the judgment-day.

Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If ye tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

Farewell! Write me soon all your heart.—Ever yours till glory, etc.

TO THE SAME.

Trials from a blind world—How the death of Christ is an atonement.

London, *November* 5, 1842.

MY DEAR C.,—I pray for you that your faith may not fail. Hold fast by Jesus for a little while, and then we shall be for ever with the Lord, where the unbelieving will never be. I got safely up to town without stopping. The young man in the coach with us was Lord P. He and I were alone all night in the railway carriage, and I would fain have told him the way to be saved, but when morning dawned I lost him. I preached twice on Thursday, and once last night, and now I am preparing for to-morrow. I feel, like John the Baptist, the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The mad world presses on like a bird hasting to the snare. They do not know that the dead are there, and her guests are in the depths of hell.

I thank God without ceasing when I remember you all,—how God opened your eyes and hearts, and made you flee from the wrath to come, and believe the record which God hath given concerning His Son. "Fear none of those things which thou shalt suffer." "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life" (Rev. ii. 10). Do not be surprised if worldly people mock you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely. Jesus told you it would be so. "If you were of the world, the world would love its own." You have been long enough of the world. Did the world ever hate you then? So now, when you have come out from among them, and are cleaving to Jesus, do you think they will love you? Remember Jesus loves you. God is for you, and who can be against you? Remember, all who have gone to heaven before you suffered the same things; see Rev. vii. 14: "These are they that came out of great tribulation."

You wish to understand more about Christ's death being an atonement. I shall try and explain. The curse which Adam by his sins brought upon us all was this, "Thou shalt surely die" (Gen. ii. 17). This included the death of the body, the death of the soul, and the eternal destruction of both in hell. This is the curse that hangs over every unpardoned sinner. And our sins have only added certainty and weight to the awful curse, for the "wages of sin is death." Now, when the Son of God said He would become our Surety and Saviour, the Father said, "Thou must die for them;" see John x. 17, 18: "I lay down My life." "This commandment have I received from My Father." It is true, Christ did not suffer eternal destruction in hell; but He was a person so glorious and excellent—God's own Son—that His short sufferings were equal in value to our eternal agonies. So that, in the eye of law, and in God's account, Jesus has suffered all that you and I were condemned to suffer. Hence that sweet, sweet passage, "Comfort ye, comfort ye . . . for she hath received (in Christ) of the Lord's hand double for all her sins" (Isa. xl. 1, 2). Christ's dying for us is as much in God's account as if we had twice over borne the eternal agonies of hell. Hence that sweet song which God enabled you and G. to sing: "I will praise Thee; though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me" (Isa. xii. 1). Hence also that triumphant question, "Who is he that condemneth? It is Christ that died" (Rom. viii. 34).

Keep looking, then, to Jesus, dear soul, and you will have the peace that passeth all understanding. Whenever Satan accuses you, send him to the stripes of the Lord Jesus. Deal gently and tenderly with your unconverted friends. Remember you were once as blind as they. "He was despised, and WE esteemed Him not" (Isa. liii.). Honour your mother in the Lord. Give her all reverence and obedience in things not sinful. Ask —— to read and pray over Matt. xviii. 3–6. I would love much to visit the cottage on my return, but I fear I shall be kept in town till Friday, so that I must travel night and day home. The Lord bless you, and keep you cleaving to Christ the true vine. You have found the pearl of great price. Go and sin no more. "If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." God is able to keep you from falling. In His dear arms I lea you.—Yours, etc.

TO A SOUL THAT HAD BEGUN TO SEE CHRIST.

What you want in yourself is to be found in double measure in Christ.

DUNDEE, *November* 1842.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Why did you not write me a few lines? It would be occupation to you, and your soul might find rest, even when pouring itself out to another. I do trust you are seeking hard after Him whom your soul loveth. He is not far from any one of us. He is a powerful and precious Saviour, and happy are they who put their trust in Him. He is the Rose of Sharon, lovely to look upon, having all divine and human excellences meeting in Himself; and yet He is the Lily of the Valleys,—meek and lowly in heart, willing to save the vilest. He answers the need of your soul. You are all guilt; He is a fountain to wash you. You are all naked; He has a wedding garment to cover you. You are dead; He is the life. You are all wounds and bruises; He is the Balm of Gilead. His righteousness is broader than your sin; and then He is so free. Remember the word we read at the draw-well: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Look at Isa. xl. 1, 2: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people." If you receive Christ as your Surety, you have realised double punishment for all your sins. The sufferings of Christ for us were as honouring to God as if we had suffered eternal punishment thrice over. If you will only open your arms to receive Christ as your Surety, then your iniquity is pardoned. You will taste immediate forgiveness. Your warfare with the law and an accusing conscience will be immediately accomplished. If you will only lay hold on Christ now, you will feel the force of that sweet command, "Comfort ye, comfort ye;" double comfort, double peace, for in Jesus you have suffered double wrath. Pray over that verse; and may He who first made the light to shine out of darkness shine into your heart, to let you see the way of salvation clearly. Soon may you sing: "Thou wast angry with me; but thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortedst me." "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!" You are always in my prayers, that God would reveal Himself unto you. Oh, the joy of being able to say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His!"—Ever yours in the gospel, etc.

TO THE REV. P. L. MILLER, WALLACETOWN.

A word in season to the weary.

September 14, 1842.

MY DEAR PATRICK,—When I last saw Horatius, I agreed not to ask him at all at the autumn communion, but only in the spring I know not well where to look, as A. is to undertake the Edinburgh communion.

Don't be cast down, except for sin. Lie low in self, and set both feet on the Rock of Ages. The sun, by one blink, can give a smile to nature; so can the Lord's face give life to our dark souls. Numbers do not prove life always. Remember the well of Sychar. Get much of the hidden life in your own soul; soon it will make life spread around.

Try prayer, when preaching fails. He can turn the water into wine. Farewell!—Ever yours in Jesus, etc.

TO THE REV. J. MILNE, PERTH.

Another word in season to a brother.

September 24, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I long after you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. If I make you sorry, who is He that maketh me glad, but the same who is made sorry by me? I often try to carry you to Jesus, as the four friends did the palsied man, and I have been longing to hear you say that His word to you was, "Be of good cheer, thy sins be forgiven thee;" and then, "Arise, and walk." I wonder often God does not hide His face from me and lay me low, yet He restores my soul after many falls. He holds me by my right hand, and I believe will bring me to glory, though the weakest and most inconstant of all His saved ones. We shall praise more loudly than other men, and love more ardently, and gaze upon His wounds more wistfully, and say, He gave Himself for us. Cheer up, brother, and tell poor sinners what Jesus can do; for if He could not save the vilest of them all, we had never preached the good news.

If I could be with you, how gladly would I, but I do not see my way. I have promised to be in London the first Sabbath of November, which will take me soon away, and for a long time, from this poor flock.

Will you come to me on Monday the 17th, the last day of the concert for prayer? I think of printing a similar tract to last year's, or perhaps the same, with improvements. Suggest something.

This is Saturday, and I am empty. Oh for fulness out of Him! Why do we not take all out of Jesus?—Ever yours till glory dawn, etc.

TO THE REV. J. MILNE, PERTH.

Breathings of heart.

December 13, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—We are to have the communion, if God permit, on 1st January 1843. A. B. is to be with me. Could you come down on the Thursday or Friday previous, and give us a good and comfortable word in the evening, 29th or 30th December—either you choose, or both if you prefer that?

I preach at Newtyle to-night, and to-morrow evening at Lintrathen in a barn, and on Thursday at Kirriemuir. Pray for me, for I am a poor worm, all guilt and all helplessness, but still able to say, In the Lord have I righteousness and strength. When shall the day break and the shadows flee away? When that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. I long for love without any coldness, light without dimness, and purity without spot or wrinkle. I long to be at Jesus' feet, and tell Him I am all His, and ever will be.—Yours till then, etc.

TO ONE WHO HAD LATELY TAKEN UP THE CROSS.

Kept by God—Meeting with God.

ST. PETER'S, *January* 31, 1843.

MY DEAR M.,—I was glad indeed to hear that you are prospering, and that you do not repent having made Moses' choice,—Heb. xi. 24, 25,—of which I used to tell you so often. Happy is that people whose God is the Lord. You remember what Ruth said when she clave to Naomi?—"Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." I have not got your note by me, and it is late, but I will answer it to-morrow. I only write a line to-night to strengthen your faith,—"that I may be comforted together with you, by the mutual faith both of you and me" (Rom. i. 12). I have been remaining quiet since I wrote you last, that I may gather strength for the North. I expect hard service, but I hope Jesus will be with me. You remember the sweet promise Jacob got at Bethel while he slept at the foot of that wondrous ladder: "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." That promise is to you and me as truly as to Jacob. Therefore do not fear though you may be taken among those who are strangers to Jesus and His love. There is a sweet promise, Ezek. xi. 16. I have felt its preciousness in foreign lands. Jesus Himself will be our sanctuary not made with hands. I was preaching on Thursday last on Rev. xix. 12: "On His head were many crowns;" trying to teach them the kingly office of the Lord Jesus. It was a very solemn night. On Sabbath I lectured on Heb. ix. 9, 10, and preached in the evening on Isa. xlix. 5: "Though Israel be not gathered;" showing that however many will be lost by unbelief, still Christ would not lose one beam of His glory. If all the world were blind, and said the sun was dark, that would not take away one bright ray from it. It was a very awful subject, and my heart yearned over poor lost sinners. Four little girls have come since, asking, "What must I do to be saved?" Three of them were awakened before, and one very lately. A widow came last night whom I never saw before, to tell me that she had found the Lord Jesus. To-night we have been at a large meeting about the tracts which are distributed monthly to every house in town,—a very sweet society. It is now late, and I am talking a little while with you as we used to do before retiring. Did you read Gen. xxxii. to-day? What a solemn chapter! Do you ever come to a spot you can call Mahanaim, where the angels of God meet you? I trust you are one of the heirs of salvation, and that the angels are sent forth to minister to you. Unconverted souls have no such privilege. You see Jacob was going on God's errand, at God's command (see xxxi. 3), when the angels of God met him. Oh, it is sweet to go on God's errands! How long we went Satan's, and the world's, and our own, "serving diverse lusts and pleasures!" Do you not feel your heart lighter now as you walk on the narrow way? Is not a Christian's darkest hour calmer than the world's brightest? Is not Jacob's prayer in his distress an interesting one? He puts God in remembrance of His promise. This is what we should do: "The Lord which said unto me." And "Thou saidst, I will surely do thee good" (Gen. xxxii. 9, 12). God commands us to do this: "Put me in remembrance" (Isa. xliii. 26). It is a blessed way of praying, to pray upon a promise, and to plead, "Do as Thou hast said." You remember *Faith's Plea*, a little book Miss C. gave you. Who do you think the man was that wrestled with Jacob? Was it not Jesus, the sinner's Friend? At the daybreak Jacob began to see His blessed features, and when his thigh was out of joint he could do nothing but hang upon Him. This is what you and I should do. Say, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." Are there not some spots that you can call Peniel, where you have met Jehovah-Jesus face to face? When you do get into His presence, oh, do not weary of it! do not soon let go your hold. I am sure we lose much by our slight hold on Jesus. I was telling an interesting story to-night. Thirty thousand Spaniards lately came over the Pyrenees into France, to escape the civil wars. Some Geneva youths determined to take the opportunity of providing them with Spanish Testaments. The London Society granted them 10,000 copies. With these they set off and distributed freely. But the Spanish priests had come over, and would not allow the Spaniards to receive or keep them. Many were burned or torn; they called them "The Plague." One Spanish youth bought a Testament—kept it, read it, believed on Jesus; and when his countrymen returned to Spain, he stayed behind to hear more of these wonders of redeeming love. Was not this one precious soul worth all the expense and trouble a thousand times over? "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not." Be active for God; you have lost much time already. Do nothing rashly, nothing unfeminine; give no just cause for reproach, but do not fear ridicule or proud men's sneers. If they knew what you know, they would rather inquire, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him!" Meanwhile, good-night. May He who never slumbers nor sleeps watch over you all, and keep you till your dying day! May Jesus be near you, and make you his own! I fear I must not visit Kelso this season. I leave for the North on Monday, and do not expect to be home till the 25th. I fear this cuts off all hope of my visiting R—— the time you mention. I do hope to be in England early in the summer, but before that I do not see my way. But I shall gladly leave myself in Jehovah's hand. Present duty is ours; neither must we consult our mere wishes. If I hear from you before I leave, I shall try and send you another line. I am glad you teach in the classes, and I think I see you telling all you know. Remember Paul; when his heart was changed, for thirty years he did nothing else than serve Jesus. He laboured away in the service of Him who died for him, and plucked him from the burning. It is interesting to notice, also, how often Paul told them of his own conversion. He told it to the Jews (Acts xxii.); then to Agrippa (Acts xxvi.); then to the Galatians (Gal. i. 13–16); then to the Philippians (Phil. iii. 4). I think this is an example for us to do the same, cautiously and wisely. John Newton once preached in Newgate to the prisoners. He chose 1 Tim. i. 15 for his text, and told them his own history, so that they wept and he wept. Pray for me still, that my way may be made plain. This is one of the blessings of having spiritual children, that you will surely pray for me. Do not cease to pray for ——, that her eyes may be opened to see her true condition, and that she may call upon Jesus before it be too late. I must now leave you and write a little to others. I preach at Wallacetown to-night. May the Master be there! Oh, He is a sweet Master! One smile from Jesus sustains my soul amid all the storms and frowns of this passing world. Pray to know Jesus better. Have no other righteousness, no other strength, but only Jesus. Soon we shall see Him coming in the clouds of heaven. May you be kept faithful to death.—Ever your loving friend, etc.

TO M. B.,

One of his flock who had felt deserted in soul.

PETERHEAD, *February* 7, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was very happy to hear from you. I grieve to hear of your sorrow; but Job's sorrow was deeper, and David's also, in Ps. xlii. If you cannot say, "I found Him whom my soul loveth," is it not sweet that you can say, "I am sick of love"—He is my beloved still, though He has withdrawn himself and is gone for a time? Seek into the cause of your declension. See that it be not some Achan in your bosom,—some idol set up in the corner of your heart. See that it be not some allowed sin,—an unlawful attachment that is drawing you away from the bleeding side of Jesus, and bringing a cloud between you and that bright Sun of Righteousness. When you find out the cause, confess it and bewail it in the ear of a listening God. Tell Him all; keep nothing back. If you cannot find out the cause, ask Him to tell it you. Get it washed in the blood of Jesus. Then get it subdued (Micah vii. 19). None but the Lord Jesus can either pardon or subdue. Remember not to rest in a state of desertion. "I will rise now and go about the city." And yet do not think that you have some great thing to do before regaining peace with God. The work on which peace is given has all been done by Jesus for us. "The word is nigh thee." Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.

The sunshine is always sweeter after we have been in the shade; so will you find Jesus in returning to Him. True, it is better never to wander; but when you have wandered, the sooner you return the happier you will be. "I will go and return to my first husband, for then it was better with me than now" (Hos. ii. 7).

Do not delay, but humble yourself under His mighty hand, and he will exalt you in due season. I have been speaking to-night in this place to a large and attentive audience on Zech. ix. 9. May you be enabled to apply it. Remember me to Mrs. K——, and also to all your fellow-servants whom I know and love in the truth. Tell N—— C—— to make sure that she is in Christ, and not to take man's word for it. Tell E—— L—— to abide in Jesus; and tell her brother to take care lest he be a rotten branch of the true vine. Tell W—— J—— to be faithful unto death.

I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in the truth.—I am, your loving pastor, etc.

TO THE REV. ALEX. GATHERER, DUNDEE.

During his visit to the North.

Ellon, *February* 20, 1843.

DEAR FRIEND,—I was glad to hear from you in this far-off land. I am deeply grieved to hear that fever still prevails. God is pleading hard with my poor flock. I am glad to hear of your preaching on such precious texts, and hope they were blessed to many. Never forget that the end of a sermon is the salvation of the people. I feel more and more that it is God's cause in which we are embarked. King Jesus is a good master. I have had some sweet seasons of communion with an unseen God, which I would not give for thousands of gold and silver. May you have much of His presence with you! Write me to Cruden, or, if immediately, to Captain Shepherd's, Straloch, New Machar.—Ever yours in Jesus, etc.

TO ONE WHO HAD MET WITH A BEREAVEMENT.

Sorrow of the world—Incidents.

March 8, 1843.

MY DEAR ——,—I know you will be wearying to hear from me; but it has scarcely been in my power till now, I have had so many things to do since my return. I trust Jesus is making known to you His power to calm the soul in the deepest trials. "Where is your faith?" He said to the disciples; and He says to you: "All things are possible to him that believeth."

I was much afflicted for your sakes to read the solemn letter you sent me. Do you remember the words, "He must needs go through Samaria?" We are getting new light upon their meaning.

I was reading to-day about godly sorrow, and the sorrow of the world. Do you know the difference between these two?

Had this blow come upon you in your unconverted state, it would have wrought, perhaps, only the sorrow of the world,—carnal sorrow,—sorrow that drives us away from God,—makes us murmur and complain of His dealings. Like Pharaoh, who turned harder every blow that God struck,—even the loss of his first-born only hardened him. But godly sorrow, or, more literally, "sorrow towards God,"—grief that brings us to the feet of God,—worketh repentance unto salvation, not to be repented of. It is used as an instrument to bring the humbled soul to cleave to Jesus. Oh may it be so with you! Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, and He shall exalt you in due season. Improve the season while it lasts. The farmer improves the seed-time, to cast in the seed into the furrows. Now, when God has made long the furrow by the plough of affliction in your heart, oh, see that you let the sower sow the good seed deep in your hearts. I trust H. B—— may be made a great blessing and comfort to you next Sabbath. May you all be enabled to meet with Jesus at His own table, and to tell Him all your sorrows there, and ask grace to keep you in the evil day.

I would like well to be with you; but in body this may not be. In heart I am often with you, because I can say what I was reading to-day: "Ye are in my heart to live and to die with you" (2 Cor. vii. 3).

I preached twenty-seven times when I was away, in twenty-four different places. I was very, very tired, and my heart has beat too much ever since, but I am wonderfully well. I have "fightings without and fears within" just now. Do pray earnestly for me,—as indeed I know you do. I wish you had been with me last night. When I was away, the people agreed to meet twice a week in the lower schoolroom to pray for me; and now that I have come back, we have continued the meetings. The school is quite crammed. Such sweet loud singing of praise I never heard, and many tears.

I stood by a poor socialist in the agonies of death to-day. He was quite well yesterday. He anxiously wished me to come and pray. Oh to be ready when the Bridegroom comes!

Farewell. Peace from above fill your soul, your friend and brother prays, etc.

ANOTHER TO ONE BEREAVED.

Betake yourself to Him that is ever the same.

March 9, 1843.

MY DEAR ——,—I did not think I would have been so long in answering you in your time of sorrow, but I have been more than occupied. I earnestly trust that this sad bereavement may be greatly blessed by God to you. Pray that you may not lose this precious opportunity of giving your hand and heart for ever away to the Lord Jesus. May Hosea ii. 14 be fulfilled in you all: "Behold, I will allure her, and *bring her into the wilderness,* and speak comfortably unto her;" and that clear promise: "I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant" (Ezek. xx. 35-37). This solemn event shows you what I always used to tell you, *how short* your life is,—what a vapour,—how soon the joys that depend on the creatures may be dried up; that "one thing is needful," and that Mary was wise in choosing *the good part that cannot be taken away from her.* You remember the first night you were in St. Peter's I showed you this preaching from Ps. xvi. 6: "The lines have fallen to me in pleasant places, and I have a goodly heritage." I am indeed more than ever anxious about you, that you receive not the grace of God in vain. It is the furnace that tries the metal, and it is affliction that tries the soul whether it be Christ's or not. I am jealous over you with a godly jealousy, lest the furnace should show you to be reprobate silver. Do let me hear how your soul truly is,—whether you can see the hand of a Father in this bereavement,—and whether you are more than ever determined, through grace, to be the Lord's. How sweet that *Jesus ever liveth!* He is the same yeterday, and to-day, and for ever. You will never find Jesus so precious as when the world is one vast howling wilderness. Then He is like a rose blooming in the midst of the desolation,—a rock rising above the storm. The Bible, too, is more full of meaning. Have you ever prayed over that verse: "*He doth not afflict willingly*"? (Lam. iii. 33). Oh, precious book, that conveys such a message to the mourner's dwelling! And does not trial bring more meaning out of that verse: "We know that *all* things work together for the good of them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose?" (Rom. viii. 28). The Bible is like the leaves of the lemon-tree—the more you bruise and wring them, the sweeter the fragrance they throw around. "Is any afflicted? let him pray." Do you not find that prayer is sweeter now? The soul finds vent for its feelings toward God. "*Call upon Me in the day of trouble:* I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me." When I had my fever abroad, Mr. Bonar whispered that verse into my ear. I had nearly lost all my faculties,—I could remember nothing except that I was far from home; but that verse kept sounding in my ears when I was nearly insensible: "I called, and He delivered me."

Are you preparing to go to the Lord's table next Lord's day? May you indeed have the wedding garment,—righteousness without works,—and see the King in His beauty,—and give yourself away to Him, saying, "I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine!" It should be a solemn sacrament to you. I can add no more. Write me soon, dear G——, and tell me all that is in your heart, and whether the voice of the Comforter does not say, Be still! when death has left so deep a silence in your family.—Believe me ever your friend in Jesus, etc.

TO ONE COMPLAINING OF THE PLAGUES OF THE HEART.

Passing on to glory.

St. Peter's, *March* 8, 1843.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I send a few lines to you in answer to yours. You complain of the plague of your own heart, and so you will till you die. You know little yet of its chambers of imagery. All that is ours is sin. Our wicked heart taints all we say and do; hence the need of continual atonement in the blood of Jesus. It is not one pardoning that will serve the need of our souls. We must have daily, hourly pardons. I believe you are in the furnace, but it is a short one. Soon the Bridegroom will come, and we shall be with Him, and like Him, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes. I burst through all the cobwebs of present things, and, His Spirit anointing my eyes, look at Jesus as one beside me. Blessed Elder Brother, with two natures — God and man — ever-living, never-dying, never-changing! I was preaching last Sabbath on Heb. ix. 13, 14: "He through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself." It was very sweet to myself. In the afternoon I preached on Rev. ii. 4, 5:

"I have this against thee, that thou hast left thy first love." I fear many of my people have done so; therefore it was very suitable. Several, I see, have felt it very deeply. In the evening I preached on Ps. lxxviii. 41: "They turned back, and tempted God, and limited the Holy One of Israel,"—on the sinfulness of limiting God. It was a very sweet and solemn day. Meantime, stay your soul on God. "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee." A few more trials, a few more tears, a few more days of darkness, and we shall be for ever with the Lord! "In this tabernacle we groan, being burdened." All dark things shall yet be cleared up, all sufferings healed, all blanks supplied, and we shall find fulness of joy (not one drop wanting) in the smile and presence of our God. It is one of the laws of Christ's kingdom, "We must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God." We must not reckon upon a smooth road to glory, but it will be a short one. How glad I am that you have "received the word in much affliction, with joy of the Holy Ghost"! Cleave closely to Jesus, that you may not have to say in a little, "Oh that I had affliction back again to quicken me in prayer, and make me lie at His feet!"

Trials make the promise sweet,
  Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to His feet,
  Lay me low, and keep me there.

This land will soon be strangely convulsed, if God prevent not. The plans now preparing for carrying the gospel into every corner of the land are sweet indeed. If I be spared and strengthened, I go to London towards the end of April. My stay must be very short. It is also intended to send me to the General Assembly in May. My poor flock, how I yearn over them! So many of them careless, and judgment at the door! Mr. Burns comes to me to-morrow.

I must add no more, as I have work before me. May you experience more and more that "when He giveth quietness, none can make trouble!"—even as you once experienced the other: "When He hideth His face, who then can behold Him?" Soon we shall see Him as He is; then our trials shall be done. We shall reign with Him, and be entirely like Him. The angels will know us by our very faces to be brothers and sisters of Jesus.

Remember Jesus *for us* is all our righteousness before a holy God, and Jesus *in us* is all our strength in an ungodly world. Persevere ever to death; eternal life will make up for all. I was reading to-day, "God hath granted repentance unto life." Remember Barnabas's advice, "Cleave to the Lord,"—not to man, but to the Lord. May He perfect all that concerneth you. Do not fear the face of man. Remember how small their anger will appear in eternity. Till then, believe me your friend in gospel bands, etc.

SERMONS AND OTHER REMAINS

Those who had an opportunity of hearing Mr. M'CHEYNE at those times when his soul was most enlarged, and his lips fresh touched with the live coal, will be ready to remark that some of his most impressive sermons (*e.g.* The Great White Throne) are not here. This is true, and the reason is, that they were not found in his MSS. I might indeed have given full notes from the records of hearers; but it was far better to adhere to what was found in his own handwriting, that so the reader may be sure that, if he has not before him the discourses as they were delivered, he has at least what passed through the author's soul.

SERMONS, ETC.

SERMON I.

"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me."—JOHN xiv. 6.

IT is the saying of an old divine, that God often orders it, that when He is in hand with the greatest mercies for us, then we are most of all sinning against Him; which He doth to magnify His love the more.

In the words I have read, we find an example of this. At no time did the heart of Jesus overflow with a tenderer and more sovereign love to His disciples, than when He said, "Let not your heart be troubled." They were troubled by many things. He had told them that He was going to leave them; He had told them that one should betray Him, that another should deny Him, that they should all be offended because of Him that very night; and perhaps they thought He was going from them in anger. But whatever the cause of their trouble was, Jesus' bosom was like a vessel full to overflowing, and these words were the overlipping drops of love: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me." Surely such words of confiding tenderness were never whispered in this cold world before; and oh, then, think how cold, how dark, how dull is the question with which Thomas breaks in upon the heavenly discourse: "Thomas saith unto Him, Lord, we know not whither Thou goest; and how can we know the way?" And yet how condescendingly does Jesus bear with their cold-hearted dulness! How lovingly does He begin the very alphabet of salvation with them, and not only answers, but over-answers Thomas,—gives him more than he could ask or think. He asked about the way and the place; but Christ answers: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father but by Me." Regarding this, then, as a complete description of the gospel salvation, let us go over the different parts of it.

I. *Christ is the Way.*—"I am the way: no man cometh," etc. The whole Bible bears witness that by nature we have no way to the Father. We are by nature full of sin, and God is by nature infinitely holy,—that is, He shrinks away from sin. Just as the sensitive plant, by its very nature, shrinks away from the touch of a human hand, so God, by His very nature, shrinks away from the touch of sin. He is everlastingly separate from sinners; He is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity.

(1) This was impressively taught to Adam and the patriarchs. As long as Adam walked holily, God dwelt in him, and walked in him, and communed with him; but when Adam fell, "God drove the man out of paradise; and He placed at the east of the garden of Eden, cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." This flaming sword between the cherubim was a magnificent emblem of God,—the just and sin-hating God. In the bush, He appeared to Moses as a consuming fire; in the temple, He appeared between the cherubim in the milder glory of the Shechinah; but here He appeared between the cherubim as a sword,—a just and sin-hating God. And I beseech you to remark, that this flaming sword turned *every way*, to keep the way of the tree of life. If it had not turned *every way*,—if it had left some footpath unglared across,—then Adam might have stolen in by that footpath, and made his own way to the tree of life. But no; whatever avenue he tried,—however secret, however narrow, however steep and difficult, however silently he crept along,—still this flaming meteor met him, and it seemed to say, "How can man be just with God? by the deeds of the law there shall no flesh living be justified." Well might Adam sit down, wearied with the vain search for a pathway into life; for man by nature has no way to the Father.

But Christ says, "I am the way." As He says in Psalm xvi., "Thou wilt show Me the path of life." No man could find out this path of life; but Jesus says: "Thou wilt show it Me: in Thy presence is fulness of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." *Jesus pitied* the poor sons of Adam vainly struggling to find out a way into the paradise of God, and He left the bosom of the Father, just that He might open up a way for us into the bosom of the Father. And how did He do it? Was it by escaping the vigilance of the flaming sword? No; for it turned every way. Was it by exerting His divine authority, and commanding the glittering blade to withdraw? No; for that would have been to dishonour his Father's law instead of magnifying it. He therefore became a man in our stead,—yea, became sin. God caused to meet on Him the iniquities of us all. He advanced in our stead to meet that fiery meteor—He fell beneath its piercing blade; for He remembered the word of the prophet, which is written: "Awake, O sword! against my shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of hosts."

And now, since the glittering blade is bathed in the side of the Redeemer, the guiltiest of sinners—whoever you be, whatever you be—may enter in over His bleeding body, may find access to the paradise of God, to eat of the tree of life, and live for ever. Come quickly,—doubt not; for He says, "*I am the way.*"

(2) The same fact—that man has by nature no way to the Father—was impressively taught to Moses and the people of Israel.

When God condescended to dwell among the children of Israel, He dwelt peculiarly in the holiest of all—the innermost apartment of the Jewish temple. There the visible token of His presence rested between the cherubim, at one time described to us as a light inaccessible and full of glory, at another time as a cloud that filled the temple. But this innermost apartment, or holiest of all (or secret place, as it is called in the Psalms), was separated from the holy place by a curtain or veil; and through that veil no man was allowed to pass, lest he should die, except the high priest, who entered in once in the year, not without blood. Now, no picture could express more plainly that the way into the holiest was not made manifest, that no sinful man has any way of coming into the presence of God.

But Jesus says, "I am the way." Jesus was grieved that we were shut out from the holiest of all—from the presence of God; for He knew by experience that in that presence there is fulness of joy. But how did He open the way? Did He pull aside the veil, that we might steal in secretly and easily into the presence of the Father? No; but He offered Himself an offering to satisfy divine justice and reconcile us to God. "He said, It is finished: and bowed His head, and gave up the ghost. And, behold, the veil of the temple was rent in twain, from the top to the bottom." It is finished: the punishment of the law is borne, the demands of the law are answered, the way is finished, the veil is rent from the top to the bottom! Not a shred of the dreadful curtain now remains to intercept us. The guiltiest, the vilest sinner of you all, has now liberty to enter in through the rent veil, under the light of Jehovah's countenance,—to dwell in the secret of His tabernacle, to behold His beauty, and to inquire in His temple.

And now, my friends, is this your way of coming to the Father? Christ says, "I am the way; no man cometh unto the Father but by me." If, then, you will still keep to your own way, whatever it be,—whether it be the way of tears, or penances, or vows of amendment, or hopes that God will not deal strictly,—if you will not be warned, you will find in the judgment day that the cherubic sword turned every way, and that you are left a prey to the consuming fire.

But oh, if there be one soul that can find no peace in any self-righteous way,—if there be one of you who find that you are lost in yourself,—behold, Christ says to you, "I am *the* way," as He says in another place, "I am *the* door." It is a full, free, and open way, and it is a way for sinners. Why wait a moment longer? There was once a partition wall between you and God; but Christ hath cast it down. God was once angry; but His anger is turned away from this blessed path. In Christ He is ever well pleased.

II. *Christ is the Truth.*—The whole Bible, and the whole of experience, bear witness that by nature we are ignorant of *the truth.* No doubt there are many truths which an unconverted man does know. He may know the truths of mathematics and arithmetic,—he may know many of the common every-day truths; but still it cannot be said that an unconverted man knows *the truth*, for Christ is the truth. Christ may be called the key-stone of the arch of truth. Take away the key-stone of an arch, and the whole becomes a heap of rubbish. The very same stones may be there; but they are all fallen, smothered, and confused,—without order, without end. Just so take Christ away, and the whole arch of truth becomes a heap of rubbish. The very same truths may be there; but they are all fallen,—without coherence, without order, without end. Christ may be called the sun of the system of truth. Take away the sun out of our system, and every planet would rush into confusion. The very same planets would be there; but their conflicting forces would draw them hither and thither, orb dashing against orb in endless perplexity. Just so take Christ away, and the whole system of truth rushes into confusion. The same truths may be in the mind, but all conflicting and jarring in inextricable mazes; for "the path of the wicked is as darkness; they know not at what they stumble." But let Christ be revealed to an unconverted soul—let it not be merely a man speaking about Christ unto him, but let the Spirit of God reveal Him,—and there is revealed, not a truth, but *the truth*. You put the key-stone into the arch of truth; you restore the sun to the centre of the system. All truth becomes orderly and serviceable in that mind.

Now he knows the truth with regard to himself. Did the Son of God really leave the bosom of the Father to bear wrath in our stead?—then I must be under wrath. Did the Lord Jesus become a servant, that He might obey the will of God instead of sinners?—then I must be without any righteousness,—a child of disobedience.

Again, knowing Christ, he knows the truth with regard to God. Did God freely give up his Son to the death for us all?—then, if I believe in Jesus, there is no condemnation to me. God is my Father, and God is love.

My friends, have you seen Christ, who is the truth? Has He been revealed to you, not by flesh and blood, but by the Spirit of our God? Then you know how true it is that in Him "are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,"—that He is the "Alpha and Omega," the beginning and the ending of all knowledge. But if you have not seen Christ, then you know nothing yet as you ought to know; all your knowledge is like a bridge without a key-stone—like a system without a sun. What good will it do you in hell that you knew all the sciences in the world, all the events of history, and all the busy politics of your little day? Do you not know that your very knowledge will be turned into an instrument of torture in hell? Oh, how will you wish in that day that you had read your newspaper less and your Bible more,—that, with all your getting, you had got understanding—that, with all your knowledge, you had known the Saviour, whom to know is life everlasting!

III. *Christ is the Life.*—The whole Bible bears witness that by nature we are dead in trespasses and sins—that we are as unable to walk holily in the world, as a dead man is unable to rise and walk.

Both Scripture and experience alike testify that we are by nature dead in trespasses and sins; and yet it is not a death in which we are wholly inactive, for in it we are said to walk according to the course of this world, according to the prince of the power of the air.

This truth is taught us impressively in that vision of the prophet Ezekiel, where he was carried out by the Spirit, and set down in the midst of an open valley full of dry bones; and as he passed by them round about, behold, there were very many in the open valley, and lo! they were very dry.

Just such is the view which every child of God gets of the world. The dry bones are very many, and they are very dry; and he asks the same question which God asked of Ezekiel: "Can these bones live?" Oh yes, my friends; and does not experience teach you the same thing? True, the dead cannot know that they are dead; and yet, if the Lord touch your heart, you will find it out. We prophesy to dry bones; for this is the Lord's way;—while we prophesy, the breath enters in. *Look back over your life, then.* See how you have walked according to the course of this world. You have always been like a man swimming with the stream,—never like a man swimming against the current. *Look into your heart,* and see how it has turned against all the commandments: you feel the Sabbath to be a weariness, instead of calling it a delight and honourable. If ever you tried to keep the commandments of God,—if ever you tried to keep your eyes from unlawful desires, your tongue from words of anger or gossiping or bitterness, your heart from malice and envy and covetousness,—if ever you have tried this, and I fancy most unconverted men have tried it,—if ever you have tried this, did you not find it impossible? It was like raising the dead. Did you not find a struggle against yourself? Oh, how plain that you are dead—not born again! Marvel not that we say unto you, Ye must be born again. You must be joined to Christ, for Christ *is the life.* Suppose it were possible for a dead limb to be joined into a living body so completely that all the veins should receive the purple tide of living blood,—suppose bone to join on to bone, and sinew to sinew, and nerve to nerve,—do you not see that that limb, however dead before, would become a living limb? Before, it was cold and stiff and motionless, and full of corruption; now it is warm and pliable, and full of life and motion. It is a living limb, because joined on to that which is life. Or suppose it possible for a withered branch to be grafted into a living vine so completely that all the channels should receive the flow of the generous sap, do you not see that that branch, however dead before, becomes a living branch? Before, it was dry and fruitless and withered; now it is full of sap, of life, and vigour. It is a living branch, for it is joined to the vine, which is its life. Well, then, just in the same way, Christ is the life of every soul that cleaves to Him, He that is joined to the Lord is one spirit. Is your soul like a dead limb—cold, stiff, motionless, and full of corruption? Cleave you to Christ, be joined to Him by faith, and you shall be one spirit,—you shall be made warm and vigorous and full of activity in God's service.

Is your soul like a withered branch—dry, fruitless, and withered, wanting both leaves and fruit? Cleave you to Christ; be joined to Him, and you shall be one spirit. You will find it true that Christ is the life; your life will be hid with Christ in God. You will say, "I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me: and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me.'

Remember, then, my unbelieving friends, the only way for you to become holy is to become united to Christ. And remember you, my believing friends, that if ever you are relaxing in holiness, the reason is, you are relaxing your hold on Christ. Abide in me, and I in you; so shall ye bear much fruit. Severed from me, ye can do nothing.

DUNDEE, 1836.

SERMON II.

"Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus."—HEB. iii. 1.

WHEN a traveller passes very rapidly through a country, the eye has no time to rest upon the different objects in it, so that, when he comes to the end of his journey, no distinct impressions have been made upon his mind,—he has only a confused notion of the country through which he has travelled.

This explains how it is that death, judgment, eternity, make so little impression upon most men's minds. Most people never stop to think, but hurry on through life, and find themselves in eternity, before they have once put the question, "What must I do to be saved?" More souls are lost through want of consideration than in any other way.

The reason why men are not awakened and made anxious for their souls is, that the devil never gives them time to consider. Therefore God cries, Stop, poor sinner, stop and think. Consider your ways. "Oh that you were wise, that you understood this, that you considered your latter end!" And, again He cries, "Israel doth not know, My people doth not consider."

In the same way does the devil try to make the children of God doubt if there be a Providence. He hurries them away to the shop and market. Lose no time, he says, but make money. Therefore God cries, Stop, poor sinner, stop and think; and Jesus says, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; consider the ravens, which have neither storehouse nor barn."

In the same way does the devil try to make the children of God live uncomfortable and unholy lives. He beguiles them away from simply looking to Jesus; he hurries them away to look at a thousand other things, as he led Peter, walking on the sea, to look round at the waves. But God says, Look here, consider the Apostle and High Priest of your profession; look unto me and be ye saved; run your race, looking unto Jesus; consider Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

I. *Believers should live in daily consideration of the greatness and glory of Christ.*

(1) There was once a time when time was not,—when there was no earth, neither sun, nor moon, nor star; a time when you might have wandered through all space, and never found a resting-place to the sole of your foot,—when you would have found no creatures anywhere, but God everywhere,—when there were no angels with golden harps hymning celestial praises, but God alone was all in all.

Ques.—Where was Jesus then? *Ans.*—He was with God. "In the beginning was the *Word*, and *the Word was with God.*" He was near to God, and in perfect happiness there. "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of His way, before His works of old. Then I was by Him as one brought up with Him; and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." He was in the bosom of God: "The only-begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father." He was in perfect glory there: "O Father, glorify Thou Me with Thyself, with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was!"

Ques.—What was Jesus then? *Ans.*—He was God. The Word was with God, and "was God." He was equal with the

Father. "He thought it no robbery to be equal with God." He was rich. "He was the brightness of His Father's glory, and the express image of His person."

Now, brethren, could I lift you away to that time when God was alone from all eternity; could I have shown you the glory of Jesus then,—how He dwelt in the bosom of the Father, and was daily His delight; and could I have told you, "That is the glorious Being who is to undertake the cause of poor lost sinners,—that is He who is going to put Himself in their room and stead, to suffer all they should suffer, and obey all they should obey,—consider Jesus, look long and earnestly, weigh every consideration in the balance of the soundest judgment,—consider His rank, His nearness, His dearness to God the Father,—consider His power, His glory, His equality to God the Father in everything,—consider, and say do you think you would entrust your case to Him? do you think He would be a sufficient Saviour?"—oh, brethren, would not every soul cry out, He is enough—I want no other Saviour?

(2) Again, there was a time when this world sprang into being,—when the sun began to shine, and earth and seas began to smile. There was a time when myriads of happy angels, springing into being, first spread their wings, doing His commandments,—when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

Ques.—What was Jesus doing then? *Ans.*—"Without Him was not anything made that was made." "By Him were all things created that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether they be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers; all things were created by Him and for Him." Oh, brethren, could I lift you away back to that wonderful day, and show you Jesus calling all the angels into being, hanging the earth upon nothing;—could you have heard the voice of Jesus saying, "Let there be light, and there was light;"—and could I have told you, "That is He who is yet to undertake for sinners; consider Him, and see if you think He will be a sufficient Saviour; look long and earnestly;"—good news, good news for sinners, if this mighty Being undertake for us!—I can as little doubt the sureness and completeness of my salvation as I can doubt the sureness of the solid earth beneath my feet.

(3) But the work of creation is long since passed. Jesus has been upon our earth. And now He is not here—He is

risen. Eighteen hundred years and more have passed since Christ was upon the earth.

Ques.—Where is Jesus now? *Ans.*—"He is set down at the right hand of the Majesty on high." He is upon the throne with God in His glorified body, and His throne is for ever. A sceptre is put into His hand—a sceptre of righteousness, and the oil of gladness is poured over Him. All power is given to Him in heaven and on earth.

Oh, brethren, could you and I pass this day through these heavens, and see what is now going on in the sanctuary above, —could you see what the child of God now sees who died last night,—could you see the Lamb with the scars of His five deep wounds in the very midst of the throne, surrounded by all the redeemed, every one having harps and golden vials full of odours,—could you see the many angels round about the throne, whose number is ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, all singing, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain,"—and were one of these angels to tell you, "This is He that undertook the cause of lost sinners; He undertook to bear their curse and to do their obedience: He undertook to be the second Adam,—the man in their stead; and lo! there He is upon the throne of heaven;—consider Him,—look long and earnestly upon His wounds—upon His glory,—and tell me, do you think it would be safe to trust Him? do you think His sufferings and obedience will have been enough?"—Yes, yes, every soul exclaims, Lord, it is enough! Lord, stay thy hand! Show me no more, for I can bear no more. Oh, rather let me ever stand and gaze upon the almighty, all-worthy, all-divine Saviour, till my soul drink in complete assurance that His work undertaken for sinners is a finished work! Yes, though the sins of all the world were on my one wicked head, still I could not doubt that His work is complete, and that I am quite safe when I believe in Him.

I would now plead with believers.—Some of you have really been brought by God to believe in Jesus. Yet you have no abiding peace, and very little growing in holiness. Why is this? It is because your eye is fixed anywhere but on Christ. You are so busy looking at books, or looking at men, or looking at the world, that you have no time, no heart, for looking at Christ.

No wonder you have little peace and joy in believing. No wonder you live so inconsistent and unholy a life. Change your plan. Consider the greatness and glory of Christ, who has undertaken all in the stead of sinners, and you would find it quite impossible to walk in darkness, or to walk in sin. Oh, what mean, despicable thoughts you have of the glorious Immanuel! Lift your eyes from your own bosom, downcast believer,—look upon Jesus. It is good to consider your ways, but it is far better to consider Christ.

I would now invite anxious souls.—Anxious soul! have you understood all the glory of Christ? Have you understood that He undertook for guilty sinners? And do you doubt if He be a sufficient Saviour? Oh, what mean views you have of Christ if you dare not risk your soul upon Him!

Objection.—I do not doubt that Christ has suffered and done quite enough, but I fear it was for others, and not for me. If I were sure it was for me, I would be quite happy. *Ans.*—It is nowhere said in the Bible that Christ died for this sinner or that sinner. If you are waiting till you find your own name in the Bible, you will wait for ever. But it is said a few verses before that: "He tasted death for every man:" and again: "He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world." Not that all men are saved by Him. Ah, no! the most never come to Jesus, and are lost! but this shows that any sinner may come, even the chief of sinners, and take Christ as his own Saviour, Come you then, anxious soul; say you, He is my refuge and my fortress; and then, be anxious, if you can.

II. *Consider Christ as the Apostle or Messenger of God.*

The word apostle means messenger,—one ordained and sent on a particular embassy. Now Christ is an Apostle, for God ordained and sent Him into the world.

In the Old Testament, the name by which He is oftenest called is the Angel of the Lord, or the Messenger of the Covenant. He is called God's Elect, chosen for the work; He is called God's Servant; He is called the Messiah, or the Christ, or the Anointed, because God anointed Him and sent Him to the work. In the New Testament, over and over again, Christ calls Himself the Sent of God. "As Thou hast sent me into the world, so have I sent them into the world, that the world may know that Thou hast sent me." "And these have known that Thou hast sent me." All this shows plainly that it is not the Son alone who is interested in the saving of poor sinners, but the Father also. "The Father sent His Son to be the Saviour of the world."

Objection.—True, Christ is a great and glorious Saviour, and able to accomplish anything to save poor sinners; but perhaps God the Father may not agree to pour out His wrath upon His Son, or to accept of His Son as a surety in our stead. *Ans.*—Look here, Christ is the Apostle of God. It is as much God the Father's work, as it is Christ's work. It occupied as much of the heart of God as ever it did of the heart of Christ. God loved the world as much and truly as ever Christ loved the world. God gave His Son, as much as Christ gave Himself for us. So God the Holy Spirit is as much interested in it as the Father and Son. God gave His Son,—the Spirit anointed Him and dwelt in Him without measure. At His baptism God acknowledged Him for His beloved Son,—the Holy Spirit came on Him like a dove.

Oh, brethren, could I lift you away to the eternity that is past,—could I bring you into the council of the Eternal Three; and as it was once said, "Let us *make* man," could I let you hear the word, "Let us *save* man,"—could I show you how God from all eternity designed His Son to undertake for poor sinners; how it was the very plan and the bottommost desire of the heart of the Father, that Jesus should come into the world, and do and die in the stead of sinners; how the Holy Spirit breathed sweetest incense, and dropped like holiest oil upon the head of the descending Saviour,—could I show you the intense interest with which the eye of God followed Jesus through His whole course of sorrow and suffering and death,—could I show you the anxious haste with which God rolled away the stone from the sepulchre while it was yet dark, for He would not leave His soul in hell, neither suffer His Holy One to see corruption,—could I show you the ecstasies of love and joy that beat in the bosom of the infinite God when Jesus ascended to His Father and our Father; how He welcomed Him with a fulness of kindness and grace which God alone could give, and God alone could receive, saying: "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten Thee; Thou art indeed worthy to be called my Son; never till this day wast Thou so worthy to be called mine; Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; sit Thou on my right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool;"—Oh, sinner, will you ever doubt any more whether God the Father be seeking thy salvation,—whether the heart of Christ and of His Father be the same in this one grand controversy? Oh, believer, consider this Apostle of God,—meditate on these things,—look and look again, until your peace be like a river, and your righteousness like the waves of the sea,—till the breathing of your soul be, Abba, Father!

III. *Consider Christ as the High Priest of our profession.*

The duty of the high priest was twofold: *First*, to make Atonement; *Second*, to make Intercession.

When the high priest slew the goat at the altar of burnt-offerings, he did it in presence of all the people, to make atonement for them. They all stood around, gazing and considering their high priest; and when he gathered the blood into the golden basin, and put on the white garments, and passed away from their sight within the veil, their eye followed him, till the mysterious curtain hid him from their sight. But even then the heart of the believing Jew followed him still. Now he is drawing near to God for us; now he is sprinkling the blood seven times before the mercy-seat, saying, Let this blood be instead of our blood; now he is praying for us.

Brethren, let us also consider our great High Priest.

(1) *Consider Him making Atonement.*—You cannot look at Him on the cross as the disciples did; you cannot see the blood streaming from His five deep wounds; you cannot see Him shedding His blood that the blood of sinners might not be shed. Yet still, if God spare us, you may see bread broken and wine poured out,—a living picture of the dying Saviour. Now, brethren, the atonement has been made, Christ has died, His sufferings are all past. And how is it that you do not enjoy peace? It is because you do not consider. "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider." Consider,—has Jesus died in the stead of guilty sinners, and do you heartily consent to take Jesus to be the man in your stead? then you do not need to die. Oh, happy believer, rejoice evermore! Live within sight of Calvary, and you will live within sight of glory; and, oh, rejoice in the happy ordinance that sets a broken Saviour so plainly before you!

(2) *Consider Christ as making Intercession.*—When Christ ascended from the Mount of Olives, and passed through these heavens, carrying His bloody wounds into the presence of God,—and when His disciples had gazed after Him, till a cloud received Him out of their sight,—we are told that *they returned to Jerusalem with great joy.* What! are they joyful at parting with their blessed Master? When He told them He was to

leave them, sorrow filled their hearts, and He had to argue with them and comfort them, saying: "Let not your heart be troubled; it is expedient for you that I go away." How, then, are they changed? Jesus has left them, and they are filled with joy. Oh, here is the secret!—they knew that Christ was now going into the presence of God for them, that their great High Priest was now entering within the veil to make intercession for them.

Now, believer, would you share in the great joy of the disciples? Consider the Apostle and High Priest of our profession, Christ Jesus. He is above yon clouds, and above yon sky. Oh that you would stand gazing up into heaven, not with the bodily eye, but with the eye of faith! Oh, what a wonderful thing the eye of faith is! It sees beyond the stars, it pierces to the throne of God, and there it looks on the face of Jesus making intercession for us, whom having not seen we love; in whom, though now we see Him not, yet believing, we rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Oh, if you would live thus, what sweet peace would fill your bosom! And how many droppings of the Spirit would come down on you in answer to the Saviour's prayer! Oh, how your face would shine like Stephen's! and the poor blind world would see that there is a joy which the world cannot give, and the world cannot take away,—a heaven upon earth!

DUNDEE, 1836.

SERMON III.

"As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters. As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet unto my taste."—SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 2, 3.

IF an unconverted man were taken away into heaven, where Christ sits in glory, and if he overheard Christ's words of admiring love towards the believer, he could not understand them,—he could not comprehend how Christ should see a loveliness in poor religious people whom *he* in the bottom of his heart despised. Or again, if an unconverted man were to overhear a Christian at his devotions when he is really within the veil, and were to listen to his words of admiring, adoring love towards Christ, he could not possibly understand them,—he could not comprehend how the believer should have such a burning affection toward one unseen, in whom he himself saw no form nor comeliness. So true it is that the natural man knoweth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him. There may be some now hearing me who have a rooted dislike to religious people,—they are so stiff, so precise, so gloomy, you cannot endure their company! Well, then, see here what Christ thinks of them: "As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters." How different you are from Christ! There may be some hearing me who have no desires after Jesus Christ,—who never think of Him with pleasure; you see no form nor comeliness in Him,—no beauty that you should desire Him; you do not love the melody of His name; you do not pray to Him continually. Well, then, see here what the believer thinks of Him,—how different from you!—"As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste." Oh that you would be awakened by this very thing,—that you are so different from Christ, and so different from the believer,—to think that you must be in a natural condition, you must be under wrath!

Doctrine.—The believer is unspeakably precious in the eyes of Christ, and Christ is unspeakably precious in the eyes of the believer.

I. *Inquire what Christ thinks of the believer.*—"As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters."

Christ sees nothing so fair in all this world as the believer. All the rest of the world is like thorns; but the believer is like a beautiful lily in His eyes. When you are walking in a wilderness all overgrown with briars and thorns, if your eye falls upon some lonely flower, tall and white, and pure and graceful, growing in the midst of the thorns, it looks peculiarly beautiful. If it were in the midst of some rich garden among many other flowers, then it would not be so remarkable; but when it is encompassed with thorns on every side, then it engages the eye. Such is the believer in the eyes of Christ. "As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters."

(1) See what Christ thinks of the unconverted world. It is like a field full of briars and thorns in His eyes. *First,* Because fruitless. "Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?" So Christ gets no fruit from the unconverted world. It is all one wide thorny waste. *Second,* Because, when the word is preached among them, it is like sowing among thorns. "Break

up your fallow ground, and sow not among thorns." When the sower sowed, some fell among thorns, and the thorns sprang up and choked them; so is preaching to the unconverted. *Third*, Because their end will be like that of thorns—they are dry, and fit only for the burning. "As thorns cut up shall they be burned in the fire." "For the earth, which is often rained upon and only bears thorns and briars, is rejected, and nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned." My friends, if you are in a Christless state, see what you are in the eyes of Christ—*thorns.* You think that you have many admirable qualities, that you are valuable members of society, and you have a hope that it shall be well with you in eternity. See what Christ says, You are thorns and briars, useless in this world, and fit only for the burning.

(2) See what Christ thinks of the believer: "As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters." The believer is like a lovely flower in the eyes of Christ. *First*, Because justified in the eyes of Christ, washed in His blood, he is pure and white as a lily. Christ can see no spot in His own righteousness, and therefore He sees no spot on the believer. "Thou art all fair, My love,—as a lily among thorns, so is My love." *Second*, A believer's nature is changed. Once he was like the barren, prickly thorn, fit only for burning; now Christ has put a new spirit in him,—the dew has been given to him, and he grows up like the lily. Christ loves the new creature. "All My delight is in them." "As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters." Are you a Christian? then never mind though the world despise you, though they call you names; remember Christ loves you; He calls you "My love." Abide in Him, and you shall abide in His love. "If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed." *Third*, Because so lonely in the world. Observe, there is but one lily, but many thorns. There is a great wilderness all full of thorns, and only one lonely flower. So there is a world lying in wickedness, and a little flock that believe in Jesus. Some believers are cast down because they feel solitary and alone. If I be in the right way, surely I would not be so lonely. Surely the wise, and the amiable, and the kind people I see round about me,—surely, if there were any truth in religion, they would know it. Be not cast down. It is one of the marks of Christ's people that they are alone in the world, and yet they are not alone. It is one of the very beauties which Christ sees in His people, that they are

solitary among a world of thorns. "As a lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters." Do not be discouraged. This world is the world of loneliness. When you are transplanted to yon garden of God, then you shall be no more lonely, then you shall be away from all the thorns. As flowers in a rich garden blend together their thousand odours to enrich the passing breeze, so, in the paradise above, you shall join the thousands of the redeemed, blending with theirs the odour of your praise; you shall join with the redeemed, as living flowers, to form a garland for the Redeemer's brow.

II. *Inquire what the believer thinks of Christ.*—"As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste."

(1) Christ is more precious than all other saviours in the eye of the believer. As a traveller prefers an apple-tree to every other tree of the wood, because he finds both shelter and nourishing food under it, so the believer prefers Christ to all other saviours. When a man is travelling in Eastern countries, he is often like to drop down under the burning rays of the sun. It is a great relief when he comes to a wood. When Israel were travelling in the wilderness, they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water and seventy palm-trees, and they encamped there by the water. They were glad of the shelter of the trees. So Micah says that God's people "dwell solitarily in the wood;" and Ezekiel promises, "they shall sleep in the woods."

But if the traveller be hungry and faint for lack of food, then he will not be content with any tree of the wood, but he will choose out a fruit-tree, under which he may sit down and find nourishment as well as shade. He sees a fair apple-tree; he chooses it out of all the trees of the wood, because he can both sit under its shadow and eat its pleasant fruits. So is it with the soul awakened by God. He feels under the heat of God's anger; he is in a weary land; he is brought into the wilderness; he is like to perish; he comes to a wood; many trees offer their shade; where shall he sit down? Under the fir-tree? Alas! what fruit has it to give? he may die there. Under the cedar-tree, with its mighty branches? Alas! he may perish there, for it has no fruit to give. The soul that is taught of God seeks for a complete Saviour. The apple-tree is revealed to the soul. The hungry soul chooses that evermore. He needs to be saved from hell and nourished for heaven. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons."

Awakened souls, remember you must not sit down under every tree that offers itself. "Take heed that no one deceive you; for many shall come in Christ's name, saying, I am Christ, and deceive many." There are many ways of saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. You will be tempted to find peace in the world, in self-repentance, in self-reformation. Remember, choose you a tree that will yield fruit as well as shade. "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons." Pray for a choosing faith. Pray for an eye to discern the apple-tree. Oh, there is no rest for the soul except under that Branch which God has made strong! My heart's desire and prayer for you is, that you may all find rest there.

(2) Why has the believer so high an esteem of Christ?

Ans. 1.—Because he has made trial of Christ. "I sat down under His shadow with great delight." All true believers have sat down under the shadow of Christ. Some people think that they shall be saved because they have got a head-knowledge of Christ. They read of Christ in the Bible, they hear of Christ in the house of God, and they think that is to be a Christian. Alas! my friends, what good would you get from an apple-tree, if I were only to describe it to you—tell you how beautiful it was—how heavily laden with delicious apples? Or, if I were only to show you a picture of the tree, or if I were to show you the tree itself at a distance, what the better would you be? You would not get the good of its shade or its pleasant fruit. Just so, dear brethren, what good would you get from Christ, if you only hear of Him in books and sermons, or if you see Him pictured forth in the sacrament, or if you were to see Him with your bodily eye? What good would all this do, if you do not sit down under His shadow? Oh, my friends, there must be a personal sitting down under the shadow of Christ if you would be saved! Christ is the bush that has been burned, yet not consumed. Oh, it is a safe place for a hell-deserving sinner to rest!

Some may be hearing me who can say, "I sat down under His shadow." And yet you have forsaken Him. Ah! have you gone after your lovers, and away from Christ? Well, then, may God hedge up your way with thorns. Return, return, O Shulamite! There is no other refuge for your soul. Come and sit down again under the shadow of the Saviour.

Ans. 2.—Because he sat down with great delight.

First, Some people think there is no joy in religion,—it is a gloomy thing. When a young person becomes a Christian, they would say, Alas! he must bid farewell to pleasure,—farewell to the joys of youth, farewell to a merry heart. He must exchange these pleasures for reading of the Bible and dry sermon books,—for a life of gravity and preciseness. This is what the world says. What does the Bible say? "I sat down under His shadow with great delight." Ah! let God be true, and every man a liar. Yet no one can believe this except those who have tried it. Ah! be not deceived, my young friends; the world has many sensual and many sinful delights,—the delights of eating and drinking, and wearing gay clothes,—the delights of revelry and the dance. No man of wisdom will deny that these things are delightful to the natural heart; but oh, they perish in the using, and they end in an eternal hell! But to sit down under the shadow of Christ, wearied with God's burning anger, wearied with seeking after vain saviours, at last to find rest under the shadow of Christ, ah! this is great delight. Lord, evermore may I sit under this shadow! Lord, evermore may I be filled with this joy!

Second, Some people are afraid of anything like joy in religion. They have none themselves, and they do not love to see it in others. Their religion is something like the stars, very high, and very clear, but very cold. When they see tears of anxiety, or tears of joy, they cry out, Enthusiasm, enthusiasm! Well, then, to the law, and to the testimony: "I sat down under His shadow *with great delight*." Is this enthusiasm? O Lord, evermore give us this enthusiasm! May the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing! If it be really in sitting under the shadow of Christ, let there be no bounds to your joy. Oh, if God would but open your eyes, and give you simple, child-like faith, to look to Jesus, to sit under His shadow, then would songs of joy rise from all our dwellings! Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say, Rejoice!

Third, Because the fruit of Christ is sweet to the taste. All true believers not only sit under the shadow, but partake of His pleasant fruits. Just as when you sit under an apple-tree, the fruit hangs above you and around you, and invites you to put out the hand and taste; so when you come to submit to the righteousness of God, bow your head, and sit down under Christ's shadow, all other things are added unto you. *First,* Temporal mercies are sweet to the taste. None but those of you who are Christians know this, when you sit under the shadow of Christ's temporal mercies, because covenant mercies. "Bread shall be given you; your water shall be sure." These are sweet apples from the tree Christ. O Christian! tell me, is not bread sweeter when eaten thus? Is not water richer than wine, and Daniel's pulse better than the dainties of the king's table? *Second,* Afflictions are sweet to the taste. Every good apple has some sourness in it. So is it with the apples of the tree of Christ. He gives afflictions as well as mercies; He sets the teeth on edge; but even these are blessings in disguise,—they are covenant gifts. Oh, affliction is a dismal thing when you are not under His shadow! But are you Christians? look on your sorrows as apples from that blessed tree. If you knew how wholesome they are, you would not wish to want them. Several of you know it is no contradiction to say, These apples, though sour, are sweet to my taste. *Third,* The gifts of the Spirit are sweet to the taste. Ah! here is the best fruit that grows on the tree; here are the ripest apples from the topmost branch. You who are Christians know how often your soul is fainting. Well, here is nourishment to your fainting soul. Everything you need is in Christ. "My grace is sufficient for thee." Dear Christian, sit much under that tree, feed much upon that fruit. "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." *Fourth,* Promises of glory. Some of the apples have a taste of heaven in them. Feed upon these, dear Christians. Some of Christ's apples give you a relish for the fruit of Canaan—for the clusters of Eshcol. Lord, evermore give me these apples; for oh, they are sweet to my taste!

St. Peter's, 1837.

SERMON IV.

"A sword, a sword is sharpened, and also furbished: it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter: should we then make mirth? it contemneth the rod of my son, as every tree."—Ezek. xxi. 9, 10.

From the second verse of this chapter we learn that this prophecy was directed against Jerusalem: "Son of man, set Thy face toward Jerusalem, and drop Thy word toward the holy places, and prophesy against the land of Israel."

We have already told you that Ezekiel, while yet a youth was carried captive by Nebuchadnezzar, and placed, with a number of his countrymen, by the river of Chebar. It was there that he delivered his prophecies during a space of twenty-two years. The prophecy I have read was delivered in the seventh year of his captivity, and just three years before Jerusalem was destroyed and the temple burnt. From ver. 2, we learn that these words were directed against Jerusalem; for though God had taken Ezekiel away to minister to the captives by the river of Chebar, yet He made him send many a message of warning and of mercy to His beloved Jerusalem. "Son of man, set thy face toward Jerusalem, and drop thy word toward the holy places, and prophecy against the land of Israel."

God had already fulfilled many of the words of His prophets against Jerusalem. He had fulfilled the word of Jeremiah against one of their kings (Jehoiakim). "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass: drawn and cast forth beyond the walls of Jerusalem." He had fulfilled the word of the same prophet in carrying another king (Jehoiakin) to Babylon with all the goodly vessels of the house of the Lord. But still neither prophecies nor judgments would awaken Jerusalem; so that we are told (2 Chron. xxxvi. 12) that Zedekiah, the next king, "did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord his God, and humbled not himself before Jeremiah the prophet, speaking from the mouth of the Lord." Vers. 14–16: "Moreover all the chief of the priests, and the people, transgressed very much, after all the abominations of the heathen; and polluted the house of the Lord which he had hallowed in Jerusalem. And the Lord God of their fathers sent to them by His messengers, rising up betimes, and sending; because He had compassion on His people, and on His dwelling-place: but they mocked the messengers of God, and despised His words, and misused His prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against His people, till there was no remedy."

It was in a time of great hardness and impenitence in Jerusalem that the prophecy before me was delivered, and just three years before the wrath of God was poured on them to the uttermost. *First,* All was mirth and sensuality in Jerusalem. *Second,* The false prophets prophesied peace, and the people loved to have it so. *Third,* There was no noise but that of revelry within the devoted city. But in the midst of that din and revelry, the lone prophet by the river of Chebar heard the muttering of the distant thunder. The faithful servant of God saw God arming Himself as a mighty man for the war, and the glittering sword of vengeance in His hand, and he calls aloud to his countrymen, all at ease, with awakening thunders: "A sword, a sword is sharpened, and also furbished: it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter: should we then make mirth?"

My friends, those of you who are unconverted are in the very same situation as Jerusalem was. In the years that are now fled like the mists of the morning, how many messages have you had from God! How many times has He sent His messengers to you, rising up early and sending them! His Bible has been in your houses, a silent but most mighty pleader for God; His providence has been in your families, in sickness and death, in plenty or poverty,—all, all beseeching you to flee from the wrath to come,—all, all beseeching you to cleave to the Lord Jesus, the only, the all-sufficient Saviour. All these messages have come to you, and you are yet unconverted—still dead, dry bones, without Christ and without God in the world; and you are saying, Soul, take thine ease, eat and drink and be merry. But do, my friends, hearken once more, for God does not wish any to perish. I have a word from God unto thee: "A sword, a sword is sharpened, and also furbished: it is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter: should we then make mirth?"

Doctrine.—It is very unreasonable in unconverted persons to make mirth.

(1) It is unreasonable, *because they are under condemnation.*—The sword is sharpened, and also furbished. It is sharpened to make a sore slaughter; it is furbished that it may glitter. Should we then make mirth? There is a common idea that men are under probation, as Adam was, and that Christless persons will not be condemned till the judgment; but this is not the case. The Bible says, "He that believeth not is condemned already." "He that hath not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." "Cursed is every one [not shall be] who continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." Christless souls are at present in the horrible pit, every mouth is stopped, and they are guilty before God. They are in prison, ready to be brought out to execution. Therefore, when God sends us to preach to Christless

persons, He calls it "preaching to the spirits in prison,"[1] that is who are under condemnation. The sword is not only unsheathed it is sharpened and furbished. It is held over their heads.

Should they then make mirth? It is unreasonable in a condemned malefactor to make mirth. Would it not greatly shock every feeling mind to see a company of men condemned to die, meeting and making merry, talking lightly and jestingly, as if the sword was not over them? Yet this is the case of those of you who are uncoverted and yet live lives of mirth. You have been tried in the balance and found wanting. You have been condemned by the righteous Judge. Your sentence is past. You are now in prison; neither can you break out of this prison: the sword is whetted and drawn over you. And oh, is it not most unreasonable to make mirth? Is it not most unreasonable to be happy and contented with yourself and merry with your friends? Is it not madness to sing the song of the drunkard? "Eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die."

(2) *Because God's instruments of destruction are all ready.*—Not only are Christless persons condemned already, but the instruments of their destruction are prepared and quite ready. The sword of vengeance is sharpened, and also furbished. When swords are kept in the armoury, they are kept blunt, that the rust may not hurt their edge; but when work is to be done, and they are taken out for the slaughter, then they are furbished and sharpened,—made sharp and glittering. So it is with the sword of the executioner: when not in use, it is kept blunt; but when work is to be done, it is sharpened and made ready. It is sharpened and furbished just before the blow is struck, that it may cut clean. So is it with God's sword of vengeance. It is not sheathed and blunt,—it is sharpened and furbished,—it is quite ready to do its work,—it is quite ready for a sore slaughter. The disease by which every unconverted man is to die is quite ready,—it is perhaps in his veins at this very moment. The accident by which he is to drop into eternity is quite ready,—all the parts and means of it are arranged. The arrow that is to strike him is on the string,—perhaps it has left the string, and is even now flying towards him.

The place in hell is quite ready for every unconverted soul. When Judas died, the Scripture says, "he went to his own place." It was his own place before he went there, being quite prepared and ready for him. As when a man retires at night to his sleeping-room, it is said he has gone to his own room, so a place in hell is quite ready for every Christless person. It is his own place. When the rich man died and was buried, he was immediately in his own place. He found everything ready. He lifted up his eyes in hell, being in torments. So hell is quite ready for every Christless person. It was prepared, long ago, for the devil and his angels. The fires are all quite ready, and fully lighted and burning.

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[1] I believe he afterwards understood 1 Pet. iii. 19 to mean "the spirits who are now in prison."

Ah! should Christless souls then make mirth? A malefactor might perhaps say that he would be merry as long as the scaffold was not erected on which he was to die. But if he were told that the scaffold was quite ready,—that the sword was sharpened, and the executioner standing ready,—oh, would it not be madness to make mirth? Alas! this is your madness, poor Christless soul. You are not only condemned, but the sword is sharpened and ready that is to smite your soul; and yet you can be happy, and dream away your days and nights in pleasures that perish in the using. The disease is ready, the accident is ready, the arrow is on the string, the grave is ready, yea, hell itself is ready, your own place is made ready; and yet you can make mirth! You can play games and enjoy company! How truly is your laughter like the crackling of thorns under a pot: a flashy blaze, and then the blackness of darkness for ever!

(3) *The sword may come down at any one moment.*—Not only are Christless persons condemned already, and not only is the sword of vengeance quite ready, but the sword may come down at any one moment. It is not so with malefactors; their day is fixed and told them, so that they can count their time. If they have many days, they make merry to-day at least, and begin to be serious to-morrow. But not so Christless persons; their day is fixed, but it is not told them. It may be this very moment. Ah! should they then make mirth?

Some malefactors have been found very stout-hearted to the very last. Many have received their sentence quite unmoved, and with a determined countenance. Some have even gone to the scaffold quite unmoved; some even with a light, careless spirit. But when the head is laid down upon the block,—when the eyes are covered, and the neck laid bare,—when the glittering sword is lifted high in the air, and may come down any one moment,—that is a dreadful time of suspense. It would be very horrible to see a man in a light, careless spirit at that time.

Oh, it would be madness to be merry then! Alas! this is your madness, poor Christless soul. You are not only condemned, and not only is the sword ready, but it may fall on you at any one moment. Your head is, as it were, on the block. Your neck is bared before God, and the whetted sword is held over you; and yet can you make mirth? Can you take up your mind with business and worldly things, and getting rich, building and planting, and this night your soul may be required of you? Can you fill up your time with games and amusement, and foolish books and entertaining companions? Can you fill up your hours after work with loose talk and wanton behaviour, adding sin to sin, treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath, when you know not what hour the wrath of God may come upon you to the uttermost? Can you go prayerless to your bed at night, your mind filled with dark and horrid imaginations not fit to be named, and yet you may be in hell before the morning? A sword, a sword; it is furbished!

(4) *Because God has made no promise to Christless souls to stay His hand one moment.*—All the promises of God are yea and amen, that is, they are true. He always fulfils His promises. But the same scripture says they are "yea and amen *in Christ Jesus.*" All God's promises are made to Christ, and to sinners that cleave to Christ. I believe that it is impossible, in the nature of things, that God would make a promise to an unconverted man. Accordingly, all God's promises are made to Christ, and to every sinner that cleaves on to Christ. But unconverted persons are those who have never come to Christ; therefore there are no promises made to them. God nowhere promises to make them anxious. He nowhere promises to bring them to Christ. He nowhere promises to keep them one moment out of hell. "Should they then make mirth?"

Let me speak to Christless persons who are at ease. Many of you hearing me may know that you are in a Christless state; and yet you know that you are at ease and happy. Why is this? It is because you hope to be brought to Christ before you die. You say, Another day will do as well, and, I will hear thee again of this matter; and therefore you take your ease now. But this is very unreasonable. It is not worthy of a rational being to act in this way. God has nowhere promised to bring you to Christ before you die. God has laid Himself under no manner of obligation to you. He has nowhere promised that you shall see to-morrow, or that you shall hear another sermon. There is a day near at hand when you shall not see a to-morrow. If this be not the last, there is a sermon yet to be preached which will be the last you will ever hear.

Let me speak to Christless persons who are anxious about their souls. Some hearing me know that they are in a Christless condition, and this made them anxious; and yet it is to be feared some are losing that anxiety, and now going back to the mirth of the world. Why is this? This is most unreasonable. If you are still out of Christ, however anxious you have been, remember God has made no promises to save you. The sword is still over you, furbished and sharpened. Ah! do not then make mirth. Strive to enter in at the strait gate. Take the kingdom of heaven by violence. Press into it. Never rest till you are in the bonds of the covenant. Then be as happy as the day is long.

(5) *It is a sore slaughter: "A sword! a sword!"*

First, *Sore, because it will be on all who are Christless.*—The dreadfulness of the slaughter in Jerusalem was, that all were slain, both old and young. The command which the prophet heard was (ix. 5), "Go ye through the city, and smite. Let not your eye spare, neither have ye pity. Slay utterly old and young, both maids and little children and women; but come not near any man upon whom is the mark." Such is the sore slaughter waiting on unconverted souls. All Christless persons will perish, young and old. God will not spare, neither will His eye pity. Think of this, *old grey-headed persons*, that have lived in sin, and never come to Christ; if you die thus, you will certainly perish in the sore slaughter. Think of this, *middle-aged persons*, hard-working merchants and labourers, who make money, but do not sell all for the pearl of great price. Think of this, ye *Marthas*, who are careful and troubled about many things, but who forget the one thing that is needful; you also will fall in the sore slaughter. Think of this, *young persons*, who live without prayer, yet in mirth and jollity; you that meet to jest and be happy on Sabbath evenings; you that walk in the sight of your own eyes,—you, too, will fall in that sore slaughter. Think of this, *little children*, you that are the pride of your mother's heart, but who have gone astray from the womb, speaking lies. Little children who are fond of your plays, but are not fond of coming to Jesus Christ, who is the Saviour of little children, the sword will come on you also. Oh, it is a sore slaughter that will not spare the young, nor the lovely, nor the kind—the gentle mother and affectionate child—the widow and her only son! Should you then make mirth? Unconverted families, when you meet in the evening to jest and sport with one another, ask this one question, Should we make mirth? Is your mirth reasonable? Is it worthy of rational beings? Unconverted companions, who meet so often for mirth and amusement, should you make mirth together when you are in such a case? Ah! how dismal will the contrast be when God says, Bind them in bundles to burn them!

Second, *Sore slaughter because the sword is the sword of God.* If it were only the sword of man that is furbished and sharpened for the slaughter, it would not be very terrible. But it is the sword of Almighty God, and therefore it is very terrible. "Fear not them that kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do. But I will forewarn you whom ye shall fear: Fear Him, who after He hath killed the body, is able to cast body and soul into hell; yea, I say unto you, fear Him." If it were the sword of man, it could reach only to the body; but ah! it is the sword of God, and the iron will enter into the soul. It is the same sword that appeared in the garden of Eden,—"a flaming sword that turned every way, to keep the way of the tree of life." It is the same sword which pierced the side of Jesus Christ in His agony. "Awake, O sword, against my Shepherd, and against the man that is my fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts: I will smite the Shepherd, and the sheep shall be scattered." It is that sword of which Christ speaks, when He says, "It shall cut him asunder, and appoint him his portion with hypocrites: there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

Dear brethren, it is not a few flesh wounds that that sword will make. It will cut asunder,—it will be a death-blow,—eternal death. It is a death which body and soul will be always dying, yet never dead.

(1) *Let me speak to the old.*—There may be some hearing me in whom these three things meet, namely, that they are old, and Christless, and full of mirth. Oh, if there be such hearing me, consider your ways,—consider if your mirth be worthy of a rational being! I have shown you plainly out of the Scriptures what your case is: *First*, That you are condemned already. *Second*, That God's sword is ready. *Third*, That it may come down any moment. *Fourth*, That God has made you no promise to stay His hand. And, *Fifth*, That it will be a sore slaughter. Consider, then, if it be reasonable to believe a lie,—to deceive

your own soul, and say, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. In the ordinary course of things, you must soon go the way of all living,—you must be gathered to your fathers; and then all that I have said will be fulfilled. Should you then make mirth? Are you tottering on the brink of hell, and yet living prayerless and Christless, and playing yourself with straws,—telling over the oft-repeated tale of youth, and laughing over the oft-repeated jest? Alas! what a depth of meaning was there in the word of Solomon! "I said of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doeth it? Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

(2) *Let me speak to the young.*—There may be many hearing me in whom these three things meet: they are young in years, far from Christ, and yet full of mirth. Now, my dear friends, I entreat you to consider whether your mirth is reasonable. The sword is sharpened for a sore slaughter. Should you then make mirth?

Obj. 1.—Youth is the time for mirth. *Ans.*—I know well youth is the time for mirth. The young lamb is a happy creature as it springs about on the green pasture. The young kid leaps from rock to rock with liveliest glee. The young horse casts its heels high in the air, full of life and activity. But then they have no sin, and you have; they have no hell, and you have. If you will come to Jesus Christ now, and be freed from wrath, ah! then you will find that youth is the time for mirth,—youth is the time for enjoying sweet peace in the bosom, and liveliest intercourse with God, and brightest hopes of glory.

Obj. 2.—You would have us to be gloomy and sad. *Ans.*—God forbid. All that I maintain is, that until you are come to Christ, your mirth is mad and unreasonable. If you will come to Christ, then be as happy as you will; there are no bounds to your joy there, for you will joy in God. And when you die, you will come to fulness of joy in His presence, and pleasures at His right hand for evermore.

Obj. 3.—If I be Christless, it will not bring me into Christ to be sad, and therefore I may as well be merry. *Ans.*—True, to be sad will not bring you into Christ; and yet, if you were really awakened to cry to God, peradventure He would hear you cry. If you were striving to enter in, you might find entrance. If you were pressing into the kingdom, you might take it by violence. Seek meekness, seek righteousness. It may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger. If you stay where you are, you are sure to be lost. If you live on in carnal security, in mirth and jollity, while you are out of Christ, you are sure to perish.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

DUNDEE, 1837.

SERMON V.

"Unto you, O men, I call; and My voice is to the sons of man."—PROV. viii. 4.

(1) THESE *are the words of wisdom;* and wisdom in the book of Proverbs is none other than our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This is evident from chap. i. 23, where He says: "Behold I will pour out My Spirit unto you;" but it is Christ alone who has the gift of the Holy Spirit. And again, from viii. 22, where He says: "The Lord possessed Me in the beginning of His way;" and verse 30: "Then I was by Him as one brought up with Him; and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." These words are true of none but of Jesus Christ,—the Word that was with God, and was God, by whom all things were made.

(2) *The places He goes to with the invitation.*—*First,* He goes to the country. He climbs every eminence, and cries there; then He descends to the highway where many roads meet. *Second,* He goes to the city. He begins at the gates, where the people are assembled to make bargains and hear causes; then He proceeds along the principal avenue, into the city, and cries in at every door as He passes. He first goes out into the highways and hedges, then goes into the streets and lanes of the city, carrying the blessed message.

(3) *Observe the manner in which He invites.*—He cries aloud,—He puts forth the voice,—He stands and cries,—He calls and lifts up His voice,—He seems like some merchant offering his wares, first in the market, and then from door to door. Never did busy crier offer to sell his goods with such anxiety as Jesus offers His salvation; verse 10: "Receive My instruction, and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold."

(4) *Observe to whom the invitation is addressed.*—Verse 4:

"Unto you, O men, I call; and My voice is to the sons of man." Merchants only offer their goods to certain classes of the people that will buy; but Jesus offers His to all men. Wherever there is a son of Adam,—wherever there is one born of woman,—the word is addressed to him: he that hath ears to hear, let him hear.

Doctrine.—Christ offers Himself as a Saviour to all of the human race.

I. *The most awakening truth in all the Bible.*—It is commonly thought that preaching the holy law is the most awakening truth in the Bible,—that by it the mouth is stopped, and all the world becomes guilty before God; and, indeed, I believe this is the most ordinary mean which God makes use of. And yet to me there is something far more awakening in the sight of a Divine Saviour freely offering Himself to every one of the human race. There is something that might pierce the heart that is like a stone in that cry: "Unto you, O men, I call; and My voice is to the sons of man."

(1) Had you lived in the days when Noah built the ark,—had you seen that mighty vessel standing open and ready, inviting all the world to come into its roomy cavities, would it not have been the most awakening of all sights? Could you have looked upon it without thinking of the coming flood that was to sweep the ungodly world away?

(2) Had you lived in the times when Jesus was on the earth,—had you seen Him riding down the Mount Olivet, and stopping when He came in sight of Jerusalem, lying peaceful and slumbering at His feet,—had you seen the Son of God weep over this city, and say, "If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong to thy peace! but now they are hid from thine eyes,"—would you not have felt that some awful destruction was awaiting the slumbering city? Would He shed these tears for nothing? Surely He sees some day of woe coming which none knows but Himself.

(3) Just so, dear friends, when you see Jesus here running from place to place,—from the high places to the highways,—from the highways to the city gates,—from the gates to the doors; when you hear His anxious cry, "Unto you, O men, I call,"—does it not show that all men are lost,—that a dreadful hell is before them? Would the Saviour call so loud and so long if there was no hell?

Apply this to slumbering souls.

First, *Mark who it is that calls you—it is Wisdom!*—Jesus Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. "Unto you, O men, I call." Often, when ministers prick your hearts in their sermons, you go home and say, "Oh, it was only the word of a minister,—shall I tremble at the words of a man?" But here is the word of no minister, but of Christ. Here is the word of one who knows your true condition,—who knows your heart and your history,—who knows your sins done in the light, and done in the dark, and done in the recesses of your heart,—who knows the wrath that is over you, and the hell that is before you. "Unto you, O men, I call."

Second, *Mark in how many places He calls you.*—In the high places and the highways, in the gates, in the entries, at the coming in of the doors. Has it not been so with you? Have you not been called in the Bible, in the family, in the house of prayer? You have gone from place to place, but the Saviour has gone after you. You have gone to places of diversion, you have gone to places of sin, but Christ has followed you. You have laid down on a bed of sickness, and Christ has followed you. Must not the sheep be in great danger, when the Shepherd follows so far in search of it?

Third, *How loud He cries.*—He calls and lifts up the voice. Has it not been so with you? Has He not knocked loudly at your door, in warnings, in providences, in deaths? Has He not cried loudly in the preached word? Sometimes, when reading the Bible alone, has not the voice of Christ been louder than thunder?

Fourth, *He cries to all.*—Had He cried to the old, then the young would have said, "We are safe, we do not need a Saviour." Had He cried to the young, the old men among you would have said, "He is not for us." Had He called to the good or to the bad, still some would have felt themselves excused. But He cries to you all. There is not one person hearing, but Jesus cries to you. Then all are lost,—old and young, rich and poor. Whatever you think of yourselves, Jesus knows you to be in a lost condition; therefore this piercing cry: "Unto you, O men, I call."

II. *The most comforting truth in the Bible.*—When awakened persons are first told of Jesus Christ, it generally adds to their grief. They see plainly that He is a very great and glorious

Saviour; but then they feel that they have rejected Him, and they fear that He never can become their Saviour. Very often awakened persons sit and listen to a lively description of Christ,—of His work of substitution in the stead of sinners; but their question still is, "Is Christ a Saviour to me?" Now, to this question I answer, Christ is freely offered to all the human race. "Unto you, O men, I call." If there were no other text in the whole Bible to encourage sinners to come freely to Christ, this one alone might persuade them. There is no subject more misunderstood by unconverted souls than the unconditional freeness of Christ. So little idea have we naturally of free grace, that we cannot believe that God can offer a Saviour to us, while we are in a wicked, hell-deserving condition. Oh, it is sad to think how men argue against their own happiness, and will not believe the very word of God!

All the types show the Saviour to be free to all.

(1) The brazen serpent was lifted up in sight of all Israel, that any one might look and be healed; and Christ Himself explains this: "So must the Son of man be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

(2) The Refuge City set on a hill, with its gates open night and day, showed this. Whosoever will, may flee for refuge to the hope set before us.

(3) The angels over Bethlehem repeated the same thing: "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." And the last invitation of the Bible is the freest of all: "Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Mark also, in the text before us: "Unto you, O men, I call." This shows that He is not free to devils; but to all *men*,—to every one that has human form and human name,—the Saviour is now free. It is not for any goodness in men, not for any change in them that Christ offers Himself, but just in their lost condition as men. He freely puts Himself within their reach. There are many stratagems by which the devil contrives to keep man away from Christ.

(1) Some say, There is no hope for me. "There is no hope, no; for I have loved strangers, and after them I will go. I have committed such great sins, I have sunk so deep in the mire of sin, I have served my lusts so long, that there is no use of me thinking of turning. There is no hope, no." To you I answer, There is hope,—your sins may be forgiven for Christ's

sake,—there is forgiveness with God. Ah, why should Satan so beguile you? True, you have waded deep into the mire of sin, you have destroyed yourself; and yet in Christ there is help. He came for such as you. Christ speaks in these words to you: you are of the human race, and Christ is free to all of the human race,—"Unto you, O men, I call."

(2) "I have not the least care about my soul. Up to this moment I never listened to a sermon, nor attended to a word in the Bible. I have no wish to hear of Christ, or God, or eternal things." To you I answer, Still Christ is quite free to you. Though you have no care for your soul, yet Christ has, and wishes to save it. Though you do not care for Christ, yet He cares for you, and stretches out His hands to you. Christ did not come to the earth because people were caring about their souls, but because we were lost. You are only the more lost. Christ is all the more seeking you. This day you may find a Saviour. "Unto you, O men, I call."

(3) "If I knew I were one of the elect, I would come; but I fear I am not." To you I answer, Nobody ever came to Christ because they knew themselves to be of the elect. It is quite true that God has of His mere good pleasure elected some to everlasting life, but they never knew it till they came to Christ. Christ nowhere invites the elect to come to Him. The question for you is not, Am I one of the elect? but, Am I of the human race?

(4) Some of you may be saying, "If I could see my name in the Bible, then I would believe that Christ wants me to be saved. When Christ called Zaccheus, He said, 'Zaccheus, come down.' He called him by name, and he came down immediately. Now, if Christ would call me by name, I would run to Him immediately." Now, to you I say, Christ does call you by your name, for He says, "To you, O men, I call." Suppose that Christ had written down the names of all the men and women in the world, your name would have been there. Now, instead of writing down every name, He puts them all together in one word, which includes every man, and woman, and child: "Unto you, O *men*, I call; and My words are to the *sons of man*." So your name is in the Bible. "Go and preach the gospel to every creature."

(5) "If I could repent and believe, then Christ would be free to me; but I cannot repent and believe." To you I say, Are you not a man, before you repent and believe? then Christ

is offered to you before you repent. And, believer, Christ is not offered to you because you repent, but because you are a vile, lost sinner. "Unto you, O men, I call."

(6) "I fear the market is over. Had I come in the morning of life,—I believe Christ was offered me then, in youth, at my first sacrament,—but now I fear the market-day is done." Are you not still a man,—one of the human race? True, you have refused the Saviour for years, yet still He offers Himself to you. It was not for any goodness that He offered Himself to you at first, but because you were vile and lost. You are vile and lost yet, so He offers Himself to you still. "Unto you, O men, I call."

I would here, then, take occasion to make offer of Christ with all His benefits to every soul in this assembly. To every man and woman and child I do now, in the name of my Master, make full, free offer of a crucified Saviour to be your surety and righteousness, your refuge and strength. I would let down the gospel cord so low, that sinners, who are low of stature, like Zaccheus, may lay hold of it. Oh, is there none will lay hold on Christ, the only Saviour?

III. *The most condemning truth in the Bible.*

If Christ be freely offered to all men, then it is plain that all who live and die without accepting Christ shall meet with the doom of those who refuse the Son of God. "He that sinneth against Me wrongeth his own soul: all they that hate Me love death." Ah! it is a sad thing that the very truth, which is life to every believing soul, is death to all others. "This is the condemnation." We are a sweet savour of Christ unto God. When the ignorant heathen stand at the bar of God—Hindoos, and Africans, and Chinese—who have never had the offer of Christ made to them, they will not be condemned as those will that have lived and died unsaved under a preached gospel. Tyre and Sidon will not meet the same doom as Chorazin and Bethsaida, and unbelieving Capernaum.

Oh, brethren, you are without excuse in the sight of God, if you go home unsaved this day! The gospel cord has been let down very low to every one of you this day. If you go away without laying hold, your condemnation will be heavier at the last day. If Christ had not come to you, you had not had sin, but now you have no cloak for your sin.

Objection.—But my heart is so hard that I cannot believe,—

my heart is so set upon worldly things that I cannot turn to Christ. I was born this way. *Ans.*—This does but aggravate your guilt. It is true you were born thus, and that your heart is like the nether millstone. But that is the very reason God will most justly condemn you; because from your infancy you have been hard-hearted and unbelieving. If a thief when tried before the judge on earth, were to plead guilty, but to say that he had always been a thief,—that even in infancy his heart loved stealing,—would not this just aggravate his guilt, that he was habit and repute a thief?—So you.

Oh, brethren, if you could die and say that Christ had never been offered to you, you would have an easier hell than you are like to have! You must go away either rejoicing in or rejecting Christ this day,—either won, or more lost than ever. There is not one of you but will yet feel the guilt of this Sabbath-day. This sermon will meet you yet. See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

St. Peter's, 1838.

SERMON VI.

"That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of Life (for the Life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that Eternal Life, which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us); that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us: and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ. And these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full."—1 John i. 1–4.

I. *The subject of John's preaching.*

It was Jesus Christ and Him crucified. "That which we have seen and heard, declare we unto you." This was the preaching of John the Baptist: "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world." He pointed to Jesus. This was the preaching of Philip (Acts viii. 5): "Philip went down to Samaria, and preached Christ unto them." And when he came to the Ethiopian eunuch, "he preached unto him Jesus." This was the preaching of Paul: "I determined to know nothing among you, but Jesus Christ and Him crucified." This was the beginning, and middle, and end of the preaching of Paul. This was the preaching of John: To declare all that he had seen with his eyes, heard with his ears, handled with his hands, of Immanuel,—this was the object of his life,—this was the Alpha and Omega of his preaching. He knew that Jesus was like the *alabaster box*, full of spikenard, very costly; and his whole labour was to break the box and pour forth the good ointment before the eyes of fainting sinners, that they might be attracted by the sweet savour. He knew that Jesus was *a bundle of myrrh*, and his whole life was spent in opening it out to sinners, that they might be overcome by the refreshing odours. He carried about the savour of Christ with him wherever he went. He knew that Jesus was the Balm of Gilead, and his labour was to open out this bruised balm before the eyes of sick souls, that they might be healed.

(1) *His Eternity.*—"That which was from the beginning." John had often heard Jesus speak of His eternity. "In the beginning was the Word." "Before Abraham was, I am." He remembered how Jesus said in prayer in the garden, "Glorify Me with the glory which I had with Thee before the world was." "Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world." John thus knew that He was the Eternal One,—that He was before all visible things, for He made them all. By Him God made the world. Even at the time John was leaning on His bosom, he felt that it was the bosom of the Uncreated One. John always declared this; he loved to make Him known. O beloved! if you have come to lean on the bosom of Jesus, you have come to the Uncreated One—the Eternal One.

(2) *Was with the Father.*—John knew, from Prov. viii. 30, that Jesus had been with the Father: "Then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him, and I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." He had heard Jesus tell many of the secrets of His Father's bosom, from which he knew that He had been with the Father: "All things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you." He had heard Jesus plainly say, "I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world." "Again I leave the world, and go to the Father." John felt, even when Jesus was washing his feet, that this was the man that was God's fellow. Even when he saw Jesus on the cross, with His pale lips and bleeding hands and feet, like a tortured worm and "no man," he knew that this was the man that was God's fellow. He lived to declare this. Do you thus look to Jesus? Have you beheld the glory, as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth? O tempest-tossed soul, this is He that comes to save thee!

(3) *Eternal life.*—John knew that Jesus was the Author of

all *natural life,*—that not a man breathes, no beast of the forest roars, no bird stoops on the wing, but they all receive the stream of life from the hand of Immanuel. He had seen Jesus raise the ruler's daughter from the dead, and call Lazarus from the tomb. He knew that Jesus was the author of all *life in the soul.* He had heard Jesus say: "As the Father raiseth up the dead, and quickeneth whom He will, even so the Son quickeneth whom He will." "My sheep know My voice, and I give unto them eternal life." He had heard Him say: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." Above all, he had *felt in his own soul* that Christ was the Eternal Life. In that morning, when he sat with his father Zebedee in the boat, mending their nets, Jesus said, "Follow me!" and the life entered into his soul, and he found it a never-failing spring of life. Christ was his life; therefore did he make Him known as the Eternal Life. Even when he saw Him give up the ghost; when he saw His pale, lifeless body, the stiff hands and feet, the glazed eye, the body cold as the rocky tomb where they laid Him; still he felt that this was the Eternal Life. O beloved! do you believe that He is the life of the world? Some of you feel your soul to be dead —lifeless in prayer—lifeless in praise. Oh, look on Him whom John declares to you! All is death without Him. Bring your dead soul into union with Him, and He will give you eternal life.

(4) *Manifested.*—O beloved, if Jesus had not been manifested, you had never been saved! It would have been quite righteous in God to have kept His Son in His own bosom,—to have kept that jewel in His own place upon the throne of heaven. God would have been the same lovely God; but we would have lain down in a burning hell. If that Eternal Life which was with the Father—if He had remained in His glory as the Living One, then you and I would have borne our own curse. But He was manifested: "God was manifest in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, seen of angels, believed on in the world, received up into glory." *John saw Him:* he saw His lovely countenance; he beheld His glory, as the glory of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. He saw that better Sun veiled with flesh that could not keep the beams of His Godhead from shining through. He saw Him on the mount, when His face shone like the sun. He saw Him in the garden, when He lay upon the ground. He saw Him on the cross, when He hung between earth and heaven. He looked

upon Him,—many a time he looked up on His heavenly countenance,—his eye met His eye. *He heard Him,*—heard the voice that said, "Let there be light!" He heard the voice like the sound of many waters. He heard all His gracious words,—His words concerning God and the way of peace. He heard Him say to a sinner: "Be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee." *He handled Him,*—he put his hands in His hands, his arms around His arms, and his head upon His bosom. Perhaps he handled His body when it was taken from the cross,—touched the cold clay of Immanuel. O beloved, it is a manifested Christ we declare unto you. It is not the Son in the bosom of the Father; that would never have saved you. It is Jesus manifested in flesh,—the Son of God living and dying as man in the stead of sinners; Him we declare unto you.

Learn the true way of coming to peace.—It is by looking to manifested Jesus. Some of you think you will come to peace *by looking in* to your own heart. Your eye is riveted there. You watch every change there. If you could only see a glimpse of light there, oh, what joy it would give you! If you could only see a melting of your stony heart, if you could only see your heart turning to God, if you could only see a glimpse of the image of Jesus in your heart, you would be at peace; but you cannot,—all is dark within. Oh, dear souls, it is not there you will find peace! You must *avert the eye* from your bosom altogether. *You must look to a declared Christ.* Spread out the record of God concerning His Son. The gospels are the narrative of the heart of Jesus, of the work of Jesus, of the grace of Jesus. Spread them out before the eye of your mind, till they fill your eye. Cry for the Spirit to breathe over the page, to make a manifested Christ stand out plainly before you; and the moment that you are willing to believe all that is there spoken concerning Jesus, that moment you will wipe away your tears, and change your sighs for a new song of praise.

II. *The object John had in view by preaching Christ.*

(1) *That ye may have fellowship with us.*—To have fellowship with another is to have things in common with him. Thus, in Acts iv. 32, the first Christians were "of one heart and of one soul; neither said any that aught of the things which he possessed was his own, but *they had all things in common.*" They had all their goods in common; they shared what they had with one another. This is what John desired in spiritual

things,—that we should share with him in his spiritual things, share and share alike.

First, *Forgiveness.* Some people think it impossible to have the same forgiveness that the apostles had,—that it would be very bold to think of tasting the same. But is it not far bolder to say that John is a liar, and that the Holy Spirit is a liar? for he here says plainly that all his preaching and all his desire was, that you should have fellowship with him. Yes, sinner, forgiveness is as open to you as it was to John. The blood that washed him is ready to wash you as white as snow. John had the same need of Christ that the vilest of you have. Only look to a declared Immanuel; clear your eye from unbelief, and look at a freely-revealed Jesus, and you will find the same forgiveness is as free to you as it was to John.

Second, *The same love of Jesus.* John was the disciple whom Jesus loved. Just as Daniel was the prophet whom He greatly loved,—"a man greatly beloved,"—so John was the disciple whom Jesus loved. At the last supper which Jesus had in this world, John leaned upon His bosom. He had the nearest place to the heart of Christ of any in all the world. Perhaps you think it is impossible you can ever come to that. Some of you are trembling afar off; but you, too, if you will only look where John points you, if you will only believe the full record of God about Jesus, will share the love of Jesus with John, you will be one of His peculiarly beloved ones. Those that believe most, get most love; they come nearest to Jesus—they do, as it were, lay their head on His breast; and no doubt you will one day really share that bosom with John. If you believe little, you will keep far off from Jesus.

Third, *The same fatherly dealings as John.* John experienced many wonderful dealings of God. He experienced many of *the prunings* of the Father. He was a fruitful branch, and the Father pruned him, that he might bring forth more fruit. When he was very old, he was banished to Patmos, an island in the Ægean Sea, and, it is supposed, made a slave in the mines there. He was a companion in tribulation; but he had many sweet shinings of the Father's love to his soul. He had sweet revelations of Christ in the time of his affliction; and he was joyfully delivered out of all his troubles. He experienced peculiarly the fatherly dealings of God. And so may you do, believer. Look where John looked, believe as John believed; and, like him, you will find that you have a Father in heaven, who will care for you, who will correct you in measure, who will stay His rough wind in the day of His east wind, who will preserve you unto His heavenly kingdom.

(2) *Fellowship with the Father.* O beloved, this is so wonderful, that I could not have believed it, if I had not seen it! Shall a hell-deserving worm come to share with the holy God? Oh, the depth and the length of the love of God, it passeth knowledge!

First, *In His holiness.* A natural man has not a spark of God's holiness in him. There is a kind of goodness about you. You may be kind, pleasant, agreeable, good-natured, amiable people,—there may be a kind of integrity about you, so that you are above stealing or lying; but as long as you are in a natural state, there is not a grain of God's holiness in you. You have not a grain of that absolute hatred against all sin which God has; you have none of that flaming love for what is lovely, pure, holy, which dwells in the heart of God. But the moment you believe on a manifested Christ, that moment you receive the Spirit,—the same Spirit which dwells in the infinite bosom of the Father dwelleth in you; so you become partakers of God's holiness,—you become partakers of the divine nature. You will not be as holy as God; but the same stream that flows through the heart of God will be given you. Ah! does not your heart break to be holier? Look then to Jesus, and abide in Him, and you will share the same spirit with God Himself.

Second, *In His joy.* No joy is like the divine joy. It is infinite, full, eternal, pure, unmingled joy. It is light, without any cloud to darken it; it is calm, without any breath to ruffle it. Clouds and darkness are round about Him, storms and fire go before Him; but without all is peace ineffable, unchangeable. Believers in some measure share in this joy. We might mention some of the elements of God's joy. *First,* All things happen according to the good pleasure of His will. He has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass. Nothing comes unprepared upon God. Many things are hateful in His sight, yet, looking on the whole, He can delight in all. If you have come to Christ, you will have some drops of His joy. You can look upon all events with a calm, holy joy, knowing that your Father's will and purposes alone shall stand. *Second,* The conversion of souls. There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner repenting, more than over ninety-nine who need no repentance. I have no doubt that this is one of the great elements of His joy—seeing souls brought into His favour. God loves to save; He delighteth in mercy; He delights when He can be a just God and a Saviour. If you are come to Christ, you will have the same joy.

(3) *Fellowship with the Son.*

First, *We share with the Son in His justification.*—Once Jesus was unjustified; once there were sins laid to His charge,—the sins of many. It was this that occasioned His agony, *in the garden, on the cross.* His only comfort was, "He is near that justifieth Me." He knew the time would be short. But now the wrath of God has all fallen upon Him. The thunderclouds of God's anger have spent all their lightnings on His head. The vials of God's wrath have poured out their last drops upon Him. He is now justified from all the sins that were laid upon Him. He has left them with the grave-clothes. His fellow-men and devils laid all sins to His charge; He was silent. Do you believe this record concerning the Son? Do you cleave to Jesus as yours? Then you have fellowship with Him in His justification. You are as much justified as Christ is. There is as little guilt lying upon you as there is upon Christ. The vials of wrath have not another drop for Christ, nor another drop for you. You are justified from all things.

Second, *His adoption.*—When Jesus went up to heaven, He said, "I go to my Father." When He entered heaven, the word of God was: "Thou art my Son; sit Thou on My right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool." Oh, it was a blessed exchange, when He left the frowns and curses of this world for the embrace of His Father's arms,—when He left the thorny crown for a crown of glory,—when He came from under the wrath of God into the fatherly love of God! Such is your change, you that believe in Jesus. You have fellowship with the Son, you share in His adoption. He says, "I ascend to my Father and your Father." God is as much your Father as He is Christ's Father, your God as Christ's God. Oh, what a change, for an heir of hell to become an heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ; to inherit God; to have a son's interest in God! Eternity alone will teach you what is in that word, "heir of God."

(4) *Joy full.*—Other joys are not filling. Creature joys only fill a small part of the soul. Money, houses, lands, music, entertainments, friends, these are not filling joys; they are just drops

of joy. But Christ revealed makes the cup run over. "Thou anointest my head with oil, my cup runneth over." Believing in a manifested Christ fills the heart full of joy. "In Thy presence is fulness of joy." Christ brings the soul into God's presence. One smile of God fills the heart more than ten thousand smiles of the world.

You that have nothing but creature joy, hunting after butterflies, feeding upon carrion, why do you spend money for that which is not bread? You that are afflicted, tempest-tossed, and not comforted, look to a manifested Jesus. According to your faith, so be it unto you. Believe none, and you will have no joy. Believe little, and you will have little joy. Believe much, and you will have much joy. Believe all, and you will have all joy, and your joy will be full. It will be like a bowl lipping over, good measure, pressed down, and running over. Amen.

ST. PETER'S, 1839.

SERMON VII.

"A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse; a spring shut up, a fountain sealed."
—SONG iv. 12.

Doctrine.—The believer is Christ's garden.

I. *The name here given to believers.*—"My sister, my spouse," or rather, "my sister-spouse." There are many sweet names from the lips of Christ addressed to believers. "O thou fairest among women" (i. 8); "My love" (ii. 2); "My love, my fair one" (ii. 10); "O my dove" (ii. 14); "My sister, my love, my dove, my undefiled" (v. 2); "O prince's daughter" (vii. 1). But here is one more tender than all: "*My sister, my spouse*" (iv. 9); and again, ver. 10, and here, ver. 12. To be spoken well of by the world is little to be desired; but to hear Christ speak such words to us, is enough to fill our hearts with heavenly joy. The meaning you will see by what Paul says (1 Cor. xi. 5): "Have we not power to lead about a sister, a wife, as well as other apostles?" He means power to marry one who is like-minded—a sister in the Lord; one who will be both a wife and a sister in Christ Jesus —a *wife* by covenant, a *sister* by being born of the same Father in heaven. So Christ here says of believers, "My sister, my spouse," that they are not only united to Him by choice and covenant, but are like-minded also.

II. *These two things are inseparable.*—Some would like to be *the spouse* of the Saviour without being the sister. Some would like to be saved by Christ, but not to be made like Christ. When Christ chooses a sinner, and sets His love on the soul, and when He woos the soul and draws it into covenant with Himself, it is only that He may make the soul a sister,—that He may impart His features, His same heart, His all, to the soul. Now, many rest in the mere forgiveness of sins. Many have felt Christ wooing their soul, and offering Himself freely to them, and they have accepted Him. They have consented to the match. Sinful, and worthless, and hell-deserving, they find that Christ desires it; that He will not be dishonoured by it; that He will find glory in it; and their heart is filled with joy in being taken into covenant with so glorious a Bridegroom. But why has He done it? To make you partaker of His holiness, to change your nature, to make you sister to Himself,—of His own mind and spirit. He has sprinkled you with clean water, only that He may give you a new heart also. He brings you to Himself, and gives you rest, only that He may make you learn of Him His meekness and lowliness in heart.

(1) *Inseparable.*—You cannot be the spouse of Christ without becoming the sister also. Christ offers to be the Bridegroom of sin-covered souls. He came from heaven for this; took flesh and blood for this. He tries to woo sinners, standing and stretching out His hands. He tells them of all His power, and glory, and riches, and that all shall be theirs. He is a blood-sprinkled Bridegroom; but that is His chief loveliness. The soul believes His word, melts under His love, consents to be His. "My beloved is mine, and I am His." Then He washes the soul in His own blood; clothes it in His own righteousness; takes it in with Him to the presence of His Father. From that day the soul begins to reflect His image. Christ begins to live in the soul. The same heart, the same spirit, are in both. The soul becomes sister as well as spouse,—Christ's not only by choice and covenant, but by likeness also. Some of you Christ has chosen; you have become His justified ones. Do you rest there? No; remember you must be made like Him,—reflect His image; you cannot separate the two.

(2) *The order of the two.*—You must be first the spouse before you can be the sister of Christ,—His by Covenant before His by likeness. Some think to be like Christ first,—that they will copy His features till they recommend themselves to Christ.

No, this will not do. He chooses only those that have no comeliness—polluted in their own blood, that He may have the honour of washing them. "When thou wast in thy blood" (Ezek. xvi. 6). Are there any trying to recommend themselves to Christ by their change of life? Oh, how little you know Him! He comes to seek those who are black in themselves. Are there some of you poor, defiled, unclean? You are just the soul Christ woos. Proud, scornful? Christ woos you. He offers you His all, and then He will change you.

III. *To what Christ compares believers: "A garden enclosed."*—The gardens in the East are always enclosed: sometimes by a fence of reeds, such are the gardens of cucumbers in the wilderness; sometimes by a stone wall, as the garden of Gethsemane; sometimes by a hedge of prickly pear. But what is still more interesting is, they are often enclosed out of a wilderness. All around is often barren sand; and this one enclosed spot is like the garden of the Lord. Such is the believer.

(1) *Enclosed by election.*—In the eye of God the world was one great wilderness,—all barren, all dead, all fruitless. No part was fit to bear anything but briars. It was nigh unto cursing. One part was no better than another in His sight. The hearts of men were all hard as rock, dry and barren as the sand. Out of the mere good pleasure of His will, He marked out a garden of delights where He might show His power and grace, that it might be to His praise. Some of you know your election of God by the fruits of it,—by your faith, love, and holiness. Be humbled by the thought that it was solely because He chose you. Why me, Lord? why me?

(2) *Enclosed by the Spirit's work.*—Election is the planning of the garden. The Spirit's work is the carrying it into effect. "He fenced it" (Isa. v. 2). When the Spirit begins His work, it is separating work. When a man is convinced of sin, he is no more one with the careless, godless world. He avoids his companions—goes alone. When a soul comes to Christ, it is still more separated. It then comes into a new world. He is no more under the curse—no more under wrath. He is in the smile and favour of God. Like Gideon's fleece, he now receives the dew when all around is dry.

(3) *Enclosed by the arms of God.*—God is a wall of fire. Angels are around the soul. Elisha's hill was full of horses of fire. God is round about the soul, as the mountains stand round

about Jerusalem. The soul is hid in the secret of God's presence. No robber can ever come over the fence. "A vineyard of red wine: I the Lord do keep it; I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day" (Isa. xxvii. 2, 3). This is sung over thee.

IV. *Well-watered garden.*—Watered in three ways. *First,* By a hidden well. It is the custom in the East to roll a stone over the mouth of a well, to preserve the water from sand. *Second,* By a fountain of living water—a well always bubbling up. *Third,* By streams from Lebanon.

(1) "*A spring shut up.*"—This describes the Spirit in the heart, in His most secret manner of working. In some gardens there is only this secret well. A stone is over the mouth. If you wish to water the garden, you must roll away the stone, and let down the bucket. Such is the life of God in many souls. Some of you feel that there is a stone over the mouth of the well in you. Your own rocky heart is the stone. Stir up the gift of God which is in thee.

(2) *A well of living water.*—This is the same as John iv.,—a well that is ever full and running over. Grace new every moment; fresh upspringings from God. Thus only will you advance.

(2) *Streams from Lebanon.* These are very plentiful. On all sides they fall in pleasant cascades, in the bottom unite into broad full streams, and on their way water the richest gardens. The garden of Ibrahim Pacha, near Acre, is watered with streams from Lebanon. So believers are sometimes favoured with streams from the Lebanon that is above. We receive out of Christ's fulness,—drink of the wine of His pleasures. Oh for more of these streams of Lebanon! Even in the dry season they are full. The hotter the summer, the streams from Lebanon become the fuller because the heat only melts the mountain snows.

V. *The fruit.*—The very use of a garden is to bear fruit and flowers. For this purpose it is enclosed, hedged, planted, watered. If it bear no fruit or flowers, all the labour is lost labour. The ground is nigh to cursing. So it is with the Christian. Three remarkable things are here.

(1) *No weeds are mentioned.*—Pleasant fruit-trees, and all the chief spices; but no weeds. Had it been a man that was describing his garden, he would have begun with the weeds—the

unbelief, corruption, evil tempers, etc. Not so Christ. He covers all the sins. The weeds are lost sight of. He sees no perversity. As in John xvii.: "They have kept Thy word; they are not of the world." As in Rev. ii. 2: "I know thy works."

(2) *Fruits.*—The pomegranate—the very best; all pleasant fruits. And all His own. "From Me is thy fruit found;" "His pleasant fruits" (ver. 16). The graces that Christ puts into the heart and brings out of the life are the very best, the richest, most pleasant, most excellent that a creature can produce. Love to Christ, love to the brethren, love to the Sabbath, forgiveness of enemies, all the best fruits that can grow in the human heart. Unreasonable world! to condemn true conversion, when it produces the very fruits of paradise, acceptable to God, if not to you. Should not this make you stand and consider?

(3) *Spices.*—These spices do not naturally grow in gardens. Even in the East there never was such a display as this. So the fragrant graces of the Spirit are not natural to the heart. They are brought from a far country. They must be carefully watched. They need the stream and the gentle zephyr. Oh, I fear most of you should hang your heads when Christ begins to speak of fragrant spices in your heart! Where are they? Are there not talkative, forward Christians? Are there not self-seeking, praise-seeking, man-pleasing Christians? Are there not proud-praying Christians? Are there not ill-tempered Christians? Are there not rash, inconsiderate ones? Are there not idle, lazy, bad-working Christians? Lord, where are the spices? Verily, Christ is a bundle of myrrh. Oh to be like Him! Oh that every flower and fruit would grow! They must come from above. Many there are of whom one is forced to say, "Well, they may be Christians; but I would not like to be next them in heaven!" Cry for the wind: "Awake, O north wind; and come thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out."

SERMON VIII.[1]

> "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved? I raised thee up under the apple-tree: there thy mother brought thee forth: there she brought thee forth that bare thee. Set me as a seal upon thine heart, as a seal upon thine arm: for love is strong as death; jealousy is cruel as the grave: the coals thereof are coals of fire, which hath a most vehement flame. Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it: if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned."—SONG viii. 5–7.

WE are introduced to the great Redeemer and a believing soul, and are made to overhear their converse.

I. *The posture of the Church.*

(1) *From the wilderness.*—To a child of God this world is a wilderness. First, *Because everything is fading here.* Here is nothing abiding; money takes wings and flees away; friends die. All are like grass; and if some are more beautiful or more engaging than others, still they are only like the flower of the grass,—a little more ornamented, but withering often sooner. Sometimes a worldly comfort is like Jonah's gourd,—it came up over his head to be a shadow to deliver him from his grief. So Jonah was exceeding glad of the gourd. But God prepared a worm, when the morning rose the next day, and it smote the gourd that it withered. So our worldly comfort sometimes grows up over our head like a shadow, and we are exceeding glad of our gourd; but God prepares a worm, we faint, and are ready to die. Here we have no continuing city; but we seek one to come. This is a wilderness: "Arise, depart, this is not thy rest, for it is polluted." An experienced Christian looks upon everything here as not abiding; for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal. Second, *Because everything is stained with sin here.* Even the natural scenery of this world is stained with sin. The thorns and thistles tell of a cursed earth. Above all, when you look at the floods of ungodly men.—"We are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." The world does not know a Christian, and does not love him. Though you love them, and would lay down your body that they might pass over to glory, yet they will not hear. Above all, the sin in our own heart makes us bend down under our burden, and feel this to be a valley of weeping. Ah! wretched

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[1] This is all that exists of this sermon, which was memorable to many. It is little more than a sketch.

man, if we had no body of sin, what a sweet glory would appear in everything; we would sing like the birds in spring.

(2) *Coming out of it.*—Unconverted souls are going down into the wilderness to perish there. All Christians are coming up out of it. Sabbath-days are like milestones, marking our way; or rather they are like the wells we used to come to at evening. Every real Christian is making progress. If the sheep is on the shoulder of the shepherd, it is always getting nearer the fold. With some the shepherd takes long steps. Dear Christians, you should be advancing, getting higher, nearer to Canaan, riper for glory. In the south of Russia, the country is of vast plains, rising by steppes. Dear friends, you should get on to a higher place; up another step every Sabbath-day. In travelling, you never think of making a house in the wilderness. So, dear friends, do not take up your rest here, we are journeying. Let all your endeavours be to get on in your journey.

(3) *Leaning upon her beloved.*—It is very observable that there is none here but the bride and her beloved in a vast wilderness. She is not leaning upon Him with one arm, and upon somebody else with the other; but she is leaning upon Him alone. So is it with the soul taught of God; it feels alone with Christ in this world; it leans as entirely upon Christ as if there were no other being in the universe. She leans all her weight upon her husband. When a person has been saved from drowning, they lean all their weight upon their deliverer. When the lost sheep was found, He took it upon His shoulder. You must be content then to lean all your weight upon Christ. *Cast the burden of temporal things upon Him. Cast the care of your soul upon Him.* If God be for us, who can be against us? They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. The eagle soars so directly upward, that poets have fancied it was aiming at the sun. So does the soul that waits on Christ.

II. *Christ's word to the leaning soul.*

(1) "*I raised thee up*," *etc.*—He reminds the believer of his natural state. Every soul now in Christ was once like an exposed infant (Ezek. xvi.), cast out into the open field. "Behold, I was shapen in iniquity." Do not forget what you were. If ever you come to forget what you were, then you may be sure you are not right with God. Observe when the contrition comes. When you are leaning on Christ, then He tells you of your sin and misery (Ezek. xxxvi. 31).

(2) He reminds you of His love: "I raised thee up." *He Himself* is the apple-tree, open on all sides round, affording shadow and fruit. *I raised thee.* Christ not only shelters, but draws into the shelter. "*To Him be glory.*" Are there not some who feel like an infant—cast out? Turn your eye to Christ, He only can raise up your soul under the apple-tree.

III. *The leaning soul cries for continued grace.*

Set me as a seal.—It is a sure mark of grace to desire more. The High Priest had a beautiful breastplate over his breast, adorned with jewels,—make me one of these. He had also a jewel on each shoulder,—make me one of these. These were bound with chains of gold, but the believer with chains of love. This is a true mark of grace. If you be contented to remain where you are, without any more nearness to God, or any more holiness, this is a clear mark you have got none. Hide me deeper, bind me closer, and carry me more completely.

(1) *The love of Christ is strong as death.*—Death is awfully strong. When he comes upon a stout young man, he brings him down. So is the love of Christ.

(2) *Cruel, or stubborn, as the grave.*—The grave will not give up its dead, nor will Christ give up His own. Oh! pray that this love may embrace you. Vehement as hell,—unquenchable fire. You have your choice, dear friends, of two eternal fires. "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ," etc.? (Rom. viii.) Floods cannot drown it,—afflictions cannot.

(3) *It cannot be bought.*—"If a man would give all the substance," etc. You must accept it free or not at all.

DUNDEE, 1840.

SERMON IX.

"After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands; and cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces and worshipped God, saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen. And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said unto me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple: and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 9 to the end.

It is one thing to read these words with a poet's eye, and another thing to read them with the eye of a Christian. Oh, pray, dear friends, that the Spirit may tear away the veil from our hearts, and show us the grand realities that are here! It is sweet and profitable—

(1) *For the awakening of the ungodly*, that you may see what are the exercises of the heavenly world, and how unfit you would be for them. I suppose many of you feel that you have not washed your robes, and that you could not sing their song. Then you must be on the road to hell.

(2) *For the instruction of believers.*—It shows you what are the chief employments of that happy world, where we shall so soon be; it gives you the key-note of the heavenly song; it teaches you to spend much of your time in the same exercises in which you shall spend eternity.

(3) *For comfort to afflicted believers.*—It shows you how short your trials will be. These light afflictions are but for a moment; you need not murmur nor grieve,—a little while, and we shall be with Christ, and God shall wipe away all your tears. For this end it was given to John.

I. *What John saw and heard.*

(1) *A great multitude of all nations.*—When John was on earth he saw but few believers: "We are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness." The Church was like a lily in a field of thorns, lambs in the midst of wolves; but now quite

different,—thorns are plucked away, the lilies innumerable. "*Out of all nations.*"—Perhaps he could discern his fellow-apostles, his own brother James, and holy Paul, and angel-faced Stephen; the dark Egyptian, the swarthy Ethiopian, the woolly-headed negro, the far distant Chinese, the Burman, the Hindoo, the blue-eyed German, the dark-eyed Italian, and multitudes perhaps from a distant island of the sea. Every country had its representatives there,—some saved out of every land. All were like Christ, and yet all retained their different peculiarities. *Learn that Christ will have a glorious crown.*—He shall see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied. Often, when I look at a large town like Dundee, and see so few converted to Christ, my heart sickens within me; I often feel as if we were labouring for nought and in vain. Although there has been so much blessing, yet such masses of ungodly families! But oh, cheer up, Christ shall have His full crown! Though there should not be another saved out of this place, Christ will have His full reward. We shall be quite satisfied when we see the whole. He hath mercy on whom He will have mercy. Learn the power of His blood. It blots out the sins of all that multitude,—sins of every name and dye. Why not yours? Oh, when such a glorious company are saved, why should you be lost? When so many are going out of this place, why should you keep back?

(2) *Their position.*—They stood before the throne,—yea, nearer than the angels, for they stood round about. The redeemed stood next the throne, the angels round them. This marks their complete righteousness. But the ungodly cannot stand in the judgment. If God were only to bring an ungodly man into His presence he would die. You greatly mistake if you think God needs to put out great strength to destroy you. As a cloud is dried up by being in the light of the sun, so you would perish at the presence of God as a moth in a candle. But this great company stand next the throne,—God's eye full upon them. In Christ they stand, not in themselves. Nearer than angels: the angels have only creature-righteousness,—these have on Creator-righteousness. The righteousness of Christ is a million times more lovely than that of the highest angel therefore they stand nearer. The righteousness of God is upon them all,—who shall condemn? If you are ever to be near God, you may come freely to Him now. Why keep so far away?

(3) *Their dress; white robes and palms.*—They have all the same dress, there is no difference. It is the garment of Christ.

One was a far greater believer than another,—made far greater advances in holiness,—yet the same dress. *Whiter than the angels* (ver. 13). The angels also are represented as dressed in white; yet it would appear that their robes were far outshone by the bright shining raiment of the redeemed. The angels have on creature-righteousness, the redeemed the righteousness of God. This is what is now offered to you, sinners. Awakened persons are sometimes led to cry, "Oh that I had never sinned!" but here is something better than if you had never sinned. *Palms* are signs of victory. The Jews used to take branches of palms at the feast of tabernacles, or ingathering, which was a type of heaven. The angels have no palms, for they have fought no fight, they have gained no victory. Every one that has a white robe has a palm. Every one that is in Christ shall overcome. Be not afraid of your enemies.

(4) *Their song. The substance of it—Salvation.*—They give God all the glory. On earth, there are many that cannot believe in an *electing* God—that God chose them for no good in them; but in heaven they all feel it, and give Him all the praise. On earth, many speak of making themselves willing; but in heaven they sing "Salvation to God." On earth, many go about to establish their own righteousness; in heaven, "glory to the Lamb." On earth, many take Christ as part of their righteousness, and their duties as part; in heaven, all give glory to the Lamb. What say you to this song? Does it find an echo in your heart? Remember you must begin it now, if you are to sing it afterwards. *The effect of it—it stirs up the hearts of the angels* (vers. 11, 12). Often on earth, when one believer begins to praise God for what He has done for his soul, it stirs up the hearts of others. So in heaven, when the angels hear the voice of redeemed sinners,—brands plucked out of the fire,—standing in near the throne, they will obtain a ravishing view of the glory of God, His mercy and grace, they will fall down and worship God. They will not envy the redeemed their place; but, on the contrary, be filled with intense praise by hearing of what God has done for their souls. How do you feel when you hear of others being saved and brought nearer to God than you? Do you envy and hate them, or do you fall down and praise God for it?

II. *Their past history* (vers. 13, 14).

Two particulars are given. Each had a different history; still in these two they were alike.

(1) *They had washed their robes.*—This leads us back to their conversion. Once every one of that company had filthy garments. They were like Joshua, their garment was spotted by the flesh. It was like a garment with the leprosy in it. Some stained with blood,—spots of blood upon their garments; some with adultery; some with disobedience to parents; some with pride, falsehood, evil speaking,—all, all were stained. Every one was convinced that he could not make himself clean; he could not wash his garments nor throw them off; he was brought to see himself lost and helpless. Jesus was revealed to him, and His precious blood shed for sinners, even the chief, saying to the heavy laden, "Come to me." Of all that company, there is not one stands there in any other way. All are washed in blood. It is their only way of standing. Have you been washed in blood? You will find not one in heaven who went there in any other way. You think to go to heaven by your own decency, innocency, attention to duties. Well, you would be the only such one there: all are washed in blood. Come and let us reason together.

(2) *They came out of great tribulation.*—Every one that gets to the throne must put their foot upon the thorn. The way to the crown is by the cross. We must taste the gall if we are to taste the glory. When justified by faith, God led them into tribulations also. When God brought Israel through the Red Sea, He led them into the wilderness; so, when God saves a soul, He tries it. He never gives faith without trying it. The way to Zion is through the valley of Baca. You must go through the wilderness of Jordan if you are to come to the Land of Promise. Some believers are much surprised when they are called to suffer. They thought they would do some great thing for God; but all that God permits them to do is to *suffer.* Go round every one in glory,—every one has a different story, yet every one has a tale of suffering. One was persecuted in his family,—by his friends and companions; another was visited by sore pains and humbling disease,—neglected by the world; another was bereaved of children; another had all these afflictions meeting in one,—deep called unto deep. Mark, all are *brought out of them.* It was a dark cloud, but it passed away; the water was deep, but they have reached the other side. Not one of them blames God for the road He led them: "Salvation" is their only cry. Is there any of you, dear children, murmuring at your lot? Do not sin against God. This is the way God leads all His redeemed

ones. You must have a palm as well as a white robe. No pain, no palm; no cross, no crown; no thorn, no throne; no gall, no glory. Learn to glory in tribulations also. "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us."

III. *Future history.*

(1) *Immediate service of God.*—Here, we are allowed to spend much of our time in our worldly callings. It is lawful for a man to win his bread, to plough, sow, reap, to spin and weave. Then, all our strength will be put forth in the immediate service of God. We shall stand before Him, and He shall dwell among us. It will be a perpetual Sabbath. We shall spend eternity in loving God, in adoring, admiring, and praising God. We should spend much of our present time in this. Some people imagine that they are not serving God unless they are visiting the sick, or engaged in some outward service; whereas the highest of all service is the love of adoration in the soul. Perhaps God gets more glory by a single adoring look of some poor believer on a sick-bed, than from the outward labours of a whole day.

(2) *Not in the wilderness any more.*—At present we are like a flock in the wilderness, our soul often hungry, and thirsty, and sorely tried. Often we feel as if we could go no farther, but must lie down and die. Often we feel temptations too much for us, or persecutions too strong for us to bear. When we are with Christ we shall hunger no more, all our pains shall be ended. Learn to glorify Him in the fires, to sing in the wilderness. This is the only world where you can give God that glory.

(3) *Father, Son, and Spirit will bless us.*—The Lamb shall feed us: He that died for us. We shall always see our security before us in our Surety; no trembling shall ever come over our soul. He shall be one like us—a *Lamb*—like the least of us; we shall learn of God from Him. The *Spirit* will be like "living fountains of waters." Here, we never have enough; there, without measure. The *Father* will be a father to us. He will wipe away tears—the tears we shed in dying,—wilderness tears,—the tears over lost friends, and a perishing world. "What manner of persons ought we to be!"

DUNDEE, 1840.

SERMON X.

> "For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham. Wherefore in all things it behoved Him to be made like unto his brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people. For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted."—HEB. ii. 16–18.

Doctrine—Christ a merciful High Priest.

1. *The sovereign mercy of Christ in becoming man.*—"For verily He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." We read of two great rebellions in the history of the universe—the rebellion of the angels, and the rebellion of man. For infinitely wise and gracious purposes God planned and permitted both of these that out of evil He might bring forth good. The *first* took place in heaven itself. Pride was the sin by which the angels fell, and therefore it is called "the condemnation of the devil." "They kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation." "God spared them not, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into chains of darkness, to be reserved unto judgment." The *next* fall took place upon earth. Satan tempted, and man fell,—believed the devil rather than God, and so came under the curse: "Thou shalt surely die." Both of these families came under the same frown—under the same condemnation; both were condemned to the same "everlasting fire." But the glorious Son of God resolved, from all eternity, to die for sinners. Now, for which of the two shall He die? Perhaps the angels in heaven would long that He should die for their once brother angels. The angelic nature was higher than that of man. Men had fallen deeper into sin than the rebel angels. Will He not die for angels? Now, here is the answer: "Verily He took not on Him the nature of angels; but He took on Him the seed of Abraham." Here is sovereign mercy passing by one family and coming to another. Let us wonder and adore the sovereign mercy of Jesus.

(1) Do not be surprised if Jesus passes many by. The Lord Jesus has been riding through our country in a remarkable manner, seated on His white horse, and wearing many crowns. He has sent out many arrows and pierced many hearts in this place, and brought many to His feet; but has He not passed many by? Are there not many given up to their own hearts'

lust, and walking in their own counsel? Be not surprised. This is the very way He did when He came to this earth; He passed the gate of hell. Although His bosom was full of love and grace, although "God is love," He felt it not inconsistent to pass fallen angels by, and to come and die for men. And so, though Jesus is love still, yet He can save some, and leave others to be hardened. "Many widows were in Israel in the time of Elijah the prophet, but unto none of them was Elijah sent, save unto Sarepta, a city of Zidon, unto a woman that was a widow. And many lepers were in Israel in the time of Elisha the prophet, and none of them was cleansed, saving Naaman the Syrian."

(2) If Christ has visited your soul, give Him all the glory. "Not unto us, Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory." The only reason why you are saved is the sovereign compassion of Jesus. It is not that you are better than others, that you were less wicked, of better dispositions, more attentive to your Bible. Many who have been left have been much more blameless in their life. It is not that you have sat under a peculiar ministry. God has made the same ministry a means of hardening multitudes. It is the free grace of God. Love God for ever and ever, because He chose you of His own free will. Adore Jesus, that He passed by millions, and died for you. Adore the Holy Ghost, that He came out of free sovereign mercy and awakened you. It will be matter of praise through eternity.

(3) If Christ is now visiting your soul, do not trifle with Him. Some persons, when Christ begins to knock at the door of their heart, put Him off from time to time. They trifle with their convictions. They say, I am too young yet, let me taste a little more pleasure of the world; youth is the time for mirth; another time I will open the door. Some say, I am too busy; I have to provide for my family; when I have a more convenient season, I will call for Thee. Some say, I am strong and healthy; I hope I have many years to live; when sickness comes, then I will open the door. Consider that Christ may not come again. He is knocking now: let Him in. Another day He may pass by your door. You cannot command convictions of sin to come when you like. Christ is entirely sovereign in saving souls. No doubt many of you have had your last knock from Christ. Many of you that were once concerned are not so now; and you cannot bring it back again. There is no doubt a time in every man's life, when, if he opens the door, he will be saved; if he does not, he will perish. Probably this may be that time

to many of you. Christ may be giving last knocks to some to-day.

II. *Christ made like us in all things.*—Christ not only became man, but it behoved Him to be made like us in *all* things. He suffered being tempted.

In my last lecture I showed you the only two points in which He was different from us. First, *In being God as well as man.* In the manger at Bethlehem there lay a perfect infant, but there also was Jehovah. That mysterious being who rode on an ass's colt, and wept over Jerusalem, was as much a man as you are, and as much God as the Father is. The tears He shed were human tears, yet the love of Jehovah swelled below His mantle. That pale being that hung quivering on the cross was indeed man; it was human blood that flowed from His wounds; but He was as truly God. Second, *In being without sin.* He was the only one in human form of whom it can be said, He was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; the only one on whom God could look down from heaven, and say, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Every member of our body and faculty of our mind we have used as the servants of sin. Every member of His body and faculty of His mind were used only as servants to holiness. *His mouth* was the only human mouth from which none but gracious words ever proceeded. *His eye* was the only human eye that never shot forth flames of pride, envy, or lust. *His hand* was the only human hand that never was stretched forth but in doing good. *His heart* was the only human heart that was not deceitful above all things and desperately wicked. When Satan came to Him, he found nothing in Him. Now, in these two things it behoved Him to be unlike His brethren, or He could not have been a Saviour at all. In all other things it behoved Him to be made like us. There was no part of our condition that He did not humble Himself unto.

(1) He passed through all the terms of our life from childhood to manhood. *First,* He was an infant of days, exposed to all the pains and dangers of infancy. "Ye shall find the babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." *Second,* He bore the trials and pains of boyhood. Many a one, no doubt, would wonder at the holy boy in the carpenter's shop at Nazareth. He grew in wisdom, and in stature, and in favour with God and with man. *Third,* He bore the afflictions and anxieties of manhood, when He began to be about thirty years of age.

(2) He tasted the difficulties of many situations in life. The first thirty years, it is probable, He shared the humble occupation of Joseph the carpenter; He tasted the trials of working for His daily bread. Then He subsisted on the kindness of others. Certain women, which followed Him, ministered unto Him of their substance. He had not where to lay His head. Many a night He spent on the Mount of Olives, or on the hills of Galilee. Then He bore the trials of a gospel minister. He preached from morning till night, and yet with how small success! so that He could say, "I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought and in vain." How often He was *grieved by their unbelief!* He marvelled at their unbelief. "O faithless generation, how long shall I be with you? how long shall I suffer you?" How often He *offended many* by His preaching: "Many said, This is an hard saying; who can hear it?" "From that time many of His disciples went back, and walked no more with Jesus" (John vi. 66). How often *they hated* Him for His love! "For My love they are My adversaries: but I gave Myself unto prayer" (Ps. cix. 4). How His own disciples grieved Him by their want of faith! "O ye of little faith, have I been so long time with you?" The unbelief of Thomas; their sleeping in the garden; forsaking Him and fleeing; Peter denying, Judas betraying Him!

(3) What trials he had from His own family! Even His own brothers did not believe on Him, but mocked. The people of His town tried to throw Him over the rocks. What pain He suffered from His mother, when He saw the sword piercing her fond heart: how He said to John, "Behold thy mother!" and to His mother, "Behold thy son!" even in the midst of His dying agonies.

(4) What trials from Satan! Believers complain of Satan, but they never felt his power as Christ did. What an awful conflict was that during forty days in the wilderness! How fearfully did Satan urge on Pharisees, and Herod, and Judas, to torment Him! What an awful hour was that when He said, "This is your hour, and the power of darkness"! What an awful cry was that, "Save me from the lion's mouth"! (Ps. xxii. 22), when He felt His soul in the very jaws of Satan!

(5) What trials from God! Believers often groan under the hidings of God's countenance; but ah! they seldom taste even a drop of what Christ drank. What dreadful agony was that in Gethsemane, when the blood gushed through the pores! How dreadful was that frown of God on the cross, when He cried,

"My God, my God!" In all these things, and a thousand more He was made like unto His brethren. He came into our place. Through eternity we shall study these sufferings.

First, Learn the amazing love of Christ, that He should leave glory for such a condition.

Second, Learn to bear sufferings cheerfully. You have not yet suffered as He did.

III. *The end—That He might be a merciful and faithful High Priest.*—The work of Christ as an high priest is here laid down as twofold. *First,* to make an atonement for our sins. *Second,* To succour His people under temptations.

(1) *To make atonement.*—This is the great work of Christ as our High Priest. For this it was needful that he should become man and die. Had He remained God alone in the bosom of His Father, He might have pitied us, but He could not have died for us, nor taken our sins away. We must have perished. Every priest in the Old Testament was a type of Jesus in this; every lamb that was slain typified Jesus offering up His own body a sacrifice for our sins.

Let your eye rest there if you would be happy. Those few dark hours on Calvary, when the great High Priest was offering up the amazing sacrifice, give light for eternity to the believing soul. This only will cheer you in dying. Not your graces, not your love to Christ, not anything in you, but only this—Christ hath died. He loved me, and gave Himself for me. Christ hath appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.

(2). *To succour the tempted.*—All believers are a tempted people. Every day they have their trials; every time is to them a time of need. The unconverted are little tempted; they are not in trouble as others, neither are they plagued like other men. They do not feel temptations rising in their heart; nor do they know the power of Satan. Before conversion, a man believes as little in the devil as he believes in Christ. But when a man comes to Christ, then he becomes a tempted soul, "poor and needy, seeking water and there is none."

He is tempted by God.—God did tempt Abraham; not to sin, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man. Still, God always tries His children. He never gives faith but He brings His child into a situation where it will be tried. Sometimes He exalts him, to try if he will turn proud and forget God; sometimes He brings him low, to see if he will murmur against God. Blessed is the man that endureth temptations. Sometimes He brings them into a strait, where the trial is, whether they will believe in Him alone, or trust to flesh and blood.

The world tempts a child of God.—They watch for their halting. They love nothing better than to see a child of God fall into sin. It soothes their conscience to think that all are equally bad. They frown; they smile.

Their own heart is a fountain of temptation.—Sometimes it says, What harm is there in that?—it is a little sin; or, I will just sin this once, and never again; or, I will repent after and be saved.

Satan hurls his fiery darts.—He terrifies them away from Christ, disturbs them at prayer, fills their mind with blasphemies, hounds on the world against them.

Ah, believers, you are a tempted people! You are always poor and needy. And God intends it should be so, to give you constant errands to go to Jesus. Some may say, It is not good to be a believer; but ah! see to Whom we can go.

We have a merciful and faithful High Priest. He suffered being tempted, just that He might succour them that are tempted. The high priest of old not only offered sacrifice at the altar,—his work was not done when the lamb was consumed. He was to be a father to Israel. He carried all their names graven over his heart,—he went in and prayed for them within the veil. He came out and blessed the people, saying, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face shine," etc. (Num. vi. 24-26).

So it is with the Lord Jesus. His work was not all done on Calvary. He that died for our sins lives to pray for us,—to help in every time of need. He is still man on the right hand of God. He is still God, and therefore, by reason of His divinity, is present here this day as much as any of us. He knows your every sorrow, trial, difficulty; every half-breathed sigh He hears, and brings in notice thereof to His human heart at the right hand of God. His human heart is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; it pleads for you, thinks on you, plans deliverance for you.

Dear tempted brethren! go boldly to the throne of grace, to obtain mercy and find grace to help you in your time of need.

Are you bereaved of one you loved? Go and tell Jesus, spread out your sorrows at His feet. He knows them all; feels for you in them all. He is a merciful High Priest. He is faithful too, never awanting in the hour of need. He is able to succour you by His word, by His Spirit, by His providence. He gave you all the comfort you had by your friends. He can give it you without them. He has taken away the stream that you may go to the fountain.

Are you suffering in body? Go to this High Priest. He is intimately acquainted with all your diseases: He has felt that very pain. Remember how, when they brought to Him one that was deaf and had an impediment in his speech, He looked up to heaven and sighed, and said, *Ephphatha!* He sighed over his misery. So He sighs over you. He is able to give you deliverance, or patience to bear it, or improvement by it.

Are you sore tempted in soul—put into trying circumstances, so that you know not what to do? Look up; He is able to succour you. If He had been on earth, would you not have gone to Him—would you not have kneeled and said, Lord, help me? Does it make any difference that He is at the right hand of God? He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

SERMON XI.

ORDINATION SERMON.

(At the Ordination of the Rev. P. L. MILLER, Wallacetown, Dundee, 1840.)

"I charge *thee* therefore before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at His appearing and His kingdom, preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine."—2 TIM. iv. 1, 2.

I. WHERE *faithful ministers stand*—"*Before God and the Lord Jesus Christ.*" There is not a more awfully affecting situation in the whole world than that in which a faithful minister stands.

(1) *Before God.*—This is true in two ways.

First, *As a sinner saved by grace.*—He was once far off, but is now brought nigh by the blood of Jesus. Having "boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way which He hath consecrated for us through the veil, that is to say, His flesh," he draws near. He stands within the veil—in the holiest of all—in the love of God. He is justified before God. A faithful minister is *an example to his flock of a sinner saved.* God says to him as He did to Abraham, "Walk before Me, and be thou perfect." He can say with Paul, "I was a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious, but I obtained mercy." A faithful minister is like Aaron's rod, that was laid up beside the ark of God and budded there.

Second, *As a servant.*—In the East, servants always stand in the presence of their master, watching his hand. The Queen of Sheba said to Solomon: "Happy are these Thy servants, which stand continually before Thee, and hear Thy wisdom." So it is said of the angels, that "they do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven." Even when most engaged in the service of the saints, they feel under His all-seeing, holy, living eye. So *ought* faithful ministers to feel. They should feel constantly in His presence,—under His soul-piercing, gentle-guiding, holy, living eye. "I will guide thee with Mine eye." "The eyes of the Lord are over the righteous." Ah! how often we feel we are before *man!* Then all power withers, and we become weak as other men; but oh, how sweet to feel in the presence of God, as if there were no eye on us but God's! *In prayer*, how sweet to feel before Him; to kneel at His footstool, and to put our hand upon the mercy-seat—no curtain, no veil, no cloud between the soul and God! *In preaching*, how sweet to say, like Elijah, when he stood before Ahab, "I stand before the Lord God of Israel!" To stand at His feet, in His family, in His pavilion, oh, believers, it is then we get above the billows! The applause of men, the rage and contempt of men, then pass by us like the idle wind which we regard not. Thus is a minister like a rock in the ocean; the mountain-billows dash upon its brow, and yet it stands unshaken.

(2) *Before Jesus Christ.*—This also is true in two ways:

First, The faithful minister has a present sight of Christ as his Righteousness. He is like John the Baptist. "Seeing Jesus coming unto him, he saith, Behold the Lamb of God!" Or like Isaiah, he saw "His glory and spake of Him." His own soul is ever watching at Gethsemane and at Golgotha. Oh, brethren, it is thus only we can ever speak with feeling, or with power, or with truth, of the unsearchable riches of Christ! We must have the taste of the manna in our mouth, "milk and honey under our tongue," else we cannot tell of its sweetness. We must be drinking the living water from the smitten rock, or we cannot speak of its refreshing power. We must be hiding our guilty souls in the wounds of Jesus, or we cannot with joy speak of the peace and rest to be found there. This is the reason why unfaithful ministers are cold and barren in their labours. They speak, like Balaam, of a Saviour whose grace they do not feel. They speak, like Caiaphas, of the blood of Christ, without having felt its power to speak peace to the troubled heart. This is the reason why many good men have a barren ministry. They speak from clear head-knowledge, or from past experience, but not from a present grasp of the truth—not from a present sight of the Lamb of God. Hence their words fall like a shower of snow,—fair and beautiful, but cold and freezing. The Lord give us to stand in the presence of the Lord Jesus.

Second, The faithful minister should feel the presence of a living Saviour. A minister should be like the bride in the Song: "Leaning upon her beloved." This was Jeremiah's strength (i. 8): "Be not afraid of their faces, for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord." So it was with Paul (Acts xviii. 9, 10): "Be not afraid, but speak, and hold not thy peace: for I am with thee, and no man shall set on thee to hurt thee: for I have much people in this city." So Jesus told all the disciples: "Yet a little while, and the world seeth Me not; but ye see Me: because I live, ye shall live also." And again He says expressly "Lo, I am with you alway, even to the end of the world." Yes, brethren, Christ is as truly walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, as truly in this place to-day, as if you saw Him with your bodily eyes. His humanity is at the right hand of God,—appearing in the presence of God for us. His Godhead fills all in all. Thus He is with us,—standing at our right hand, so that we cannot be moved. It is sweet to know and feel this. Thus only can we be sustained amid all the trials of the ministry. Are we weary? we can lean, like John, upon His bosom. Are we burdened with a sense of sin? we can hide in the clefts of that Rock of Ages. Are we empty? we can look up to Him for immediate supply. Are we hated of all men? we can hide under His wings. Stand before the Lord Jesus Christ, and then you may smile at Satan's rage, and face a frowning world. Learn here also the guilt of refusing a gospel ministry: "He that refuseth you, refuseth Me; and he that refuseth Me, refuseth Him that sent Me."

(3) *Within sight of judgment—"Who shall judge the quick and dead."*—Ministers and their flocks shall meet together before the throne of the Lord Jesus. That will be a solemn day. They have many solemn meetings on earth. An ordination day is a solemn day. Their meetings from Sabbath to Sabbath are

solemn meetings; and sacrament days are very solemn days. But their meeting at the judgment-seat will be by far the most solemn of all. Then—

First, The minister will give in his account, either with joy or with grief. He will no more meet to plead with the people, or to pray with them, but to bear witness how they received the word. Of some he will give account with a joyful countenance,—that they received the word with all readiness of mind,—that they were converted and became like little children; these will be his joy and crown. Of most with grief,—that he carried the message to them, but they would not come—they made light of it; or perhaps they listened for a while, but drew back into perdition. He will be a swift witness against them in that day. "Depart, ye cursed."

Second, Then the people will give in their account of the minister. If he was faithful; if he made it his meat and drink to do the will of God; if he preached the whole truth with seriousness, urgency, love; if he was holy in his life; if he preached publicly, and from house to house; then that minister shall shine like the stars. If he was unfaithful; if he fed himself, but not the flock; if he did not seek the conversion of souls, did not travail in birth; if he sought his own ease, his own wealth, his own praise, and not their souls; then shall the loud curses of ruined souls fall on that wretched man, and God shall say, Take the unfaithful servant, and bind him hand and foot, and cast him into outer darkness. Oh, believers, it is the duty of ministers to preach with this solemn day in their eye! We should stand, like Abraham, looking down on the smoke of Sodom; like John, listening to the new song and golden harps of the New Jerusalem. Would not this take away the fear of man? Would not this make us urgent in our preaching? You must either get these souls into Christ, or you will yet see them lying down in everlasting burnings. Oh, brethren, did I not say truly that the place where a minister stands is the most solemn spot in all this world!

II. *The grand business of the faithful minister.*—Described in two ways: *First,* Generally—Preach the Word; *Second,* More in detail—Reprove, rebuke, exhort.

(1) *Preach the Word.*—The grand work of the minister, in which he is to lay out his strength of body and mind, is preaching. Weak and foolish as it may appear, this is the grand

instrument which God has put into our hands, by which sinners are to be saved, and saints fitted for glory. It pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe. It was to this *our blessed Lord* devoted the years of His own ministry. Oh, what an honour has He put upon this work, by preaching in the synagogues, in the temple, and by the blue waves of Galilee, under the canopy of heaven! Has He not consecrated this world as preaching ground? This was the grand work of Paul and all the apostles; for this was our Lord's command: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel." Oh, brethren, this is our great work! It is well to visit the sick, and well to educate children and clothe the naked. It is well to attend presbyteries. It is well to write books or read them. But here is the main thing—preach the word. The pulpit is, as George Herbert says, "our joy and throne." This is our watch-tower. Here we must warn the people. The silver trumpet is put into our hand. Woe be unto us if we preach not the gospel!

The Matter—The Word.—It is in vain we preach, if we preach not the word,—the truth as it is in Jesus.

First, Not other matters.—"Ye are My witnesses." "The same came to *bear witness* of that light." We are to speak of nothing but what we have seen and heard from God. It is not the work of the minister to open up schemes of human wisdom or learning, not to bring his own fancies, but to tell the facts and glories of the gospel. We must speak of what is within the word of God.

Second, Preach the word—the most essential parts especially. If you were with a dying man, and knew he had but half an hour to live, what would you tell him? Would you open up some of the curiosities of the word, or enforce some of the moral commands of the word? Would you not tell him his undone condition by nature and by wicked works? Would you not tell him of the love and dying of the Lord Jesus? Would you not tell him of the power of the Holy Spirit? These are the essential things which a man must receive or perish. These are the great subject-matters of preaching. Should we not preach as Jesus did when He went to Emmaus, when He began at Moses and all the prophets, and expounded to them the things concerning Himself? Let there be much of Christ in your ministry, says the excellent Eliot. Rowland Hill used to say, See there be no sermon without *three R's* in it: Ruin by the fall, Righteousness by Christ, and Regeneration by the Spirit. Preach Christ for awakening

Christ for comforting, Christ for sanctifying. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

Third, Preach as the word.—I would humbly suggest for the consideration of all ministers, whether we should not preach more in the manner of God's word. Is not the word the sword of the Spirit? Should not our great work be to take it from its scabbard, to cleanse it from all rust, and then to apply its sharp edge to the consciences of man? It is certain the fathers used to preach in this manner. Brown of Haddington used to preach as if he had read no other book than the Bible. It is the truth of God in its naked simplicity that the Spirit will most honour and bless. "Sanctify them through Thy truth: Thy word is truth."

(2) *Reprove, rebuke, exhort.*—The first work of the Spirit on the natural heart is to *reprove the world of sin.* Although He is the Spirit of love,—although a dove is His emblem,—although He be compared to the soft wind and gentle dew,—still His first work is to convince of sin. If ministers are filled with the same Spirit, they will begin in the same way. It is God's usual method to awaken them, and bring them to despair of salvation by their own righteousness, before He reveals Christ to them. So it was with the jailor. So it was with Paul; he was blind three days. A faithful minister must lay himself out for this. Plough up the fallow ground, and sow not among thorns. Men must be brought down by law work to see their guilt and misery, or all our preaching is beating the air. Oh, brethren, is this our ministry? Let us do this plainly. The most, I fear, in all our congregations, are sailing easily down the stream into an undone eternity, unconverted and unawakened. Brethren, they will not thank us in eternity for speaking smooth things,—for sewing pillows to their arm-holes, and crying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace. No, they may praise us now, but they will curse our flattery in eternity. Oh, for the bowels of Jesus Christ in every minister, that we might long after them all! *Exhort.*—The original word means to comfort,—to speak as the Comforter does. This is the second part of the Spirit's work, to lead to Christ, to speak good news to the soul. This is the most difficult part of the Christian ministry. Thus did John: "Behold the Lamb of God." Thus did Isaiah: "Comfort ye, comfort ye." Thus did our Lord command: "Go, preach the gospel to every creature." It is true this makes the feet of the gospel messenger beautiful on the mountains. He has to tell of a full, free, Divine Saviour.

And here I would observe what appears to me *a fault in the preaching of our beloved Scotland.* Most ministers are accustomed to set Christ before the people. They lay down the gospel clearly and beautifully, but they do not urge men to enter in. Now God says, Exhort,—beseech men,—persuade men; not only point to the open door, but compel them to come in. Oh to be more merciful to souls, that we would lay hands on men and draw them in to the Lord Jesus!

III. *The manner.*

(1) *With long-suffering.*—There is no grace more needed in the Christian ministry than this. This is the heart of God the Father towards sinners: "He is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish." This is the heart of the Lord Jesus. How tenderly does He cry, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I," etc. This is the mind of the Holy Spirit in striving with men. He will not always strive, but oh, how long He does strive with men! Dear believers, had He not striven long with us, we would this day have been like Lot's wife, monuments of grace resisted. Now, such ought ministers to be. Above all men we need "love that suffers long and is kind." Sometimes, when sinners are obstinate and hard-hearted, we are tempted to give up in despair, or to lose temper and scold them, like the disciples calling down fire from heaven. But, brethren, we must be of another spirit. The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Only be filled with the Spirit of Christ, and it will make us patient toward all. It will make us cry, "How often would I," etc.

(2) *With doctrine.*—Some good men cry, Flee, flee, without showing the sinner what he is to flee from; and again, they cry, Come, come, without showing plainly the way of pardon and peace. These men act as one would do who should run through the streets crying, Fire, fire, without telling where. In the preaching of the apostles you will observe the clear and simple statement of the truth preceding the warm and pathetic exhortation. This has always been followed by the most judicious and successful divines.

It behoves ministers to unite the cherub and the seraph in their ministry,—the angel of knowledge and the angel of burning zeal. If we would win souls, we must point clearly the way to heaven, while we cry, Flee from the wrath to come. I believe we cannot lay down the guilt of man—his total depravity—and the glorious gospel of Christ too clearly; that we cannot urge men to embrace and flee too warmly. Oh for a pastor who unites the deep knowledge of Edwards, the vast statements of Owen, and the vehement appeals of Richard Baxter!

(3) *With urgency.*—If a neighbour's house were on fire, would we not cry aloud and use every exertion? If a friend were drowning, would we be ashamed to strain every nerve to save him? But alas! the souls of our neighbours are even now on their way to everlasting burnings,—they are ready to be drowned in the depths of perdition. Oh, shall we be less earnest to save their never-dying souls, than we would be to save their bodies? How anxious was the Lord Jesus in this! When He came near and beheld the city, He wept over it. How earnest was Paul! "Remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." Such was George Whitfield; that great man scarcely ever preached without being melted into tears. Brethren, there is need of the same urgency now. Hell is as deep and as burning as ever. Unconverted souls are as surely rushing to it. Christ is as free —pardon as sweet as ever! Ah! how we shall be amazed at our coldness when we do get to heaven!

(4) *At all times.*—Our Lord went about continually doing good; He made it His meat and drink. "Daily in the temple." So should we. *Satan is busy* at all times; he does not stand upon ceremony; he does not keep himself to Sabbath-days, or canonical hours. *Death is busy.* Men are dying while we are sleeping. About fifty die every minute; nearly one every second entering into an unchangeable world! *The Spirit of God is busy.* Blessed be God, He hath cast our lot in times when there is the moving of the great Spirit among the dry bones. Shall ministers then be idle, or stand upon ceremony? Oh that God would baptize us this day with the Holy Ghost and with fire, that we might be all changed as into a flame of fire, preaching and building up Christ's Church till our latest, our dying hour!

CHARGE TO THE MINISTER.

My dear Brother,—It is not many years ago since you and I played together as children, and now, by the wonderful providence of God, I have been appointed to preside at your ordination to the office of the holy ministry. Truly His way is in the sea, and His path in the deep waters. Do not think, then, that I mean to assume an authority which I have not. I cannot speak to you as a father, but as a brother beloved in the Lord let me address a few words of counsel to you.

(1) *Thank God for putting you into the ministry*—"I thank Christ Jesus my Lord for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry." "To me, who am less than the least of all saints," etc. Oh, brother, thank God for saving your soul; for sending His Spirit into your heart, and drawing you to Christ! But this day you have a new cause of thankfulness in being put into the ministry. It is the greatest honour in this world. "Had I a thousand lives, I would willingly spend them in it; and had I a thousand sons, I would gladly devote them to it." True, it is an awfully responsible office: the eternity of thousands depends on your faithfulness; but ah! the grace is so full, and the reward so glorious. "If," said the dying Payson, "If ministers only saw the preciousness of Christ, they would not be able to refrain from clapping their hands with joy, and exclaiming, I am a minister of Christ! I am a minister of Christ!" Do not forget, then, dear brother, amid the broken accents of confession from a broken heart, to pour out a song of thankfulness. Thanks be to God, for my own part, during the few years I have been a minister; I can truly say that I desire no other honour upon earth than to be allowed to preach the everlasting gospel. Thanks be to God for His unspeakable gift.

(2.) *Seek the anointing of the Holy Spirit.*—The more anointing of the Holy Spirit you have, the more you will be a happy, holy, and successful minister. You remember *the two olive-trees* that stood close by the golden candlestick, and emptied the golden oil out of themselves. These represent successful ministers, anointed ones that stand by the Lord of the whole earth. The Lord make you like one of them. Remember John the Baptist: "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, and many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God." The Lord fill you in like manner, and then you will be a converting minister. Remember the apostles. Before the day of Pentecost they were dry, sapless trees,—they had little fruit; but when the Spirit came on them like a mighty rushing wind, then three thousand were pricked to the heart.

Oh, brother, plead with God to fill you with the Spirit, that you may stand in His counsel, and cause the people to hear His words, and turn many from the evil of their ways. You know that a heated iron, though blunt, can pierce its way even where a much sharper instrument, if cold, could not enter. Pray that you may be filled with the fire of the Spirit, that you may pierce into the hard hearts of unconverted sinners.

(3) *Do not rest without success in your ministry.*—Success is the rule under a living ministry; want of success is the exception. "*The want of ministerial success,*" says Robinson, "*is a tremendous circumstance never to be contemplated without horror.*" Your people will be of two kinds:—

First, The Lord's people.—Those who are already in Christ, seek for success among them. He gave some pastors and teachers for the perfecting of the saints. Never forget Christ's words: "Feed My sheep, feed My lambs." Be like Barnabas, a son of consolation. Exhort them to cleave to the Lord. Do not say, "They are safe, and I will let them alone." This is a great mistake. See how Paul laid out his strength in confirming the disciples. Be a helper of their joy. Do not rest till you get them to live under the pure, holy rules of the gospel.

Second, The great mass you will find to be unconverted.—Go, brother, leaving the ninety-nine, go after the one sheep that was lost. Leave your home, your comforts, your bed, your ease, your all, to feed lost souls. The Lord of glory left heaven for this; it is enough for the disciple to be as his Master. It is said of Alleine, that "he was infinitely and insatiably greedy of the conversion of souls." Rutherford wrote to his dear people, "My Witness is above, that your heaven would be two heavens to me, and the salvation of you all as two salvations to me." The Lord give you this heavenly compassion for this people. Do not be satisfied without conversion. You will often find that there is a shaking among the dry bones,—a coming together bone to his bone,—skin and flesh come upon them, but no breath in them. Oh, brother, cry for the breath of heaven! Remember a moral sinner will lie down in the same hell with the vilest.

(4) *Lead a holy life.*—I believe, brother, that you are born from above, and therefore I have confidence in God touching you, that you will be kept from the evil. But oh, study universal holiness of life! Your whole usefulness depends on this. Your sermon on Sabbath lasts but an hour or two,—your life preaches all the week. Remember, ministers are standard-bearers. Satan aims his fiery darts at them. If he can only make you a covetous minister, or a lover of pleasure, or a lover of praise, or a lover of good eating, then he has ruined your

ministry for ever. Ah! let him preach on fifty years, he will never do me any harm. Dear brother, cast yourself at the feet of Christ, implore His Spirit to make you a holy man. Take heed to thyself, and to thy doctrine.

(5) *Last of all, be a man of prayer.*—Give yourself to prayer, and to the ministry of the word. If you do not pray, God will probably lay you aside from your ministry, as He did me, to teach you to pray. Remember Luther's maxim, "*Bene orâsse est bene studuisse.*" Get your texts from God,—your thoughts, your words, from God. Carry the names of the little flock upon your breast, like the High Priest; wrestle for the unconverted. Luther spent his three best hours in prayer. John Welch prayed seven or eight hours a day. He used to keep a plaid on his bed, that he might wrap himself in it when he rose during night. Sometimes his wife found him on the ground lying weeping. When she complained, he would say, "Oh, woman, I have the souls of three thousand to answer for, and I know not how it is with many of them!" Oh that God would pour down this spirit of prayer on you and me, and all the ministers of our beloved Church, and then we shall see better days in Scotland. I commend you to God, etc.

CHARGE TO THE PEOPLE.

DEAR BRETHREN,—I trust that this is to be the beginning of many happy days to you in this place. Gifts in answer to prayer are always the sweetest. I believe your dear pastor has been given you in answer to prayer, for I do not think your wonderful unanimity can be accounted for in any other way.

(1) *Love your pastor.*—So far as I know him, he is worthy of your love. I believe he is one to whom the Lord has been very merciful, that God has already owned his labours, and I trust will a thousand times more. Esteem him very highly in love for his work's sake. You little know the anxieties, temptations, pains, and wrestlings, he will be called to bear for you. Few people know the deep wells of anxiety in the bosom of a faithful pastor. Love and reverence him much. *Do not make an idol of him;* that will destroy his usefulness. It was said of the Erskines, that men could not see Christ over their heads. Remember, look beyond him and above him. Those that would have worshipped Paul were the people who stoned him. Do not stumble at his infirmities. There are spots upon the sun, and

infirmities in the best of men. Cover them—do not stumble at them. Would you refuse gold because it was brought you in a ragged purse? Would you refuse pure water because it came in a chipped bowl. The treasure is in an earthen vessel.

(2) *Make use of your pastor.*—He has come with good news from a far country. Come and hear.

First, Wait patiently on his ministry.—He does not come in his own name. The Lord is with him. If you refuse him, you will refuse Christ; for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts.

Second, Welcome him into your houses.—He is coming, like his Master, to seek that which was lost, and to bind up that which is broken; to strengthen that which was sick, and to bring again that which was driven away. You have all need of him, whether converted or not. Remember there is an awful curse against those who receive not gospel messages. He will shake the dust off his feet against you, and that dust will rise against you in judgment.

Third, Do not trouble him about worldly matters.—His grand concern is to get your soul saved. He is not a man of business, but a man of prayer. He has given himself to prayer, and to the ministry of the word.

Fourth, Go freely to him about your souls.—"The minister's house was more thronged than ever the tavern had wont to be." These were happy days. There is no trade I would like to see broken in this place but that of the taverners. It is a soul-destroying trade. I would like to see the taverns emptied, and the minister's house thronged. Do not hesitate to go to him. It is your duty and your privilege. It is your duty. It will encourage him, and show him how to preach to your souls. It is your privilege. I have known many get more light from a short conversation than from many sermons.

Fifth, Be brief.—Tell your case. Hear his word and be gone. Remember his body is weak, and his time precious. You are stealing his time from others or from God. I cannot tell you what a blessing it will be if you will be very short in your calls. The talk of the lips tendeth to penury.

(3) *God's children, pray for him.*—Pray for his body, that he may be kept strong, and spared for many years. Pray for his soul, that he may be kept humble and holy,—a burning and a shining light,—that he may grow. Pray for his ministry, that it may be abundantly blessed,—that he may be anointed to preach good tidings. Let there be no secret prayer without

naming him before your God, no family prayer without carrying your pastor in your hearts to God. Hold up his hands, so Israel will prevail against Amalek.

(4) *Unconverted souls, prize this opportunity.*—I look on this ordination as a smile of Heaven upon you. God might have taken away ministers from this town instead of giving us more. I believe the Lord Jesus is saying, "I have much people in this city." The door is begun to be opened this day. The Spirit is beginning to shine. Oh that you would know the day of your visitation! This is the market-day of grace beginning in this end of the town, and you should all come to buy. Oh that you knew the day of your visitation! Some, I fear, will be the worse of this ministry, and not the better. The election will be saved, and the rest be blinded. Some will yet wish they had died before this church was opened. Be sure, dear souls, that you will either be saved, or more lost, by this ministry. Your pastor comes with the silver trumpet of mercy. Why will ye turn it into the trumpet of judgment? He comes with glad tidings of great joy. Why should you turn them into sad tidings of endless woe? He comes to preach the acceptable day of the Lord. Why will ye turn it into the day of vengeance of our God?

16*th December* 1840.

SERMON XII.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love Him, because He first loved us. If a man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen? And this commandment have we from Him, That he who loveth God love his brother also."—1 JOHN iv. 18–21.

Doctrine.—Perfect love casteth out fear.

I. *The state of an awakened soul.*—"*Fear hath torment.*"

There are two kinds of fear mentioned in the Bible very opposite from one another. The one is the very atmosphere of heaven, the other is the very atmosphere of hell.

(1) *There is the fear of love.*—This is the very temper of a little child: the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. This was the mind of Job. "He feared God and hated evil." Nay, it is the very spirit of the Lord Jesus. On Him rested "the spirit of the fear of the Lord, and made Him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord."

(2) *There is the fear of terror.*—This is the very temper of devils: "The devils believe and tremble." This is what was in Adam and Eve after the Fall; they fled from the voice of God, and tried to hide themselves in one of the trees of the garden. This was the state of the jailor when he trembled, and sprang in and brought them out, and fell at their feet, saying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" This is the fear here spoken of—tormenting fear. "Fear hath torment." Some of you have felt this fear that hath torment. Many more might feel it this day; you are within reach of it. Let me explain its rise in the soul.

First, A natural man casteth off fear, and restrains prayer before God. "They have been at ease from their youth, and settled down upon their lees; they have not been emptied from vessel to vessel, therefore their taste remains in them, and their scent is not changed." They are like fallow-ground that has never been broken up by the plough, but is overrun with briars and thorns. Are there not some among you that never trembled for your soul? You think you are as good as your neighbours. Ah! well, your dream will be broken up one day soon.

Second, When the Spirit of God opens the eyes, He makes the stoutest sinner tremble. He shows him *the number of his sins,* or rather that they cannot be numbered. Before, he had a memory that easily forgot his sins; oaths slipped over his tongue, and he knew it not; every day added new sins to his page on God's book, yet he remembered not. But now the Spirit of God sets all his sins straight before him. All unpardoned, long-forgotten enormities rise up behind him. Then he begins to tremble. "Innumerable evils have compassed me about."

Third, The Spirit makes him feel the greatness of sin, the exceeding sinfulness of it. Before, it seemed nothing; but now, it rises like a flood over the soul. The wrath of God he feels abiding on him; a terrible sound is in his ears. He knows not what to do; his fear hath torment. Sin is seen now as done against a holy God; done against a God of love; done against Jesus Christ and his love.

Fourth, A third thing which awfully torments the soul is corruption working in the heart. Often persons under conviction are made to feel the awful workings of corruption in their heart. Often temptation and conviction of sin meet together and awfully torment the soul, rending it in pieces. Conviction of sin is piercing his heart, driving him to flee from the wrath to come; and yet at the same moment some raging lust, or envy, or horrid malice, is boiling in his heart, driving him towards hell. Then a man feels a hell within him. In hell there will be this awful mixture: there will be an overwhelming dread of the wrath of God, and yet corruption, boiling up within, will drive the soul more and more into the flames. This is often felt on earth. Some of you may be feeling it. This is the fear that hath torment.

Fifth, Another thing the Spirit convinces the soul of, is his inability to help himself. When a man is first awakened, he says, I shall soon get myself out of this sad condition. He falls upon many contrivances to justify himself. He changes his life; he tries to repent, to pray. He is soon taught that "his righteousnesses are filthy rags"—that he is trying to cover rags with filthy rags; he is brought to feel that all he can do signifies just nothing, and that he never can bring a clean thing out of an unclean. This sinks the soul in gloom. This fear hath torment.

Sixth, He fears he shall never be in Christ. Some of you perhaps know that this fear hath torment. The free offer of Christ is the very thing that pierces you to the heart. You hear that He is altogether lovely—that He invites sinners to come to Him—that He never casts out those that do come. But you fear you will never be one of these. You fear you have sinned too long or too much—you have sinned away your day of grace. Ah! this fear hath torment.

Some will say, "It is not good to be awakened, then."

Ans. 1. It is the way to peace that passeth understanding.—It is God's chosen method, to bring you to feel your need of Christ before you come to Christ. At present your peace is like a dream! when you awake you will find it so. Ask awakened souls if they would go back again to their slumber. Ah, no; if I die, let me die at the foot of the cross; let me not perish unawakened.

Ans. 2. You must be awakened one day.—If not now, you will afterwards, in hell. After death, fear will come on your secure souls. There is not *one* unawakened soul in hell; all are trembling there. The devils tremble; the damned spirits tremble. Would it not be better to tremble now, and flee to Jesus Christ for refuge? *Now,* He is waiting to be gracious to you. *Then,* He will mock when your fear cometh. You will know to all eternity that "fear hath torment."

II. *The change on believing.*—"There is no fear in love." "Perfect love casteth out fear."

(1) The love here spoken of is not our love to God, but *His love to us;* for it is called *perfect* love. All that is ours is imperfect. When we have done all, we must say, "We are unprofitable servants." Sin mingles with all we think and do. It were no comfort to tell us, that if we would love God perfectly, it would cast out fear; for how can we work that love into our souls? It is the Father's love to us that casteth out fear. He is *the Perfect One.* All His works are perfect. He can do nothing but what is perfect. His knowledge is perfect knowledge; His wrath is perfect wrath; His love is *perfect love.* It is this perfect love which casteth out fear. Just as the sunbeams cast out darkness wherever they fall, so does this love cast out fear.

(2) But where does this love fall?—On Jesus Christ. Twice God spake from heaven, and said, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." God perfectly loves His own Son. He sees infinite beauty in His person. God sees Himself manifested. He is infinitely pleased with His finished work. The infinite heart of the infinite God flows out in love towards our Lord Jesus Christ. And there is no fear in the bosom of Christ. All His fears are past. Once He said, "While I suffer thy terrors I am distressed;" but now He is in perfect love, and perfect love casteth out fear. *Hearken, trembling souls!* Here you may find rest to your souls. You do not need to live another hour under your tormenting fears. Jesus Christ has borne the wrath of which you are afraid. He now stands a refuge for the oppressed—a refuge in the time of trouble. Look to Christ, and your fear will be cast out. Come to the feet of Christ, and you will find rest. Call upon the name of the Lord, and you will be delivered. You say you cannot look, nor come, nor cry, for you are helpless. Hear, then, and your soul shall live. Jesus is a Saviour to the helpless. Christ is not only a Saviour to those who are naked and empty, and have no goodness to recommend themselves, but He is a Saviour to those who are unable to give themselves to Him. You cannot be in too desperate a condition for Christ. As long as you remain unbelieving, you are under His perfect wrath—wrath without any mixture. The wrath of God will be as amazing as His love. It comes out of the same bosom. But the moment you look to Christ, you will come under His perfect love—love without any

coldness—light without any shade—love without any cloud or mountain between. God's love will cast out all your fears.

III. *His love gives boldness in the day of judgment* (ver. 17).—There is a great day coming, often spoken of in the Bible—the day of judgment—the day when God shall judge the secrets of men's hearts by Christ Jesus. The Christless will not be able to stand in that day. The ungodly shall not stand in the judgment. At present, sinners have much boldness; their neck is an iron sinew, and their brow brass. Many of them cannot blush when they are caught in sin. Amongst ourselves, is it not amazing how bold sinners are in forsaking ordinances? With what a brazen face will some men swear! How bold some ungodly men are in coming to the Lord's table! But it will not be so in a little while. When Christ shall appear,—the holy Jesus, in all His glory,—then brazenfaced sinners will begin to blush. Those that never prayed will begin to wail. Sinners, whose limbs carried them stoutly to sin and to the Lord's table last Sabbath, will find their knees knocking against one another. Who shall abide the day of His coming, and who shall stand when He appears? When the books are opened,—the one the book of God's remembrance, the other the Bible,—then the dead will be judged out of those things written in the books. Then the heart of the ungodly will die within them; then will begin "their shame and everlasting contempt." Many wicked persons comfort themselves with this, that their sin is not known—that no eye sees them; but in that day the most secret sins will be all brought out to the light. "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." How would you tremble and blush, O wicked man, if I were now to go over before this congregation the secret sins you have committed during the past week,—all your secret fraud and cheating, your secret uncleanness, your secret malice and envy,—how you would blush and be confounded! How much more in that day, when the secrets of your whole life shall be made manifest before an assembled world! What eternal confusion will sink down your soul in that day! You will be quite chop-fallen; all your pride and blustering will be gone.

All in Christ will have boldness—

(2) *Because Christ shall be Judge.*—What abundant peace will it give you in that day, believer, when you see Christ is

Judge! - He that shed His blood for you—He that is your Surety, your Shepherd, your all. It will take away all fear. You will be able to say, Who shall condemn? for Christ hath died. In the very hand that opens the books you will see the marks of the wounds made by your sins. Christ will be the same to you in the judgment that He is now.

(2) *Because the Father Himself loveth you.* Christ and the Father are one. The Father sees no sin in you; because as Christ is, so are you in this world. You are judged by God according to what the Surety is; so that God's love will be with you in that day. You will feel the smile of the Father, and you will hear the voice of Jesus saying, "Come, ye blessed of My Father."

Learn to fear nothing between this and judgment. Fear not —wait on the Lord, and be of good courage.

IV. *The consequences of being in the love of God.*

(1) "*We love Him, because He first loved us*" (ver. 19).—When a poor sinner cleaves to Jesus, and finds the forgiving love of God, he cannot but love God back again. When the prodigal returned home, and felt his father's arms around his neck, then did he feel the gushings of affection toward his father. When the summer sun shines full down upon the sea, it draws the vapours upward to the sky. So when the sunbeams of the Sun of Righteousness fall upon the soul, they draw forth the constant risings of love to Him in return.

Some of you are longing to be able to love God. Come into His love, then. Consent to be loved by Him, though worthless in yourself. It is better to be loved by Him than to love, and it is the only way to learn to love Him. When the light of the sun falls upon the moon, it finds the moon dark and unlovely; but the moon reflects the light, and casts it back again. So let the love of God shine into your breast, and you will cast it back again. The love of Christ constraineth us. "We love Him, because He first loved us." The only cure for a cold heart is to look at the heart of Jesus.

Some of you have no love to God because you love an idol. You may be sure you have never come into His love—that curse rests upon you: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema maranatha."

(2) *We love our brother also.* If you love an absent person, you will love their picture. What is that the sailor's wife keeps

so closely wrapped in a napkin, laid up in her best drawer among sweet-smelling flowers? She takes it out morning and evening, and gazes at it through her tears. It is the picture of her absent husband. She loves it because it is like him. It has many imperfections, but still it is like. Believers are the pictures of God in this world. The Spirit of Christ dwells in them. They walk as He walked. True, they are full of imperfections; still they are true copies. If you love Him, you will love them; you will make them your bosom friends.

Are there none of you that dislike real Christians? You do not like their look, their ways, their speech, their prayers. You call them hypocrites, and keep away from them. Do you know the reason? You hate the copy because you hate the original; you hate Christ, and are none of His.

St. Peter's, 1840.

SERMON XIII.

Action Sermon.—*October* 25, 1840.

"But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world."—Gal. vi. 14.

Doctrine.—Glorying in the Cross.

I *The subject here spoken of by Paul—The Cross of Christ.*

This word is used in three different senses in the Bible. It is important to distinguish them.

(1) It is used to signify *the wooden cross*—the tree upon which the Lord Jesus was crucified. The punishment of the cross was a Roman invention. It was made use of only in the case of slaves, or very notorious malefactors. The cross was made of two beams of wood crossing each other. It was laid on the ground, and the criminal stretched upon it. A nail was driven through each hand, and one nail through both the feet. It was then lifted upright, and let fall into a hole, where it was wedged in. The crucified man was then left to die, hanging by his hands and feet. This was the death to which Jesus stooped. "He endured *the cross,* despising the shame." "He became obedient unto death, even the death of *the cross.*" (Matt. xxvii. 40, 42; Mark xv. 30, 32; Luke xxiii. 26; John xix. 17, 19, 25, 31; Eph. ii. 16.)

(2) It is used to signify *the way of salvation by Jesus Christ*

crucified. So 1 Cor. i. 18: "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us who are saved it is the power of God;" compared with ver. 23: "We preach Christ crucified," etc. Here it is plain the preaching of the Cross and the preaching of Christ crucified are the same thing. This is the meaning in the passage before us, "God forbid that I should glory," etc. It is the name given to the whole plan of salvation by a crucified Redeemer. That little word implies the whole glorious work of Christ for us. It implies the love of God in giving His Son (John iii. 16); the love of Christ in giving Himself (Eph. v. 2); the incarnation of the Son of God; His substitution—one for many; his atoning sufferings and death. The whole work of Christ is included in that little word, *the Cross of Christ.* And the reason is plain; His dying on the cross was the lowest point of His humiliation. It was there He cried, "It is finished!"—the work of My obedience is finished, My sufferings are finished, the work of redemption is complete, the wrath of My people is finished; and He bowed the head and gave up the ghost. Hence His whole finished work is called *the Cross of Christ.*

(3) It is used to signify *the sufferings borne in following Christ.* "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me" (Matt. xvi. 24). When a man determines to follow Christ, he must give up his sinful pleasures, his sinful companions; he meets with scorn, ridicule, contempt, hatred, the persecution of worldly friends; his name is cast out as evil. "He that will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." Now, to meet all these is to "take up the cross." "He that taketh not up his cross and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."

In the passage before us the words are used in the second meaning,—the plan of salvation by a crucified Saviour.

Dear friends, it is this that is set before you in the broken bread and poured out wine,—the whole work of Christ for the salvation of sinners. The love and grace of the Lord Jesus are all gathered into a focus there. The love of the Father; the covenant with the Son; the love of Jesus; His incarnation, obedience, death; all are set before you in that broken bread and wine. It is a sweet, silent sermon. Many a sermon contains not Christ from beginning to end. Many show Him doubtfully and imperfectly. But here is *nothing else* but Christ, and Him crucified. Most rich and speaking ordinance! Pray that the very sight of that broken bread may break your hearts, and make them flow to the Lamb of God. Pray for conversions from the sight of the broken bread and poured out wine. Look attentively, dear souls and little children, when the bread is broken and the wine poured out. It is a heart-affecting sight. May the Holy Spirit bless it. Dear believers, look you attentively, to get deeper, fuller views of the way of pardon and holiness. A look from the eye of Christ to Peter broke and melted his proud heart,—he went out and wept bitterly. Pray that a single look of that broken bread may do the same for you. When the Roman centurion, that watched beside the cross of Jesus, saw Him die and the rocks rend, he cried out, "Truly this was the Son of God!" Look at this broken bread, and you will see the same thing, and may your heart be made to cry after the Lord Jesus. When the dying thief looked on the pale face of Immanuel, and saw the holy majesty that beamed from His dying eye, he cried, "Lord, remember me!" This broken bread reveals the same thing. May the same grace be given you, and may you breathe the cry, Lord, remember me.

Oh, get ripening views of Christ, dear believers! The corn in harvest sometimes ripens more in one day than in weeks before. So some Christians gain more grace in one day than for months before. Pray that this may be a ripening harvest-day in your souls.

II. *Paul's feelings towards the Cross of Christ—"God forbid," etc.*

(1) It is implied that he had utterly forsaken the way of righteousness by deeds of the law. Every natural man seeks salvation by making himself better in the sight of God. He tries to mend his life; he puts a bridle on his tongue; he tries to command his feelings and thoughts, all to make himself better in the sight of God. Or he goes further: tries to cover his past sins by religious observances; he becomes a religious man, prays, weeps, reads, attends sacraments, is deeply occupied in religion, and tries to get it into his heart; all to make himself appear good in the eye of God, that he may lay God under debt to pardon and love him. Paul tried this plan for long. He was a Pharisee, touching the righteousness in the law blameless; he lived an outwardly blameless life, and was highly thought of as a most religious man. "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." When it pleased God to open his eyes,

he gave up this way of self-righteousness for ever and ever; he had no more any peace from looking in,—"we have no confidence in the flesh;" he bade farewell for ever to that way of seeking peace. Nay, he trampled it under his feet. "I do count them but dung that I may win Christ." Oh, it is a glorious thing when a man is brought to trample under feet his own righteousness; it is the hardest thing in the world.

(2) *He betook himself to the Lord Jesus Christ.*—Paul got such a view of the glory, brightness, and excellency of the way of salvation by Jesus, that it filled his whole heart. All other things sunk into littleness. Every mountain and hill was brought low, the crooked was made straight, the rough places smooth, and the glory of the Lord was revealed. As the rising sun makes all the stars disappear, so the rising of Christ upon his soul made everything else disappear. Jesus, suffering for us, filled his eye—filled his heart. He saw, believed, and was happy. Christ for us, answered all his need. From the Cross of Christ a ray of heavenly light flamed to his soul, filling him with light and joy unspeakable. He felt that God was glorified, and he was saved; he cleaved to the Lord with full purpose of heart. Like Edwards, "I was unspeakably pleased."

(3) *He gloried in the Cross.*—He confessed Christ before men; he was not ashamed of Christ before that adulterous generation; he gloried that this was his way of pardon, peace, and holiness. Ah! what a change! Once he blasphemed the name of Jesus, and persecuted to the death those that called on His name; now it is all his boast: "Straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, that He is the Son of God." Once he gloried in his blameless life when he was among Pharisees; now he glories in this, that he is the chief of sinners, but that Christ died for such as he. Once he gloried in his learning, when he sat at the feet of Gamaliel; now he glories in being reckoned a fool for Christ's sake,—in being a little child, led by the hand of Jesus. At the Lord's table, among his friends, in heathen cities, at Athens, at Rome, among the wise, or unwise, before kings and princes, he glories in it as the only thing worthy of being known,—the way of salvation by Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

Dear friends, have you been brought to glory only in the Cross of Christ.

(1) Have you given over the old way of salvation by the deeds of the law? Your natural heart is set upon that way

You are always for making yourself better and better, till you can lay God under obligation to pardon you. You are always for looking *in* for righteousness. You are looking in at your convictions, and sorrow for past sins,—your tears and anxious prayers; or you are looking in at your amendment,—forsaking of wicked courses, and struggles after a new life; or you are looking at your own religious exercises,—your fervency and enlarged heart in prayer, or in the house of God; or you are looking at the work of the Holy Spirit in you,—the graces of the Spirit. Alas! alas! The bed is shorter than that you can stretch yourself on it, the covering is narrower than that you can wrap yourself in it. Despair of pardon in that way. Give it up for ever. Your heart is desperately wicked. Every righteousness in which your heart has anything to do is vile and polluted, and cannot appear in His sight. Count it all loss, filthy rags, dung, that you may win Christ.

(2) Betake yourselves to the Lord Jesus Christ. Believe the love of the Lord Jesus Christ. He delighteth in mercy; He is ready to forgive; in Him compassions flow; He justifies the ungodly. Have you seen the glory of the Cross of Jesus? Has it attracted your heart? Do you feel unspeakably pleased with that way of salvation? Do you see that God is glorified when you are saved? that God is a God of Majesty, truth, unsullied holiness, and inflexible justice, and yet you are justified? Does the Cross of Christ fill your heart? Does it make a great calm in your soul,—a heavenly rest? Do you love that word: "The righteousness of God," "the righteousness which is by faith," the righteousness without works? Do you sit within sight of the cross? Does your soul rest there?

(3) Glory only in the Cross of Christ.—Observe, there cannot be a secret Christian. Grace is like ointment hid in the hand, it betrayeth itself. A lively Christian cannot keep silence. If you truly feel the sweetness of the Cross of Christ, you will be constrained to confess Christ before men. "It is like the best wine, that goeth down sweetly, causing lips to speak." Do you confess Him in your family? Do you make it known there that you are Christ's? Remember, you must be decided in your own house. It is the mark of a hypocrite to be a Christian everywhere except at home. Among your companions, do you own Him a friend whom you have found? In the shop and in the market, are you willing to be known as a man washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you long that all your dealings be

under the sweet rules of the gospel? Come, then, to the Lord's table, and confess Him that has saved your soul. Oh, grant that it may be a true, free, and full confession. This is my sweet food, my lamb, my righteousness, my Lord and my God, my all in all. "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross." Once you gloried in riches, friends, fame, sin; now in a crucified Jesus.

III. *The effects.*—"The world is crucified to me, and I unto the world."—"If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature," etc. When the blind beggar of Jericho got his eyes opened by the Lord, this world was all changed to him, and he to the world. So it was with Paul. No sooner did he rise from his knees, with the peace of Jesus in his heart, than the world got its death-blow in his eyes. As he hurried over the smooth stones of the streets of Damascus, or looked down from the flat roof of his house upon the lovely gardens on the banks of the Abana, the world and all its dazzling show seemed to his eye a poor, shrivelled, crucified thing. Once it was his all. Once its soft and slippery flatteries were pleasant as music to his ear. Riches, beauty, pleasure, all that the natural eye admires, his heart was once set upon; but the moment he believed on Jesus all these began to die. True, they were not dead, but they were *nailed to a cross.* They no more had that living attraction for him they once had; and now every day they began to lose their power. As a dying man on the cross grows weaker and weaker every moment, while his heart's blood trickles from the deep gashes in his hands and feet, so the world, that was once his all, began to lose every moment its attractive power. He tasted so much sweetness in Christ, in pardon, access to God, the smile of God, the indwelling Spirit, that the world became every day a more tasteless world to him.

Another effect was, "*I to the world.*" As Paul laid his hand upon his own bosom, he felt that it also was changed. Once it was as a mettled race-horse that paces the ground and cannot be bridled in; once it was like the fox-hounds on the scent, impatient of the leash,—his heart thus rushed after fame, honour, worldly praise; but now it was nailed to the cross, a broken, contrite heart. True, it was not dead. Many a fitful start his old nature gave, that drove him to his knees and made him cry for grace to help; but still, the more he looked to the Cross of Jesus, the more his old heart began to die. Every day he felt less desire for sin,—more desire for Christ, and God, and perfect holiness.

Some may discover that they have never come to Christ. Has the world been crucified to you? Once it was your all—its praise, its riches, its songs, and merry-makings. Has it been nailed to the cross in your sight? Oh, put your hand on your heart. Has it lost its burning desire after earthly things? They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with its affections and lusts. Do you feel that Jesus has put the nails through your lusts? Do you wish they were dead? What answer can you make, sons and daughters of pleasure, to whom the dance, and song, and the glass, and witty repartee, are the sum of happiness? Ye are none of Christ's. What answer can you make, lovers of money, sordid money-makers, who had rather have a few more sovereigns than the grace of God in your heart? What answer can you make, flesh-pleasers, night-walkers, lovers of darkness? Ye are not Christ's. Ye have not come to Christ. The world is all alive to you, and you are living to the world. You cannot glory in the Cross, and love the world. Ah! poor deluded souls, you have never seen the glory of the way of pardon by Jesus. Go on; love the world; grasp every pleasure; gather heaps of money; feed and fatten on your lusts; take your fill. What will it profit you when you lose your own soul?

Some are saying, Oh that the world were crucified to me, and I to the world! Oh that my heart were as dead as a stone to the world, and alive to Jesus! Do you truly wish it? Look, then, to the cross. Behold the amazing gift of love. Salvation is promised to a look. Sit down, like Mary, and gaze upon a crucified Jesus. So will the world become a dim and dying thing. When you gaze upon the sun, it makes everything else dark; when you taste honey, it makes everything else tasteless: so when your soul feeds on Jesus, it takes away the sweetness of all earthly things,—praise, pleasure, fleshly lusts, all lose their sweetness. Keep a continued gaze. Run, looking unto Jesus. Look, till the way of salvation by Jesus fills up the whole horizon, so glorious and peace-speaking. So will the world be crucified to you, and you unto the world.

SERMON XIV.

"Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself down before the High God? Shall I come before Him with burnt-offerings, with calves of a year old? Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams, or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgressions, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath showed thee, O man, what is good: and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"—MICAH vi. 6-8.

Doctrine.—The good way of coming before the Lord.

The question of an awakened soul. "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?" An unawakened man never puts that question. A natural man has no desire to come before God, or to bow himself before the High God. He does not like to think of God. He would rather think of any other subject. He easily forgets what he is told about God. A natural man has no memory for divine things, because he has no heart for them. He has no desire to come before God in prayer. There is nothing a natural man hates more than prayer. He would far rather spend half an hour every morning in bodily exercise or in hard labour, than in the presence of God. He has no desire to come before God when he dies. He knows that he must appear before God, but it gives him no joy. He had rather sink into nothing; he had rather never see the face of God. Ah! my friends, is this your condition? How surely you may know that you have "the carnal mind which is enmity against God!" You are like Pharaoh: "Who is the Lord, that I should obey Him?" You say to God, "Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of Thy ways." What an awful state it is to be in, to have no desire after Him who is the fountain of living waters!

I. *Here is the piercing question of every awakened soul.*

(1) An awakened soul feels that his chief happiness is in coming before God. This was unfallen Adam's happiness. He felt like a child under a loving Father's eye. It was his chief joy to come before God, to be loved by Him, to be like a mote in the sunbeam, to be continually basked in the sunshine of His love, no cloud or veil coming between. This is *the joy of holy angels*, to come before the Lord, and bow before the High God. In His presence is fulness of joy. "The angels do always behold the face of My Father." On whatever errand of love they fly,

they still feel that His eye of love is on them,—this is their daily, hourly joy. This is the true happiness of a believer. Hear David (Psalm xlii.): "As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" He panteth not after the gifts of God,—not His favours or comforts,—but after Himself. A believer longs after God—to come into His presence, to feel His love, to feel near to Him in secret, to feel in the crowd that He is nearer than all the creatures. Ah! dear brethren, have you ever tasted this blessedness? There is greater rest and solace to be found in the presence of God for one hour, than in an eternity of the presence of man. To be in His presence—under His love, under His eye—is heaven, wherever it be. God can make you happy in any circumstances. Without Him nothing can.

(2) An awakened soul feels difficulties in the way.—"Wherewith," etc. There are two great difficulties.

First, The nature of the sinner.—"Wherewith shall I," etc. When God really awakens a soul, He shows the vileness and hatefulness of himself. He directs the eye within. He shows him that every imagination of his heart has been only evil continually; that every member of his body he has used in the service of sin; that he has treated Christ in a shameful manner; that he has sinned both against law and love; that he has kept the door of his heart barred against the Lord Jesus, till His head was filled with dew, and His locks with the drops of the night. Oh, brethren, if God has ever discovered yourself to you, you would wonder that such a lump of hell and sin should have been permitted to live and breathe so long,—that God should have had patience with you till this day! Your cry will be, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord?" Though all the world should come before Him, how can I?

Second, The nature of God.—"The High God." When God really awakens a soul, He generally reveals to him something of His own holiness and majesty. Thus He dealt with Isaiah (vi.): saw the Lord sitting upon a throne high and lifted up, and His train filled the temple. Above it stood the seraphim; one cried to another, Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord of Hosts, the whole earth is filled with his glory. Then said I, Woe is me, for I am undone." When Isaiah saw that God was so great a God, and so holy, he felt himself undone. He felt that he could not stand in the presence of so great a God. Oh, brethren, have you ever had a discovery of the highness and holiness of God, so as to lay you low at His feet? Oh, pray for such a discovery of God as Job had: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee: wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." Alas! I fear that most of you will never know that God with whom you have to do, till you stand guilty and speechless before His great white throne. Oh that you would pray for a discovery of Him now, that you may cry, "Wherewith shall I come before the Lord, and bow myself before the High God?"

Third, The anxiety of the awakened soul leads to the question—"Wherewith?" Ah! it is a piercing question. It is the question of one who has been made to feel that "one thing is needful." Anything he has he would give up to get peace with God. If he had a thousand rams, or ten thousand rivers of oil, he would gladly give them. If the life of his children, the dearest objects on this earth, would attain it, he would give them up. If he had a thousand worlds, he would give all for an interest in Christ. Woe to you that are at ease in Zion. Woe to those of you that never asked this question, Wherewith shall I come before the Lord? Ah! foolish triflers with eternal things! Poor butterflies, that flutter on from flower to flower, and consider not the dark eternity that is before you! Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel! Ye are hastening on to death and judgment, yet never ask, What garment shall cover me, when I stand before the great white throne? If you were going to appear before an earthly monarch, you would ask beforehand, Wherewith shall I be attired? If you were to be tried at an earthly bar, you would make sure of an advocate. How is it you press on so swiftly to the bar of God, and never ask the question, Wherewith shall I appear? "If the righteous scarcely are saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?'

II. *The answer of peace to the awakened soul.* "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good." Nothing that man can bring with him will justify him before God. The natural heart is always striving to bring something to be a robe of righteousness before God. There is nothing a man would not do,—nothing he would not suffer,—if he might only cover himself before God. Tears, prayers, duties, reformations, devotions; the heart will do anything to be righteous before God. But all this righteousness is filthy rags. For—

(1) The heart remains an awful depth of corruption. Everything in which that heart has any share is polluted and vile. Their very tears and prayers would need to be washed.

(2) Supposing this righteousness perfect, it cannot cover the past. It answers only for the time in which it was done. Old sins, and the sins of youth, still remain uncovered.

Oh, dear brethren, if Jesus is to justify you, He must do as He did to Joshua, "Take away the filthy garments from him;" and "I will clothe thee with change of raiment" (Zech. iii. 4). The hand of Jesus alone can take off your filthy garments. The hand of Jesus alone can clothe you with change of raiment.

Christ is the good way.—"He hath showed thee," etc. "Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls." Christ is the good way to the Father. *First,* Because He is so suitable. He just answers the case of the sinner: for every sin of the sinner He has a wound, for every nakedness He has a covering, for every emptiness He has a supply. There is no fear but He will receive the sinner, for He came into the world on purpose to save sinners. There is no fear but the Father will be well pleased with us in Him, for the Father sent Him, laid our iniquity upon Him, raised Him from the dead, and points you to Him. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good." *Second,* He is so free.—"As by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." As far as the curse by Adam extends, so far does the offer of pardon by Jesus extend. Here is good news to the vilest of men. You may be covered just as completely and as freely as those that have never sinned as you have done. "He hath showed thee, O man, what is good." *Third,* He is so God-glorifying.—All other ways of salvation are man-glorifying, but this way is God-glorifying; therefore it is good. That way is good and best which gives the glory to the Lamb. The way of righteousness by Jesus is good, on this account, that Jesus gets all the praise. To Him be glory. It is of faith, that it might be by grace. If a man could justify himself, or if he could believe of himself and draw the righteousness of Christ over his soul, that man would glory. But when a man lies dead at the feet of Jesus, and Jesus spreads His white robe over him, out of free sovereign mercy, then Jesus gets all the praise.

Have you chosen the good way of being justified? This is the way which God has been showing from the foundation of the world. He showed it in Abel's lamb, and in all the sacrifices, and by all the prophets. He shows it by His Spirit to the heart. Has this good way been revealed to you? If it has, you will count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of it. Oh, sweet, divine way of justifying a sinner! Oh that all the world but knew it! Oh that we saw more of it! Oh that you could make use of it! "Walk therein, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

III. *God's requirement of the justified.*—When Jesus healed the impotent man at the pool of Bethesda, He said to him, "Behold, thou art made whole: sin no more, lest a worse thing happen unto thee." And again, when He covered the sin of the adulteress, He said, "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more" (John viii.). So here, when He shows the good way of righteousness, He adds, "And what doth the Lord require of thee?"

(1) *God requires His redeemed ones to be holy.*—If you are His brethren, He will have you righteous, holy men.

First, He requires you to do justly—to be just in your dealings between man and man. This is one of His own glorious features. He is a just God. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" "He is my Rock, and there is no unrighteousness in Him." Are you come to Him by Jesus?—He requires you to reflect His image. Are you His child?—you must be like Him. Oh, brethren, be exact in your dealings! Be like your God. Take care of dishonesty; take care of trickery in business. Take care of crying up your goods when selling them, and crying them down when buying them. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer; but when he is gone his way, then he boasteth." It shall not be so among you. God requires you to do justly.

Second, He requires you to love mercy.—This is the brightest feature in the character of Christ. If you are in Christ, drink deep of His spirit; God requires you to be merciful. The world is selfish, unmerciful. An unconverted mother has no mercy on the soul of her own child. She can see it dropping into hell without mercy. Oh, the hellish cruelty of unconverted men! It shall not be so with you. Be merciful as your Father in heaven is merciful.

Third, He requires you to walk humbly with thy God.—

Christ says, "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart." If God has covered all your black sins, rebellions, backslidings, outbreakings, then never open your mouth except in humble praise. God requires this at your hand. Walk with God, and walk humbly.

(2) *Remember this is God's end in justifying you.*—He loved the Church, and gave Himself for it, that He might sanctify and cleanse it. This was His great end, to raise up a peculiar people to serve Him, and bear His likeness, in this world and in eternity. For this He left heaven, for this He groaned, bled, died, to make you holy. If you are not made holy, Christ died in vain for you.

(3) *Whatever He requires He gives grace to perform.*—Christ is not only good as our way to the Father, but He is our fountain of living waters. Be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. There is enough in Christ to supply the need of all His people. An old minister says, A child can carry little water from the sea in its two hands, and so it is little we get out of Christ. There are unsearchable riches in Him.

Be strong in the grace that is in Him. Live out of yourself, and live upon Him; go and tell Him, that, since He requires all this of thee, He must give thee grace according to your need. My God shall supply all your need, according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. He hath showed you one that is good, even the fair Immanuel: now lean upon Him; get life from Him that shall never die; get living water from Him that shall never dry up. Let His hand hold you up amid the billows of this tempestuous sea. Let His shoulder carry you over the thorns of this wilderness. Look as much to Him for sanctification as for justification.

So will your walk be close with God,
  Calm and serene your frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
  That leads you to the Lamb.

SERMON XV.

"For I delight in the law of God after the inward man: but I see another law in my members warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God, but with the flesh the law of sin."—ROM. vii. 22-25.

A BELIEVER is to be known not only by his peace and joy, but by his warfare and distress. His peace is peculiar: it flows from Christ; it is heavenly, it is holy peace. His warfare is as peculiar: it is deep-seated, agonising, and ceases not till death. If the Lord will, many of us have the prospect of sitting down next Sabbath at the Lord's table.

The great question to be answered before sitting down there is, Have I fled to Christ or no?

'Tis a point I long to know,
  Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no?
  Am I His, or am I not?

To help you to settle this question, I have chosen the subject of the Christian's warfare, that you may know thereby whether you are a soldier of Christ—whether you are really fighting the good fight of faith.

I. *A believer delights in the law of God.*—"I delight in the law of God after the inward man" (ver. 22).

(1) Before a man comes to Christ, he hates the law of God—his whole soul rises up against it. "The carnal mind is enmity," etc. (viii. 7). *First*, Unconverted men hate the law of God on account of *its purity*. "Thy word is very pure, therefore Thy servant loveth it." For the same reason worldly men hate it. The law is the breathing of God's pure and holy mind. It is infinitely opposed to all impurity and sin. Every line of the law is against sin. But natural men love sin, and therefore they hate the law because it opposes them in all they love. As bats hate the light, and fly against it, so unconverted men hate the pure light of God's law, and fly against it. *Second*, they hate it for *its breadth*. "Thy commandment is exceeding broad." It extends to all their outward actions, seen and unseen; it extends to every idle word that men shall speak; it extends to the looks of their eye; it dives into the deepest caves of their heart; it condemns the most secret springs of sin and lust that nestle there.

Unconverted men quarrel with the law of God because of its strictness. If it extended only to my outward actions, then I could bear with it; but it condemns my most secret thoughts and desires, which I cannot prevent. Therefore ungodly men rise against the law. *Third,* They hate it for *its unchangeableness.* Heaven and earth shall pass away, but one jot or one tittle of the law shall in no wise pass away. If the law would change or let down its requirements, or die, then ungodly men would be well pleased. But it is unchangeable as God: it is written on the heart of God, with whom is no variableness nor shadow of turning. It cannot change unless God change; it cannot die unless God die. Even in an eternal hell its demands and its curses will be the same. It is an unchangeable law, for He is an unchangeable God. Therefore, ungodly men have an unchangeable hatred to that holy law.

(2) When a man comes to Christ this is all changed. He can say: "I delight in the law of God after the inward man." He can say with David: "Oh, how I love Thy law! it is my meditation all the day." He can say with Jesus, in the 40th Psalm: "I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea, Thy law is within my heart."

There are two reasons for this:—

First, *The law is no longer an enemy.*—If any of you who are trembling under a sense of your infinite sins, and the curses of the law which you have broken, flee to Christ, you will find rest. You will find that He has fully answered the demands of the law as a surety for sinners; that He has fully borne all its curses. You will be able to say, "Christ hath redeemed me from the curse of the law, being made a curse for me, as it is written, Cursed," etc. You have no more to fear, then, from that awfully holy law; you are not under the law, but under grace. You have no more to fear from the law than you will have after the judgment-day. Imagine a saved soul after the judgment-day. When that awful scene is past; when the dead, small and great, have stood before that great white throne; when the sentence of eternal woe has fallen upon all the unconverted, and they have sunk into the lake whose fires can never be quenched; would not that redeemed soul say, I have nothing to fear from that holy law; I have seen its vials poured out, but not a drop has fallen on me? So may you say now, O believer in Jesus! When you look upon the soul of Christ, scarred with God's thunderbolts; when you look upon His body, pierced for sin, you can say, He was made a curse for me; why should I fear that holy law?

Second, *The spirit of God writes the law on the heart.*—This is the promise: "After those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people" (Jer. xxxi. 33). Coming to Christ takes away your fear of the law; but it is the Holy Spirit coming into your heart that makes you love the law. The Holy Spirit is no more frightened away from that heart; He comes and softens it; He takes out the stony heart and puts in a heart of flesh; and there He writes the holy, holy, holy law of God. Then the law of God is sweet to that soul; he has an inward delight in it. "The law is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good." *Now* he unfeignedly desires every thought, word, and action to be according to that law. "Oh that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes: great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them." The 119th Psalm becomes the breathing of that new heart. Now also he would fain see all the world submitting to that pure and holy law. "Rivers of waters run down mine eyes because they keep not Thy law." Oh that all the world but knew that holiness and happiness are one! Oh that all the world were one holy family, joyfully coming under the pure rules of the gospel! Try yourselves by this. Can you say, "I delight," etc.? Do you remember when you hated the law of God? Do you love it now? Do you long for the time when you shall live fully under it—holy as God is holy, pure as Christ is pure?

Oh, come, sinners, and give up your hearts to Christ, that He may write on them His holy law! You have long enough had the devil's law graven on your hearts: come you to Jesus, and He will both shelter you from the curses of the law, and He will give you the Spirit to write all that law in your heart; He will make you love it with your inmost soul. Plead the promise with Him. Surely you have tried the pleasures of sin long enough. Come, now, and try the pleasures of holiness out of a new heart.

If you die with your heart as it is, it will be stamped a wicked heart to all eternity. 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still" (Rev. xxii. 11). Oh, come and get the new heart before you die; for except you be born again, you cannot see the kingdom of God!

II. *A true believer feels an opposing law in his members.*—"I see another law," etc. (ver. 23). When a sinner comes first to Christ, he often thinks he will now bid an eternal farewell to sin: now I shall never sin any more. He feels already at the gate of heaven. A little breath of temptation soon discovers his heart, and he cries out, "*I see another law.*"

(1) Observe what he calls it—"*another law*"; quite a different law from the law of God; a law clean contrary to it. He calls it a "*law of sin*" (ver. 25); a law that commands him to commit sin, that urges him on by rewards and threatenings—"*a law of sin and death*" (viii. 2); a law which not only leads to sin, but leads to death, eternal death: "the wages of sin is death." It is the same law which, in Galatians, is called "*the flesh*": "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit," etc. (Gal. v. 17). It is the same which, in Eph. iv. 22, is called "*the old man,*" which is wrought according to the deceitful lusts; the same law which in Col. iii. is called "*your members*"—"Mortify, therefore, your members, which are," etc.; the same which is called "*a body of death*" (Rom. vii. 24). The truth then is, that in the heart of the believer there remains the whole members and body of an old man, or old nature: there remains the fountain of every sin that has ever polluted the world.

(2) Observe again what this law is doing—"*warring.*" This law in the members is not resting quiet, but warring—always fighting. There never can be peace in the bosom of a believer. There is peace with God, but constant war with sin. This law in the members has got an army of lusts under him, and he wages constant war against the law of God. Sometimes, indeed, an army are lying in ambush, and they lie quiet till a favourable moment comes. So in the heart the lusts often lie quiet till the hour of temptation, and then they war against the soul. The heart is like a volcano: sometimes it slumbers and sends up nothing but a little smoke; but the fire is slumbering all the while below, and will soon break out again. There are two great combatants in the believer's soul. There is Satan on the one side, with the flesh and all its lusts at his command; then on the other side there is the Holy Spirit, with the new creature all at His command. And so "the flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh: and these two are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would."

Is Satan ever successful? In the deep wisdom of God the law in the members does sometimes bring the soul into captivity.

Noah was a perfect man, and Noah walked with God, and yet he was led captive. "Noah drank of the wine, and was drunken." Abraham was the "friend of God," and yet he told a lie, saying of Sarah his wife, "She is my sister." Job was a perfect man, one that feared God and hated evil, and yet he was provoked to curse the day wherein he was born. And so with Moses, and David, and Solomon, and Hezekiah, and Peter, and the apostles.

(1) Have you experienced this warfare? It is a clear mark of God's children. Most of you, I fear, have never felt it. Do not mistake me. All of you have felt a warfare at times between your natural conscience and the law of God. But that is not the contest in the believer's bosom. It is a warfare between the Spirit of God in the heart, and the old man with his deeds.

(2) If any of you are groaning under this warfare, learn to be humbled by it, but not discouraged.

First, *Be humbled under it.*—It is intended to make you lie in the dust, and feel that you are but a worm. Oh, what a vile wretch you must be, that even after you are forgiven, and have received the Holy Spirit, your heart should still be a fountain of every wickedness! How vile, that in your most solemn approaches to God, in the house of God, in awfully affecting situations, such as kneeling beside the death-bed, you should still have in your bosom all the members of your old nature! Let this make you lie low.

Second, *Let this teach you your need of Jesus.*—You need the blood of Jesus as much as at the first. You never can stand before God in yourself. You must go again and again to be washed; even on your dying bed you must hide under Jehovah our Righteousness. You must also lean upon Jesus. He alone can overcome in you. Keep nearer and nearer every day.

Third, *Be not discouraged.*—Jesus is willing to be a Saviour to such as you. He is able to save you to the uttermost. Do you think your case is too bad for Christ to save? Every one whom Christ saves had just such a heart as you. Fight the good fight of faith; lay hold on eternal life. Take up the resolution of Edwards: "Never to give over, nor in the least to slacken my fight with my corruptions, however unsuccessful I may be." "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar," etc.

III. *The feelings of a believer during this warfare.*

(1) *He feels wretched.*—"O wretched man that I am!"

(ver. 24). There is nobody in this world so happy as a believer. He has come to Jesus, and found rest. He has the pardon of all his sins in Christ. He has near approach to God as a child. He has the Holy Spirit dwelling in him. He has the hope of glory. In the most awful times he can be calm, for he feels that God is with him. Still there are times when he cries, O wretched man! When he feels the plague of his own heart; when he feels the thorn in the flesh; when his wicked heart is discovered in all its fearful malignity; ah, then he lies down, crying, O wretched man that I am! One reason of this wretchedness is, that sin, discovered in the heart, takes away the sense of forgiveness. Guilt comes upon the conscience, and a dark cloud covers the soul. How can I ever go back to Christ? he cries. Alas! I have sinned away my Saviour. Another reason is, the loathsomeness of sin. It is felt like a viper in the heart. A natural man is often miserable from his sin, but he never feels its loathsomeness; but to the new creature it is vile indeed. Ah! brethren, do you know anything of a believer's wretchedness? If you do not, you will never know his joy. If you know not a believer's tears and groans, you will never know his song of victory.

(2) *He seeks deliverance.*—"Who shall deliver me?" In ancient times, some of the tyrants used to chain their prisoners to a dead body; so that, wherever the prisoner wandered, he had to drag a putrid carcase after him. It is believed that Paul here alludes to this inhuman practice. His old man he felt a noisome, putrid carcase, which he was continually dragging about with him. His piercing desire is to be freed from it. Who shall deliver us? You remember once, when God allowed a thorn in the flesh to torment His servant,—a messenger of Satan to buffet him,—Paul was driven to his knees. "I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me." Oh, this is the true mark of God's children! The world has an old nature; they are all old men together. But it does not drive them to their knees. How is it with you, dear souls? Does corruption felt within drive you to the throne of grace? Does it make you call on the name of the Lord? Does it make you like the importunate widow: "Avenge me of mine adversary"? Does it make you like the man coming at midnight for three loaves? Does it make you like the Canaanitish woman, crying after Jesus? Ah, remember, if lust can work in your heart, and you lie down contented with it, you are none of Christ's!

(3) *He gives thanks for victory.*—Truly we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us; for we can give thanks before the fight is done. Yes, even in the thickest of the battle we can look up to Jesus, and cry, Thanks to God. The moment a soul groaning under corruption rests the eye on Jesus, that moment his groans are changed into songs of praise. In Jesus you discover a fountain to wash away the guilt of all your sin. In Jesus you discover grace sufficient for you,—grace to hold you up to the end,—and a sure promise that sin shall soon be rooted out altogether. "Fear not, I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by My name; thou art Mine." Ah, this turns our groans into songs of praise! How often a psalm begins with groans and ends with praises! This is the daily experience of all the Lord's people. Is it yours? Try yourselves by this. Oh, if you know not the believer's song of praise, you will never cast your crowns with them at the feet of Jesus! Dear believers, be content to glory in your infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon you. Glory, glory, glory to the Lamb!

SERMON XVI.

THE BROKEN HEART.

"The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."—Ps. li. 17.

No psalm expresses more fully the experience of a penitent, believing soul:—*First*, His humbling confession of sin (vers. 3, 4, 5). *Second*, His intense desire for pardon through the blood of Christ (ver. 7). *Third*, His longing after a clean heart (ver. 10). *Fourth*, His desire to render something to God for all His benefits. (1) He says, I will teach transgressors Thy ways. (2) My lips shall show forth Thy praise. (3) He will give a broken heart (vers. 16, 17). Just as, long ago, they used to offer slain lambs in token of thanksgiving, so he says he will offer up to God a slain and broken heart. Every one of you, who has found the same forgiveness, should come to the same resolution—offer up to God this day a broken heart.

I. *The natural heart is sound and unbroken.*

The law, the gospel, mercies, afflictions, death, do not break the natural heart. It is harder than stone; there is nothing in the universe so hard. "Ye stout-hearted, that are far from righteousness" (Isa. xlvi. 12). "We have walked to and fro through the earth, and behold all the earth sitteth still and is at rest" (Zech. i. 11). "I will search Jerusalem with candles, and punish the men that are settled on their lees" (Zeph. i. 12). "They have made their faces harder than a rock" (Jer. v. 3). "Careless women" (Isa. xxxii. 10). "Women that are at ease" (ver. 11).

Why?—First, The veil is upon their hearts. They do not believe the Bible, the strictness of the law, the wrath to come; the face of a covering is over their eyes. *Second,* Satan has possession. Satan carries the seed away. *Third,* Dead in trespasses and sins. The dead hear not, feel not; they are *past feeling. Fourth,* They build a wall of untempered mortar. They hope for safety in some refuge of lies—that they pray, or give alms.

Pray God to keep away from you the curse of a dead, unbroken heart. *First,* Because it will not last long; you are standing on slippery places; the waves are below your feet. *Second,* Because Christ will laugh at your calamity. If you were now concerned, there is hope. Ministers and Christians are ready; Christ is ready; but afterwards He will laugh.

II. *The awakened heart is wounded, not broken.*

(1) *The law makes the first wound.*—When God is going to save a soul, He brings the soul to reflect on his sins: "Cursed is every one," etc. "Whatsoever things the law saith," etc. "I was alive without the law once," etc. *Life* and *heart* appear in awful colours.

(2) *The majesty of God makes the next wound.*—The sinner is made sensible of the great and holy Being against whom he has sinned. "*Against Thee*" (Ps. li. 4).

(3) *The third wound is from his own helplessness to make himself better.*—Still the heart is not broken; the heart rises against God. *First,* Because of the strictness of the law. *Second,* Because faith is the only way of salvation, and is the gift of God. *Third,* Because God is sovereign, and may save or not as He will. This shows the unbroken heart. There is no more miserable state than this.

Learn—It is one thing to be awakened, and another thing to be saved. Do not rest in convictions.

III. *The believing heart is a broken heart two ways.*

(1) *It is broken from its own righteousness.*—When the Holy Spirit leads a man to the cross, his heart there breaks from seeking salvation by his own righteousness. All his burden of performance and contrivances drops. *First,* The work of Christ appears so perfect,—the wisdom of God and the power of God,—divine righteousness. "I wonder that I should ever think of any other way of salvation. If I could have been saved by my own duties, my whole soul would now have refused it. I wonder that all the world did not see and comply with this way of salvation by the righteousness of Christ" (Brainerd, p. 319). *Second,* The grace of Christ appears so wonderful. That all this righteousness should be free to such a sinner! That I so long neglected, despised, hated it, put mountains between, and yet that He has come over the mountains! "That thou mayest remember and be confounded, and never open thy mouth any more because of thy shame, when I am pacified toward thee for all that thou hast done" (Ezek. xvi. 63). Have you this broken heart—broken within sight of the cross? It is not a look into your own heart, or the heart of hell, but into the heart of Christ, that breaks the heart. Oh, pray for this broken heart! Boasting is excluded. To Him be glory. Worthy is the Lamb! All the struggles of a self-righteous soul are to put the crown on your own head instead of at the feet of Jesus.

(2) *Broken from love of sin.*—When a man believes on Christ, he then sees sin to be hateful. *First,* It separated between him and God, made the great gulf, and kindled the fires of hell. *Second,* It crucified the Lord of Glory; weighed down His soul; made Him sweat, and bleed, and die. *Third,* It is the plague of his heart now. All my unhappiness is from my being a sinner. Now he mourns sore like a dove, that he should sin against so much love. "Then shall ye remember your ways, and all your doings wherein ye have been defiled, and shall loathe yourselves in your own sight."

IV. *Advantages of a broken heart.*

(1) *It keeps you from being offended at the preaching of the Cross.*—A natural heart is offended every day at the preaching of the cross. Many of you, I have no doubt, hate it. The preaching of another's righteousness,—that you must have it or perish,—many, I have no doubt, are often enraged at this in their hearts. Many, I doubt not, have left this church on

account of it; and many more, I doubt not, will follow. All the offence of the cross is not ceased. But a broken heart cannot be offended. Ministers cannot speak too plainly for a broken heart. A broken heart would sit for ever to hear of the righteousness without works.

Many of you are offended when we preach plainly against sin. Many were offended last Sabbath. But a broken heart cannot be offended, for it hates sin worse than ministers can make it. Many are like the worshippers of Baal: "Bring forth thy son that he may die" (Judg. vi. 30). But a broken heart loves to see the idol stamped upon and beaten small.

(2) *A broken heart is at rest.*—The unconverted heart is like the troubled sea: "Who will show us any good?" It is going from creature to creature. The awakened soul is not at rest; sorrows of death, pains of hell, attend those who are forgetting their resting-place. But the broken heart says, "Return unto thy rest, O my soul." The righteousness of Christ takes away every fear, "casts out fear." Even the plague of the heart cannot truly disturb, for he casts his burden on Jesus.

(3) *Nothing can happen wrong to it.*—To the unconverted, how dreadful is a sick-bed, poverty, death—tossed like a wild beast in a net! But a broken heart is satisfied with Christ. This is enough; he has no ambition for more. Take away all, this remains. He is a weaned child.

SERMON XVII.

"The wicked are estranged from the womb; they go astray as soon as they be born, speaking lies. Their poison is like the poison of a serpent; they are like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear, which will not hearken to the voice of charmers, charming never so wisely."—Ps. lviii. 3-5.

It has been supposed by some interpreters that this psalm was written as a prophetic description of the unjust judges who condemned our Lord Jesus Christ. (1) It begins by reproving them for their unjust judgment: "Do ye indeed," etc. (ver. 1). (2) It opens up the dark recesses of their heart and history: "The wicked are estranged from the womb," etc. (ver. 3). And (3) It shows their coming destruction: "The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked" (ver. 10). However this may be, they were of the same nature with us. The scribes and Pharisees who condemned our Lord had hearts of the same kind as ours, so that we may learn this day the awful depravity of the heart of man.

I. *Original depravity.*—"The wicked are estranged from the womb" (ver. 3). The expression "from the womb" occurs frequently in Scripture, and means from the very first period of our existence. The angel of the Lord said to the wife of Manoah: "The child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb" (Judg. xiii. 5); that is, from the very first point of its existence. God says to Jeremiah (i. 5): "Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and ordained thee a prophet unto the nations." Jeremiah was set apart as a prophet before he was born. Paul says: "But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace, to reveal His Son in me" (Gal. i. 15). Paul was set apart by God for the work of the ministry from the very first. So, in the words before us, it is declared that from the very first we are estranged from God. Now, this estrangement is twofold.

(1) *Of the head.*—The whole mind is estranged from God. "At that time ye were without God." The natural man is ignorant of God from the very womb. God is a stranger to him, so that he does not know Him. He has no true discovery of God's infinite purity, of His immutable justice, and of the strictness of the law. He does not know the love of God, nor how freely He has provided a Saviour. He is mainly ignorant of God. "God is not in all his thoughts" (Ps. x. 4). Either he does not turn his mind upon God at all, or else he thinks Him altogether such an one as himself. "There is none that understandeth" (Ps. xiv. 2).

(2) *Of the heart.*—A new-born child will naturally feel after its mother's breast; it naturally seeks the breast. But it does not in the same manner seek after God. "There is none that seeketh after God." From the very first we dislike God. A child soon comes to relish the presence of its earthly parents, and of other children. It does not relish the *presence* of God. The natural tendency of the heart is to go away from God, and to remain out of His sight. A natural man does not like the presence of a very eminent saint. If he has full liberty, he will leave the room, and seek other company more suited to his taste. This is the very way he treats God. God is too holy for him,

—He is too pure,—and therefore he does all he can to leave His company. This is the reason you cannot get unconverted men to pray in secret. They would rather spend half an hour in the tread-mill every morning than go to meet God. This is the true condition of every one of you who is now unconverted; indeed, it was the condition of us all, but some of you have been brought out of it. From the time you were in the womb till now, your whole head and heart have been turned away from God. "The imagination of man's heart is evil from his youth," etc. (Gen. viii. 21). "Who can bring a clean thing out of an unclean? not one" (Job xiv. 4). Your *whole nature* is totally depraved. You are accustomed to think that you have some parts good; that though some part was depraved, yet some part remained sound. But learn that the whole head is sick, the whole heart is faint. Your *whole history* is covered with sin. You are accustomed to think that great part of your life has been innocent. You admit that some pages of your life are stained with crimson and scarlet sins,—some pages you blush to look back upon,—but surely you have some fair leaves also. Learn that you are "estranged from the womb." Every moment you have spent without God, and turning away from God,—every page has got this written at the top of it, This day God was not in all his thoughts, he did not like to retain God in his knowledge. "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually" (Gen. vi. 5).

II. *Actual sin*—"*They go astray*," etc.—There are two paths from which every natural man goes astray as soon as born.

(1) *The way of God's commandments.*—This is the pure way of light in which holy angels walk. "They do His commandments, hearkening to the voice of His word" (Ps. ciii.). It is a pure way, having ten paths in which the feet of the upright love to go. "Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord." "Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments; for therein do I delight." From this we go astray as soon as born, speaking lies. One of these paths says, "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour;" but this is one of the very first that is forsaken,—speaking lies. "We all like sheep have gone astray, turning every one to his own way" (Isa. liii. 6).

(2) *The way of pardon.*—"Jesus saith unto him, I am the way;" and again: "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." The same: "The redeemed shall walk there"

(Isa. xxxv. 9). From this way also "they go astray as soon as born, speaking lies." Life is given to sinners just that they may enter upon this way; but they spend it in going farther and farther away. The parable of the lost sheep shows the true state of every unconverted soul wandering away from the Good Shepherd. He is seeking to save the lost; you are wandering farther and farther away. "They are all gone out of the way" (Rom. iii. 12). "Destruction and misery are in their ways, and the way of peace have they not known." And, oh, what fearful meaning does this give to the declaration, "speaking lies"! for it is written: "Who is a liar, but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ?" (1 John ii. 22). And again: "He that believeth not God, hath made God a liar." No man can go away from Christ without speaking lies.

Learn—The fearful condition of those of you who are natural men.

First, From the day you were born you have gone astray from the path of God's commandments. Every year, month, week, day, hour, minute, has been filled up with sin. Every day has seen you go farther from holiness, farther from God, nearer to hell. You are treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath. Oh, what a treasure, heaping up fuel to burn you through eternity! If any of you live in drinking or swearing, or any one sin, you are heaping up fuel for your eternal hell. You are getting farther on in your sin. You are wreathing your chains more and more round you. By a law of human nature, every time you sin, the habit becomes stronger, so that you are every day becoming more completely like the devil. It is every day more hard to turn. Experience shows that most people are converted when young. Dear young people, every day you live in sin it will be more impossible to turn. "They that seek me early shall find me."

Second, From the day you were born you have gone astray from Christ. The Good Shepherd has been seeking you. Every day you remain unsaved, you are wandering away from Him. Every day you are getting nearer to hell and farther from Christ. Unbelief gets stronger every day.

III. *The deadly enmity of natural men to God.*—"Their poison," etc.—For two reasons:—

(1) *Because they are the children of the old serpent, the devil.*—All natural men are the seed of the serpent (see Gen. iii. 15). All who oppose and dislike the children of God, do so because

they are the seed of the serpent, and the poison of the old serpent remains in them. John the Baptist called the Pharisees a generation of vipers: "O generation of vipers!" (Matt. iii. 7). In a still more dreadful manner did our blessed Lord: "Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers!" (Matt. xxiii. 33). The Pharisees and Sadducees were not of a different nature from us; they had the same flesh and blood, and the same wicked heart; they were children of their father the devil, and the lusts of their father they would do. "Their poison was like the poison of a serpent."

(2) *Because they have a mortal enmity to God.*—The poison of the serpent is deadly poison. When it darts its envenomed sting into a man, it seeks to kill him. Such is the cruel venom of the natural heart against God. He is a mortal enemy to God's holy government. It has been said, "If the throne of God were within your reach, and you knew, it would not be safe one hour." He is a mortal enemy to the very being of God. "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God" (Ps. xiv. 1). It is in his heart he says this; this is the secret desire of every unconverted bosom. If the breast of God were within the reach of men, it would be stabbed a million of times in one moment. When God was manifest in the flesh, He was altogether lovely; He did no sin; He went about continually doing good: and yet they took Him and hung Him on a tree; they mocked Him and spit upon Him. And this is the way men would do with God again.

Learn—First, The fearful depravity of your heart. I venture to say there is not an unconverted man present who has the most distant idea of the monstrous wickedness that is now within his breast. Stop till you are in hell, and it will break out unrestrained. But still let me tell you what it is; you have a heart that would kill God if you could. If the bosom of God were now within your reach, and one blow would rid the universe of God, you have a heart fit to do the deed. *Second,* The amazing love of Christ: "While we were enemies, Christ died for us."

IV. *Deaf to the voice of the gospel.*—It is a well-known fact that many kinds of serpents can be tamed by the power of music. This is referred to in Eccles. x. 11 and Jer. viii. 17. Many travellers in Egypt and India have seen this. But there is said to be one kind of serpent which is either deaf, so that it cannot hear the music, or it has the power of making itself deaf for the time, so that it is not charmed. So it is with unconverted men.

Christ is the great charmer. His voice is like the sound of many waters. Never man spake like this man. When Andrew and Peter heard it, they left all and followed Him; so did James and John, and Matthew. When the bride hears Him she cries, The voice of my beloved! When the sheep hear His voice, they follow Him; when the dead hear His voice, they live; when the heavy laden hear it, they find rest.

But unconverted men will not hear. They are like Manasseh—they will not hearken; they are like the Jews when Stephen preached—they stopped their ears and ran.

Ah! how many of you are doing this very thing—stopping your ears! How many of you stop your ears with the noise of the world, its business and care,—some with a favourite lust! The voice of the Great Charmer has been often heard in this place, and some have heard it and followed Him; and why are you left behind?

Learn—*First*, The folly of this. He is charming you to bless you—to bring you to peace, pardon, holiness. "There is no other name given among men whereby you can be saved." *Second*, The guilt of this. It is the highest sin of all, to "refuse Him that speaketh from heaven" (Heb. xii. 25). It is put last here. It is unpardonable. All manner of sin and blasphemy may be forgiven to you; but if you will not hear the voice of Christ, you must perish. Christ is knocking at your door and saying, "If any man hear my voice, I will come in." Oh, think of the guilt of letting the Son of God stand at your door! Some would fain lay the blame off themselves; but God washes Himself clear of the unbeliever's guilt. It is you that stop your ear; ye do always resist the Holy Ghost. You will one day find that he that believeth not shall be damned.

SERMON XVIII.

"O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee? O Judah, what shall I do unto thee? for your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away."—Hos. vi. 4.

Doctrine.—The impressions of natural men are fading.

In these words, God complains that He did not know what to do with Israel, their impressions were so fading. He says (ver. 5), that He had hewed them by the prophets, and slain them by the words of His mouth; and their judgments were as the light that goeth forth. At one time He sent them severe awakening messages of coming wrath; then messages of love and grace, as bright and as many as the beams of the sun. They were a little impressed by them; the cloud of distress began to gather on their brow; the dew of grief seemed to start to their cheek, but it soon dried up. It was like the morning cloud and early dew that goeth away. So it is with all the unconverted persons in this congregation, who will finally perish. God has sent them awakening messages; hewed them by the prophets, and slain them by the words of His mouth. He has sent them also sweet, encouraging messages; His judgments have been like the light that goeth forth. They think and are impressed for a little, but it soon dies away. "O Ephraim, what shall I do," etc.

I. *The fact that the impressions of natural men fade away.*

(1) *Prove the fact from Scripture.*—The Scriptures abound with examples of it. *First,* Lot's wife. She was a good deal awakened. The anxious faces of the two angelic men—their awful words and merciful hands—made a deep impression on her. The anxiety of her husband, too, and his words to his sons-in-law, sank into her heart. She fled with anxious steps; but, as the morning brightened, her anxious thoughts began to wear away. She looked back, and became a pillar of salt. *Second,* Israel at the Red Sea. When Israel had been led through the deep water in safety, and when they saw their enemies drowned, then they sang God's praise. Their hearts were much affected by this deliverance. They sang, "The Lord is my strength and song, He also is become my salvation." They sang His praise, but soon forgot His works. In three days they were murmuring against God because of the bitter waters. *Third,* Once a young man came running to Jesus, and he kneeled down, saying, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?' A flash of conviction had passed over his conscience; he was now kneeling at the feet of Christ, but he never kneeled there any more; he went away sorrowful. His goodness was like a morning cloud. *Fourth,* Once Paul preached before Felix, the Roman governor; and as he reasoned of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come, Felix trembled. The preaching of the gospel made the proud Roman tremble on his throne, but did it save his soul? Ah, no! "Go thy way for this time; when I have a more convenient season I will send

for thee." His goodness was like the morning cloud. *Fifth*, Again, Paul preached before King Agrippa and his beautiful Bernice, with all the captains and chief men of the city. The word troubled Agrippa's heart,—the tear started into his royal eye,—for a moment he thought of leaving all for Christ. "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." But ah! his goodness was like a morning cloud and early dew. In all these the cloud gathered over them,—for a moment the dew glistened in their eye, but soon it passed away, and left the hard, rocky heart behind.

(2) *Prove the fact from experience.*—Most men under a preached gospel have their times of awakening. If the impressions of natural men were permanent, then most would be saved; but we know that this is not the case. Few there be that find it. Perhaps I would not go far wrong if I were to say that there may not be ten grown-up men in this congregation who have never experienced any concern for their soul, and yet I fear there may be hundreds who will finally perish.

First, How many have had a time of awakening in childhood,—when they were prayed over by a believing mother, or warned by a believing father, or taught by a faithful Sabbath-school teacher; how many have had deep impressions made at the Sabbath school: but they have passed away like the morning cloud and early dew!

Second, At their first communion, when they first spoke to a minister about their soul, and heard his piercing questions and faithful warnings, when they got their token from his hand, when they first received the bread and wine, and sat at the table of the Lord, they trembled; the tear dimmed their eye; they went home to pray. But soon it wore away. The world—pleasure—cares—involved the mind, and all was gone like the cloud and the dew.

Third, A first sickness. How many, laid down on a bed of sickness, are made to look over the verge of the grave! They tremble as they think how unprepared they are to die; and now they begin to vow and resolve, If the Lord spare me, I will avoid evil companions, I will pray and read my Bible, etc.; but no sooner are they better than the resolutions are forgotten, like the cloud and dew.

Fourth, First death in a family. What a deep impression this makes on a feeling heart! That lovely circle is broken round the fire, and never will be whole again. Now they begin to pray,—to turn to Him that smites. Perhaps, kneeling beside the cold body, they vow no longer to go back to sin and folly. Or, following the body to the grave, while the big tear stands in the eye, they promise to bury all their sins and follies in the grave of their beloved one. But soon a change comes over them, —the tears dry up, and the prayer is forgotten. The world takes its place again and reigns. Their goodness is as the morning cloud.

Fifth, In a time of awakening, many receive deep impressions. Some are alarmed to see others alarmed that are no worse than they. Many have their feelings stirred, — their affections moved. Many are brought to desire conversion,—to weep and to pray. Mr. Edwards mentions that there was scarcely an individual in the whole town unconcerned; there were tokens of God's presence in every house. So here; and yet, when the time is past, how soon they sink back into former indifference! Their goodness is as the morning cloud.

Dear friends, ye are my witnesses. I do not know, but I believe I am not wrong in stating that by far the greater number of you have been under remorse at some time or another, and yet God and your own consciences know how fading these impressions have been. Just as the morning cloud passes off the mountain's brow, and the dew is dried up from the rock, and leaves it a rock still, so your impressions have passed away, and left you a rocky heart still. So it is in those that perish. The way to hell is paved with good intentions, and hell is peopled with those who once wept and prayed for their souls. "O Ephraim, what shall I do unto thee?"

(3) *Let us show the steps of impressions fading away.*—When a natural man is under concern, he begins to make a very diligent use of the means of grace.

First, *Prayer*. When a man is under the fear of hell, he begins to pray, and often he has very melting and sweet affections in prayer. As long as his impressions last, he may be very constant in his duty. But will he always call upon God? When his concern ceases, his praying in secret gradually ceases also. Not all at once, but by degrees, he gives up secret prayer. Once he has been out in company, another time kept long at business, another time he is sleeping, and so by degrees he gives it up altogether. "O Ephraim," etc.

Second, *Hearing the word.*—When a man is first awakened, he comes well out to the preaching of the word. He knows that

God blesses especially the preaching of the word,—that it pleases God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe. He is an arrested hearer; he drinks in the words of the minister; he is lively in his attendance on the word; if there be preaching in the week-evening, he puts by his work in order to be there. But when his concern wears away, he begins to weary first of the week-day service, then of the Sabbath; then perhaps he seeks a more careless ministry, where he may slumber on till death and judgment. Ah! this has been the course of thousands in this place. "O Ephraim," etc.

Third, *Asking counsel of ministers.*—When souls are under remorse, they often ask counsel of the under shepherds of Christ. "Going and weeping, they come to seek the Lord their God: they ask the way to Sion." They go to the watchman, saying, Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth? This is one of the duties of the faithful pastor, for "the priest's lips should keep knowledge; and they should seek the law at his mouth; for he is the messenger of the Lord of Hosts." But when concern dies away, this dies away. Many come once, that never come again. "O Ephraim," etc.

Fourth, *Avoiding sin.*—When a man is under convictions, he always avoids open sin,—flees from it with all his might. He reforms his life; his soul is swept and garnished. But when his concern dies away, his lusts revive, and he goes back like a dog to his vomit, and like the sow that was washed to its wallowing in the mire. If there was anything saving in the impressions of natural men, they would turn holier; but, on the contrary, they turn worse and worse. Seven devils enter into that man, and the latter end is worse than the beginning. "O Ephraim," etc.

II. *Reasons why the impressions of natural men die away.*

(1) *They never are brought to feel truly lost.*—The wounds of natural men are generally skin deep. Sometimes it is just a flash of terror that has alarmed them. Often it is the sense of some one great sin they have committed. Sometimes it is only sympathy with others,—fleeing because others flee. They are often brought to say, I am a great sinner; I fear there is no mercy for me. Still they are not brought to feel *undone*,—their mouth is not stopped,—they do not cover the lip like the leper. They think a little prayer, sorrow, repentance, amendment, will do. If they could only change their way. They are not brought

to see that all they do just signifies nothing toward justifying them. If they were brought to feel their utterly lost state, and their need of another's righteousness, they never could rest in the world again.

(2) *They never saw the beauty of Christ.*—A flash of terror may bring a man to his knees, but will not bring him to Christ. Ah, no! love must draw. A natural man, under concern, sees no beauty or desirableness in Christ. He is not brought to look to Him whom he pierced, and to mourn. When once a man gets a sight of the supreme excellence and sweetness of Christ,—when he sees His fulness for pardon, peace, holiness,—he will never draw back. He may be in distress and in darkness; but he will rise and go about the city to seek Him whom his soul loveth. The heart that has once seen Christ is smit with the love of Him, and never can rest nor take up with others short of Him.

(3) *He never had heart hatred of sin.*—The impressions of natural men are generally of terror. They feel the danger of sin, not the filthiness of it. They feel that God is just and true; that the law must be avenged; that the wrath of God will come. They see that there is hell in their sins; but they do not feel their sins to be a hell. They love sin; they have no change of nature. The Spirit of God does not dwell in them; and therefore the impression wears easily away, like as on sand. Those that are brought to Christ are brought to see the turpitude of sin. They cry not, Behold I am undone; but, Behold I am vile. As long as sin is in their breast, they are kept fleeing to the cross of Christ.

(4) *They have no promises to keep their impressions.*—Those who are in Christ have sweet promises. "I will put my fear in their hearts" (Jer. xxxii. 40). "Being confident that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it" (Phil. i. 6). But natural men have no interest in these promises; and so, in the time of temptation, their anxieties easily wear away.

III. *Sadness of their case.*

(1) *God mourns over their case.*—"O Ephraim." It must be a truly sad case that God mourns over. When Christ wept over Jerusalem, it showed it was in a desperate case, because that eye that wept saw plainly what was coming; and, accordingly, in a few years, that lovely city was a ruined heap, and multitudes of those then living were in hell, and their children vagabonds. When Christ looked round on the Pharisees with anger, being

grieved at the hardness of their hearts, it showed a desperate case; He would not grieve for nothing. So here you may be sure the case of natural men who lose their impressions is very desperate, from these words of God, "O Ephraim."

(2) *God has no new method of awakening.*—God speaks as even at a loss what to do, to show you that there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins. You have heard all the awakening truths in the Bible, and all the winning, comforting truths. You have been at Sinai, and at Gethsemane, and at Calvary: what more can I do unto thee? These have been pressed home upon you by divine providences, in affliction, by the bed of death, and in a time of wide awakening. You have passed through a season when it was tenfold more likely that you would be truly converted than any other time. You are sunk back! Ah! the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved. God has no more arrows in His quiver, no new arguments, no other hell, no other Christ.

(3) *No good by your past impressions.*—When the cloud is dried up off the mountain's brow, and the dew of the rock, the mountain is as great as before, and the rock as hard; but when convictions fade away from the heart of a natural man, they leave the mountain of his sins much greater, and his rocky heart much harder. It is less likely that that man will ever be saved. Just as iron is hardened by being melted and cooled again; just as a person recovering from fever relapses, and is worse than before.

First, You are now older, and every day less likely to be saved; your heart gets used to its old ways of thinking and feeling; the old knee cannot easily learn to bend.

Second, You have offended the Spirit; you have missed your opportunity; you have vexed the Holy Spirit; convictions are not in your own power; the Spirit hath mercy on whom He will have mercy.

Third, You have got into the way of putting aside convictions. The eyelid naturally closes when any object is coming against it; so does the heart of a practised worldling close and shut out convictions.

Fourth, When you come to hell, you will wish you never had had convictions, they will make your punishment so much the greater.

I would now entreat all who have any impressions not to let them slip. It is a great mercy to live under a gospel ministry;

still greater to live in a time of revival; still greater to have God pouring the Spirit into your heart, awakening your soul. Do not neglect it, do not turn back; remember Lot's wife. Escape for thy life; look not behind thee; tarry not in all the plain. Escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed.

SERMON XIX.

"She hath done what she could; she is come aforehand to anoint My body to the burying."—MARK xiv. 8.

Doctrine.—Do what you can.

From the Gospel of John (xi. 2), we learn that this woman was Mary, the sister of Lazarus and Martha. We have already learned that she was an eminent believer: "She sat at the feet of Jesus, and heard His word." Jesus Himself said of her: "Mary hath chosen the good part, which shall not be taken away from her." Now it is interesting to see this same Mary eminent in another way,—not only as a *contemplative believer*, but as an *active believer.*

Many seem to think that to be a believer is to have certain feelings and experiences; forgetting all the time that these are but the flowers, and that the fruit must follow. The engrafting of the branch is good, the inflowing of the sap good, but the fruit is the end in view. So faith is good, and peace and joy are good, but holy fruit is the end for which we are saved.

I trust many of you, last Sabbath, were like Mary, sitting at the Redeemer's feet, and hearing His word. Now I would persuade you to be like Mary, in *doing what you can for Christ.* If you have been bought with a price, then glorify God in your body and spirit, which are His. I beseech you by the mercies of God.

I. *These are things which we can do.*

(1) *We could love Christ, pray and praise more.*—What this woman did she did to Christ. Jesus had saved her soul, had saved her brother and sister, and she felt that she could not do too much for Him. She brought an alabaster box of ointment, very costly, and brake the box, and poured it on His head. No doubt she loved His disciples,—holy John and frank Peter,—yet still she loved Christ more. No doubt she loved Christ's poor, and was often kind to them; yet she loved Jesus more. On His

blessed head, that was so soon to be crowned with thorns,—on His blessed feet, that were so soon to be pierced with nails,—she poured the precious ointment. This is what we should do. If we have been saved by Christ, we should pour out our best affections on Him. It is well to love His disciples, well to love His ministers, well to love His poor, but it is best to love Himself. We cannot now reach His blessed head, nor anoint His holy feet; but we can fall down at His footstool, and pour out our affections towards Him. It was not the ointment Jesus cared for,—what does the King of Glory care for a little ointment?—but it is the loving heart, poured out upon His feet; it is the adoration, praise, love, and prayers of a believer's broken heart, that Christ cares for. The new heart is the alabaster box that Jesus loves.

Oh, brethren, could you not do more in this way? Could you not give more time to pouring out your heart to Jesus—breaking the box, and filling the room with the odour of your praise? Could you not pray more than you do to be filled with the Spirit, that the Spirit may be poured down on ministers, and God's people, and on an unconverted world? Jesus loves tears and groans from a broken heart.

(2) *We could live holier lives.*—The Church is thus described in the Song of Solomon: "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?" The holiness of the believer is like the most precious perfume. When a holy believer goes through the world, filled with the Spirit, made more than conqueror, the fragrance fills the room; "'tis as if an angel shook his wings." If the world were full of believers, it would be like a bed of spices; but oh, how few believers carry much of the odour of heaven along with them! How many you might be the means of saving, if you lived a holy, consistent life,—if you were evidently a sacrifice bound upon God's altar! Wives might thus, *without the word,* win their husbands, when they see your chaste conversation coupled with fear; parents might in this way save their children, when they saw you holy and happy; children have often thus saved their parents. Servants, adorn the doctrine of God your Saviour in all things; let your light shine before men. The poorest can do this as well as the richest, the youngest as well as the oldest. Oh, there is no argument like a holy life!

(3) *You could seek the salvation of others.*—If you have really been brought to Christ and saved, then you know there is a hell,—you know that all the unconverted around you are hastening to

it; you know there is a Saviour, and that He is stretching out His hands all the day long to sinners. Could you do no more to save sinners than you do? Do you do all you can? You say you *pray for them;* but is it not hypocrisy to pray and do nothing? Will God hear these prayers? Have you no fears that prayers without labours are only provoking God? You say you *cannot speak*, you are not learned. Will that excuse stand in the judgment? Does it require much learning to tell fellow-sinners that they are perishing? If their house was on fire, would it require much learning to wake the sleepers?

Begin at home.—Could you not do more for the salvation of those at home? If there are children or servants, have you done all you can for them? Have you done all you can to bring the truth before them, to bring them under a living ministry, to get them to pray and give up sin?

Do you do what you can for your neighbours? Can you pass your neighbours for years together, and see them on the broad way, without warning them? Do you make a full use of tracts, giving suitable ones to those that need them? Do you persuade Sabbath-breakers to go to the house of God? Do you do anything in Sabbath schools? Could you not tell little children the way to be saved? Do you do what you can for the *world?* The field is the world.

(4) *Feed Christ's poor.*—I am far from thinking that the wicked poor should be passed over, but Christ's poor are our brothers and sisters. Do you do what you can for them? In the great day, Christ will say to those on His right hand, "Come ye blessed, for I was an hungered, and ye gave Me meat." They stand in the place of Christ. Christ does not any more stand in need of Mary's ointment, or Martha's hospitality, or the Samaritan's drink of water. He is beyond the reach of these things, and will never need them more; but He has left many of His brothers and sisters behind in this world, some diseased, some lame, some like Lazarus all covered with sores; and He says, What ye do to them, ye do to me. Do you live plainly, in order to have more to give away? Do you put away vain and gaudy clothes, that you may be able to clothe the naked? Are you thrifty in managing what you have, letting nothing be lost?

II. *Reasons why we should do what we can.*

(1) *Christ has done what He could for us.*—"What could have been done more to My vineyard, that I have not done in it?"

(Isa. v. 4). He thought nothing too much to do and to suffer for us. While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us. Greater love than this hath no man. *All his life*, between the manger at Bethlehem and the cross of Calvary, was spent in labours and infinite sufferings for us. All that we needed to suffer, He suffered; all that we need to obey, He obeyed. All His life in glory He spends for us. He ever liveth to make intercession for us. He is head over all things for us; makes everything in all worlds work together for our good. It is all but incredible that each person of the Godhead has made Himself over to us to be ours. The Father says, "I am thy God;" the Son, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee;" the Holy Ghost makes us a temple: "I will dwell in them, and walk in them." Is it much that we should do all we can for Him,—that we should give ourselves up to Him who gave Himself for us?

(2) *Satan does all he can.*—Sometimes he comes as a lion—your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour; sometimes as a serpent—"as the serpent beguiled Eve;" sometimes as an angel of light. He does all he can to tempt and beguile the saints, leading them away by false teachers, injecting blasphemies and polluted thoughts into their minds, casting fiery darts at their souls, stirring up the world to hate and persecute them, stirring up father and mother against the children, and brother against brother. He does all he can to lead captive wicked men, blinding their minds, not allowing them to listen to the gospel, steeping them in swinish lusts, leading them into despair. When he knows his time is short, he rages all the more. Oh, should not we do all we can, if Satan does all he can?

(3) *We have done all we could the other way.*—This was one of Paul's great motives for doing all he could: "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord for putting me into the ministry; for I was a blasphemer, and persecutor, and injurious." He never could forget how he had persecuted the Church of God, and wasted it; and this made him as diligent in building it up, and haling men and women to Christ. He preached the faith which once he destroyed. So with Peter: "Let us live the rest of our time in the flesh not to the lusts of men, but to the will of God; for the time past of our lives may suffice to have wrought the will of the Gentiles, when we walked in lasciviousness, lusts, excess of wine, revellings, banquetings, and abominable idolatries." So with John Newton: "How can the old African blasphemer be silent?"

So with many of you: you ran greedily after sin; you were at great pains and cost, and did not spare health, or money, or time, to obtain some sinful gratification. How can you now grudge anything for Christ? Only serve Christ as zealously as you once served the devil.

(4) *Christ will own and reward what we do.*—The labour that Christ blesseth is believing labour. It is not words of human wisdom, but words of faith, that God makes arrows. The word of a little maid was blessed in the house of Naaman the Syrian. "Follow me" was made the arrow to pierce the heart of Matthew. It is all one to God to save, whether with many, or with them that have no might. If you would do all you can, the town would be filled with the fragrance. Christ will reward it. He defended Mary's work of love, and said it should be spoken of over all the world, and it will yet be told in the judgment. A cup of cold water He will not pass over. "Well done, good and faithful servant."

(5) *If you do not do all you can, how can you prove yourself a Christian?*—"Pure religion and undefiled before God the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." You are greatly mistaken if you think that to be a Christian is merely to have certain views, and convictions, and spiritual delights. This is all well; but if it leads not to a devoted life, I fear it is all a delusion. If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature.

III. *Let us answer objections.*

(1) *The world will mock at us.—Ans.* This is true. They mocked at Mary; they called it waste and extravagance; and yet, Christ said it was well done. So, if you do what you can, the world will laugh at you, but you will have the smile of Christ. They mocked at Christ when He was full of zeal; they said He was mad and had a devil. They mocked at Paul, and said he was mad; and so with all Christ's living members. "Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of the sufferings of Christ." "If ye suffer with Him, ye shall also reign with Him."

(2) *What can I do?—I am a woman.*—Mary was a woman, yet she did what she could. Mary Magdalene was a woman, and yet she was first at the sepulchre. Phebe was a woman, yet a succourer of many, and of Paul also. Dorcas was a woman, yet she made coats and garments for the poor at Joppa. *I am a child.*—Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God perfects praise. God has often used children in the conversion of their parents.

(3) *I have too little grace to do good.*—"He that watereth others, shall be watered himself." "The liberal soul shall be made fat." "It pleased the Father that in Christ should all fulness dwell." There is a full supply of the Spirit to teach you to pray; a full supply of grace to slay your sins and quicken your graces. If you use opportunities of speaking to others, God will give you plenty. If you give much to God's poor, you shall never want a rich supply. "God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work." "Bring all the tithes unto My storehouse, and prove me now herewith." "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

April 26, 1842.

SERMON XX.

"It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found Him whom my soul loveth: I held Him, and would not let Him go, until I had brought Him into my mother's house, and into the chamber of her that conceived me."—SONG iii. 4.

HAVE you found Him whom your soul loveth? Have you this day seen His beauty, heard His voice, believed the record concerning Him, sat under His shadow, found fellowship with Him? Then *hold Him*, and *do not let Him go.*

I. *Motives.*

(1) *Because peace is to be found in Him.*—Justified by faith, we have *peace with God,*—*not* peace with ourselves, *not* peace with the world, with sin, with Satan, but peace with God. True divine peace is to be found only in believing—only in keeping fast hold of Christ. If you let *Him* go, you let go your righteousness; for this is His name. You are then without righteousness, without a covering from the wrath of God, without a way to the Father. The law will again condemn you; God's frown will again overshadow you; you will again have terrors of conscience. *Hold Him then,* and do not let Him go. Whatever you let go, *let not Christ go;* for He is our peace, not in knowledge, not in feeling, but *trust* in *Him* alone.

(2) *Holiness flows from Him.*—No true holiness in this world, but it springs from Him. A living Christ is the spring of

holiness to all His members. As long as we hold Him, and do not let Him go, our holiness is secure. He is engaged to keep us from falling. He loves us too well to let us fall under the reigning power of sin. His word is engaged: "I will put My Spirit within you." His honour would be tarnished if any that cleave to Him were suffered to live in sin. If you let *Him* go, you will fall into sin. You have no strength, no store of grace, no power to resist a thousand enemies, no promises. If Christ be for you, who can be against you? but if you let go His arms, where are you?

(3) *Hope of glory is in Him.*—We rejoice in hope of the glory of God. If you have found Jesus this day, you have found a way into glory. A few steps more, you can say, and I shall be for ever with the Lord. I shall be free from pain and sorrow, free from sin and weakness, free from enemies. As long as you hold Christ, you can see your way to the judgment-seat. "Thou wilt guide me with Thy counsel, and receive me to Thy glory." This gives you such joy, such transporting desires after the heavenly world! But let Christ go, and this will be gone. Let Christ go, and how can you die? The grave is covered with clouds of threatening. Let Him go, and how can you go to the judgment—where can you appear?

II. *Means.*

(1) *Christ promises to keep you holding Him.*—If you are really holding Christ this day, you are in a most blessed condition, for Christ engages to keep you cleaving to Him. "My soul followeth hard after *Thee*, and Thy right hand upholdeth me." He that is the Creator of the world is the upholder of it, so He that new creates the soul keeps it in being. This is never to be forgotten. Not only does the Church lean on her beloved, but He puts His left hand under her head, and His right hand doth embrace her. "I taught Ephraim how to go, taking them by their arms." It is good for a child to hold fast by its mother's neck; but ah! that would be a feeble support, if the maternal arm did not enfold the child and clasp it to her bosom. Faith is good; but ah! it is nothing without the grace that gave it. "I will put my fear in your heart."

(2) *Faith in Christ.*—The only way to hold fast is to believe more and more. Get a larger acquaintance with Christ,—with His person, work, and character. Every page of the gospel unfolds a new feature in His character,—every line of the

epistles discloses new depths of His work. Get more faith, and you will get a firmer hold. A plant that has got a single root may be easily torn up by the hand, or crushed by the foot of the wild beast, or blown down by the wind; but a plant that has a thousand roots struck down into the ground can stand. Faith is like the root. Many believe a little concerning Christ,—one fact. Every new truth concerning Jesus is a new root struck downwards. Believe more intensely. A root may be in a right direction, but, not striking deep, it is easily torn up. Pray for deep-rooted faith. Pray to be stablished, strengthened, settled. Take a long intense look at Jesus,—often, often. If you wanted to know a man again, and he was going away, you would take an intense look at his face. Look then at Jesus—deeply, intensely —till every feature is graven on your heart. Thomas Scott overcame the fear of death by looking intensely at his dead child, who had died in the Lord.

(3) *Prayer.*—Jacob at Bethel. "Take hold of My strength" (Isa. xxvii. 5). You must begin and pray after another fashion than you have done. Let it be real intercourse with God, like Hezekiah, Jacob, Moses, etc.

(4) *By not offending Him.—First,* By sloth. When the soul turns sleepy or careless, Christ goes away. Nothing is more offensive to Christ than sloth. Love is an ever-active thing, and when it is in the heart it will keep us waking. Many a night His love to us kept Him waking. Now, can you not watch with Him one hour? (Song v. 2.) *Second,* By idols. You cannot hold two objects. If you are holding Christ to-day, and lay hold of another object to-morrow, He cannot stay. He is a jealous God. You cannot keep worldly companions and Christ too. "A companion of fools shall be destroyed." When the ark came into the house of Dagon, it made the idol fall flat. *Third,* By being unwilling to be sanctified. When Christ chooses us, and draws us to Himself, it is that He may sanctify us. Christ is often grieved away, by our desire to reserve *one* sin. *Fourth,* By an unholy house. "I brought Him into my mother's house." Remember to take Christ home with you, and let Him rule in your house. If you walk with Christ abroad, but never take Him home, you will soon part company for ever.

SERMON XXI.

"To whom God would make known what is the riches of the glory of this mystery among the Gentiles; which is Christ in you the hope of glory."
—Col. i. 27.

The gospel is here described as "Christ in you the hope of glory." There are two distinct senses in which these words may be taken, and I cannot positively determine which is the true one. It is possible that both may be intended. I shall open up both.

I. *Christ in you,* means Christ embraced by faith as our righteousness and strength; and this is the sure ground upon which we hope for glory. In this sense it appears to be used, "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith" (Eph. iii. 17). When a sinner's heart is opened by the Holy Spirit, when the beauty and excellence of the Saviour is shown to him, the heart inwardly embraces and cleaves to Christ. Every new discovery of Christ to the soul renews this act of inward cleaving to the Lord Jesus. Every reproach, every temptation, every fall into sin, every bereavement, makes the soul more really, firmly, and fully embrace the Lord Jesus; and so, by continual faith, Christ may be said to dwell in the heart, as in Eph. iii. 17: "That Christ may dwell in your heart by faith." Christ thus embraced is the hope of glory. It is this constant abiding faith—this close embracing of Christ as all our righteousness—it is this which gives a calm, sweet, full, peaceful hope of glory. The soul that can say, Christ is mine, can also say, Glory is mine; for we need nothing but Christ to shelter us in the judgment-day. Can you say that Christ is thus in you the hope of glory? If you have not got Christ, you have no good hope of glory.

II. *Christ formed in the soul by the Spirit* (see Gal. iv. 19).—Christ formed in the soul is also the hope of glory, and this I take to be the full meaning of this verse. So, "Abide in me, and I in you" (John xv. 4). "I in them and Thou in me" (John xvii. 23). "And I in them" (ver. 26).

(1) *The mind of Christ* is formed in the soul.—"We have the mind of Christ" (1 Cor. ii. 16). By the mind, I understand the thinking powers of man. Now, every believer has the mind of Christ formed in him. He thinks as Christ does: "This is the spirit of a sound mind" (2 Tim. i. 7). This is being of the

same mind in the Lord. I do not mean that a believer has the same all-seeing mind, the same infallible judgment concerning everything, as Christ has; but up to his light he sees things as Christ does.

He sees *sin* as Christ does. Christ sees sin to be evil and bitter. He sees it to be filthy and abominable—its pleasures all a delusion. He sees it to be awfully dangerous. He sees the inseparable connection between sin and suffering. So does a believer.

He sees the *gospel* as Christ does. Christ sees amazing glory in the gospel, the way of salvation which He Himself has wrought out. It appears a most complete salvation to Him—most free—most glorifying to God and happy for man. So does the believer.

He sees the *world* as Christ does. Christ knows what is in man. He looked on this world as vanity compared with the smile of His Father. Its riches, its honours, its pleasures, appeared not worth a sigh. He saw it passing away. So does the believer.

He sees *time* as Christ did. "I must work the work of Him that sent Me while it is day; the night cometh"—"I come quickly." So does a believer look at time.

He sees *eternity* as Christ does. Christ looked at everything in the light of eternity. "In my Father's house are many mansions." Everything is valuable in Christ's eyes, only as it bears on eternity. So with believers.

(2) *The heart of Christ.*—By the heart I mean the affections—that part of us that loves or hates, hopes and fears. We have Christ's heart formed in us: "I will put my Spirit within you"—"I in you"—"My words abide in you."

First, The same love to God.—What intense delight Jesus had in His Father! "Righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee"—"I am not alone, for the Father is with me"—"I thank Thee, O Father"—"Abba, Father"—"Father, into Thy hand I commend my spirit." So with every believer.

Second, The same aversion to God's frown.—"Why hast Thou forsaken me?" (Ps. xxii. 1). "Thou hast brought me into the dust of death" (ver. 15). "Thy wrath lieth hard upon me" (Ps. lxxxviii. 7). "Thou hast lifted me up, and cast me down" (Ps. cii. 10). So with the children of God. "I will say unto God my Rock, Why hast Thou forgotten me?" (Ps. xlii. 9).

Third, The same love to saints.—"To the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all My delight" (Ps. xvi. 3). "Having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them to the end" (John xiii. 1). "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends" (John xv. 13). "I will come again, and receive you to Myself" (John xiv. 3). "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" (Acts ix. 4). So it is with all true believers. Every one that loveth is born of God.

Fourth, Compassion to sinners.—This was the main feature of Christ's character. This brought Him from heaven to die. This made Him weep over Jerusalem,—long to gather her children. This makes Him delay His coming, not willing that any should perish (2 Pet. iii. 9). All Christ's own are like Him in this. The same heart throbs within them.

Fifth, Tenderness to the awakened.—"He will not break the bruised reed." Oh the tenderness of the lips that said, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden!" Such are all Christians.

(3) *The life of Christ.*—They live the same life in the main that Christ did in the world. Though they have many falls, wax cold, etc., still the main current of their life is Christ living in them. "Christ liveth in me" (Gal. ii. 20). "I will dwell in them, and walk in them" (2 Cor. vi. 16).

Bearing reproaches.—"When He was reviled, He reviled not again; when He suffered, He threatened not" (1 Pet. ii. 23). Christ felt reproach keenly: "Reproach hath broken Mine heart." Still He reviled no man, but prayed for them. So believers.

In doing good.—"He went about doing good." He made this His meat and drink. So will all who have Christ formed in them. They do good, and to communicate forget not. They are the almoners of the world. "They parted to all men" (Acts ii. 45).

In being separate from sinners.—Christ walked through the midst of sinners undefiled. Like a beam of light piercing into a foul dungeon, or like a river purifying and fertilising, itself untainted, so did Christ pass through this world; and so do all His own. "I will not know a wicked person" (Ps. ci. 4).

But how is it that Christ formed in us is the hope of glory? —*First*, Not legally. Christ in the soul is not our title to glory. We must have a complete righteousness to be our title; but Christ in the soul is not complete. Most are sadly deficient in many of the main features of Christ. It is Christ for us, laid hold on by faith, that is our title to glory. Christ our wedding garment—the Lord our righteousness; this, and this alone, can give us boldness in the day of judgment. *Second,* Still really it is so. (1) It is evidence that we have believed on Christ. A man may know that he has believed on Christ without any evidences. "He that believes has the witness in himself." But if a man has believed, the effects will soon be seen. Christ will be formed in him, and then he will have double evidence that Christ is his. "He that lacketh these things is blind" (2 Pet. i. 9). (2) It is meetness for glory. A holy believer feels heaven begun. "The kingdom of God is within you." He can say, Now I know I shall soon be in heaven, for it is already begun in me. Christ lives in me. I shall soon be for ever with the Lord.

Improvement.—(1) *Have you got the legal title to glory?*—Christ dwelling in you by faith? You have heard how those who are enlightened by God embrace Christ, and put Him on abidingly for righteousness. Have you done so? Have you put on Christ? This is the only legal title to glory. If you have not this, your hope is a dream.

(2) *Have you got the meetness for glory?*—Christ formed in you? Does Christ live in you, and walk in you? "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord."

DUNDEE, 1843.

[He writes at the close of his notes after sermon—"Very sweet and solemn night."]

SERMON XXII.

A CASTAWAY.

"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air: but I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection; lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway."—1 COR. ix. 26, 27.

OBSERVE—(1) *How earnestly Paul sought the kingdom of heaven.*—"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air" (ver. 26). It was long after his conversion that Paul writes in this manner. He could say, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." He felt it better to depart and be with Christ. He knew there was a crown laid up for him; and yet see how earnest he was to advance in the divine life.

He was like one at the Grecian games running for a prize. This is the way all converted persons should seek salvation. "So run that ye may obtain." It is common for many to sit down after conversion, and say, I am safe, I do not need to strive any more. But Paul pressed toward the mark.

(2) *One particular in which he was very earnest.*—"I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection." He had observed in the Grecian games that those who were to run and fight, were very attentive to this: "And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things" (ver. 25). This was one thing that Paul strove for, to be temperate in all things, especially in eating and drinking: "I keep under my body, and bring it into subjection."

(3) *His reason for all this earnestness.*—"Lest, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." Not that Paul had not an assurance of his salvation; but he felt deeply that his high office in the Church would not save him, although he was one of the apostles,—the apostle of the Gentiles,—one that had laboured more than all the rest. Though many had been converted under his ministry, he knew that still *that* would not keep him from being a castaway. Judas had preached to others, and yet was cast away. Paul felt also, that if he lived a wicked life, he would surely be cast away. He knew there was an indissoluble connection between living in sin and being cast away, and therefore it was a constant motive to him to holy diligence. What he feared was, being "a castaway." The word is frequently translated "reprobate." It is taken from the trying of metals; the dross, or part that is thrown away, is said to be reprobate, or cast away.

What is it to be cast away?

I. *Wicked men shall be cast away from God.*—"Depart from me, ye cursed" (Matt. xxv. 41). "Who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power" (2 Thess. i. 9).

(1) *Away from Christ.*—At present, ungodly men are often near to Christ. Christ stands at their door and knocks. He stretches out His hands to them all the day long. He speaks to them in the Bible and the preached gospel. He says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out." But when Christ pronounces that sentence, "Depart from Me, ye cursed," there will not be one

knock more, not one invitation more, not one sweet offer more. Christ is the only way to the Father; but it shall be then closed for ever. Christ is the only door; but it shall then be shut for evermore. It is the blessedness of the redeemed that they shall be with Christ. "To-day shalt thou be *with Me.*" Having a desire to be absent from the body and present *with the Lord.* So shall they be ever *with the Lord.* His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see *His face.* It is this that maintains the eternal calm in the bosom of the redeemed. But the ungodly shall be cast away from all this. "Bind him hand and foot, and cast him into utter darkness."

(2) *Away from God.*—True, the wicked can never be cast away from the presence of God. "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there!" (Ps. cxxxix. 8). Job says, "Hell is naked before Him, and destruction hath no covering" (xxvi. 6). His almighty power creates it; His breath kindles it. "The breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it" (Isa. xxx. 33). But they shall be banished,—

First, From the fruition of God.—God said to Abraham, "I am Thy shield, and Thine exceeding great reward." God makes Himself over to the believing soul, saying, I will be Thy God. David says, "God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever." Who can tell the joy of those who enjoy God, who have God, the infinite God, as their portion? From this the Christless shall be cast away. You will have no portion in God. God will not be your God. His attributes will be all against you.

Second, From the favour of God.—"In Thy favour is life." The favour of God is what believers feel on earth. A beam of God's countenance is enough to fill the heart of a believer to overflowing. It is enough to light up the pale cheek of a dying saint with seraphic brightness, and make the heart of the lone widow sing for joy. From all this the Christless shall be cast away for ever; and instead of it, Jehovah's frown shall light on them for ever. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

Third, Cast away from the blessing of God.—God is the fountain of all blessing. No creature is good or pleasant any more than God makes it to be so. The sun warms us, our food nourishes us, our friends are pleasant to us: because God makes them so. All the joys in the world are but beams from that uncreated light; but separate a man from God, and all becomes dark. God is the fountain of all joy; separate a man from God finally, and no creature can give him joy. This is to be cast away, cut off from God for ever and ever. Though there were no lake of fire, this of itself would be hell.

II. *Wicked men shall be cast away by the Holy Spirit.*—It is not often thought of, but it is true, that the Holy Spirit is now dealing and striving with natural men. All the decency and morality of unconverted men is to be attributed to the restraining grace of the Holy Spirit.

(1) *The Holy Spirit works on natural men through the ordinances.*—The ordinance of family worship is often greatly blessed to restrain wicked children, so that they are kept from vicious courses and outbreaking sins. The ordinance of the read and preached word is also greatly blessed in this way to restrain wicked men. The awful threatenings of the word—the sweet invitations and promises of the gospel—have this effect on unconverted men, that they are greatly restrained from going to extreme lengths in wickedness.

(2) *The Holy Spirit also works through providences in restraining wicked men.*—He places them in such circumstances that they cannot sin as they would otherwise do. He often reduces them to poverty, so that they cannot run into the vices they were inclined unto; or He lays sickness on their body, so that their keen relish for sin is greatly blunted; or He terrifies them by bereavements, so that they are kept in the bondage of fear, and dare not sin with so high a hand as they would otherwise do.

(3) *The Holy Spirit also restrains through convictions of sin.*—Many men have deep wounds of conviction who are never saved. Many are pierced with arrows of the word from time to time, and thus are driven away from their wicked companions, and scared from open sin. Restraining grace is an amazing work of God. It is more wonderful than His setting a bound to the sea that it cannot pass over. Think what a hell every unconverted bosom would become, if the Spirit were to withdraw and give men over to their own hearts' lusts! Think what a hell an unconverted family would become, if the Spirit were to withdraw His bands! What hatreds, strifes, murders, parricides, would take place! Think what a hell this town would become, if every Christless man were given over to the lusts of his own heart!

Now this is to be a castaway. "My Spirit shall not always strive with man" (Gen. vi. 3). The Holy Spirit, I believe, strives with all men: "Ye do always resist the Holy Ghost" (Acts vii. 51); but He will not always strive. When the day of grace is done, when the sinner sinks into hell, the Spirit will strive no more.

First, The Spirit will strive no more through ordinances. There will be no family worship in hell, no Bible read, no psalms sung. There will be no Sabbath in hell, no preached gospel, no watchmen to warn you of your sin and danger. The voice of the watchman will be silent; the danger has come; your doom will be past, and no room for repentance.

Second, The Spirit will no more strive through providences. There will be no more poverty or riches, no more sickness or bereavements, no kindly providences restraining the soul from sin, nothing but anguish and despair unutterable.

Third, There will be no more convictions by the Spirit. Conscience will condemn, but it will not restrain. Your hearts will then break out. All your hatred to God, the fountains of contempt and blasphemy in your heart, will be all broken up. You will blaspheme the God of heaven. All your lusts and impurities, that have been pent up and restrained by restraining grace and the fear of man, will burst forth with amazing impetuosity. You will be as wicked and blasphemous as the devils around you.

Oh the misery of this! it is an evil thing and bitter. The way of transgressors is hard. Ah! sinners, you will yet find sin the hardest of all masters; you will yet find your grovelling lusts to be worse than the worm that never dies. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still" (Rev. xxii. 11).

III. *Wicked men shall be cast away by all the creatures.*—The state of unconverted men at present, although a very dreadful one, is yet not hopeless. The angels watch the unconverted, to see if there are any signs of repentance. It is believed that the holy angels are present in the assembly of God's worshippers (1 Tim. v. 21). And if so, no doubt they watch your faces, to see if a tear starts into your eye, or a prayer trembles on your lip. There would be joy this day among the angels, if one sinner was to repent.

The redeemed on earth are peculiarly interested in unconverted souls. They pray for them night and day, many of them with tears; many a child of God wets his pillow with tears in behalf of perishing souls. Jeremiah wept in secret places for their pride. David says, "Rivers of water run down mine eyes." They seek your conversion more than any personal benefit. Ministers are set apart to seek after lost and perishing souls. "Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." If ministers are like their Master, this will be their great errand,—that by all means we may save some. But when the day of grace is past, all holy creatures will cast you away. "Reprobate silver shall men call them, for the Lord hath rejected them."

The angels will no longer take any interest in you. They will know that it is not fit they should pity you any more. You will be tormented in the presence of the holy angels, and in the presence of the Lamb.

The redeemed will no longer pray for you, nor shed another tear for you. They will see you condemned in the judgment, and not put in one word for you. They will see you depart into everlasting fire, and yet not pray for you. They will see the smoke of your torments going up for ever and ever, and yet cry, Alleluia!

Ministers will no more desire your salvation. It will no more be their work. The number of the saved will be complete without you; the table will be full. Ministers will bear witness against you in that day.

Even devils will cast you off. As long as you remain on earth, the devil keeps you in his train; he flatters you, and gives you many tokens of his friendship and esteem; but soon he will cast you off. You will be no longer pleasant to him; you will be a part of his torment; and he will hate you and torment you, because you deceived him, and he deceived you.

IV. *Wicked men shall be cast away by themselves.*—It is said, they shall wish to die, and shall not be able; they shall seek death, and death shall flee from them. I believe that some suicides experience the beginnings of hell. I believe Judas did; he could not bear himself, and he tried to cast himself away. This will be the feeling of lost souls. They will not be able to bear the sight of themselves; they will be weary of being; they will wish they had never been. At present, unconverted men are often very self-complacent. They love to employ their faculties; the wheels of their life go smoothly; their affections are pleasant. Memory has many pleasant green spots to look back upon. How different when the day of grace is done! (1) *The understanding* will be clear and full to apprehend the real nature of your misery. Your mind will then see the holiness of

God, His almightiness, His majesty. You will see your own condemned condition, and the depth of your hell. (2) *The will* in you will be all contrary to God's will; even though you see it add to your hell, yet you will hate all that God loves, and love all that God hates. (3) *Your conscience* is God's vicegerent in the soul. It will accuse you of all your sins. It will set them in order and condemn you. (4) *Your affections* will still love your kindred. "I have five brethren," you will say. Earthly fathers who are evil know how to give good gifts to their children. Even in hell you will love your own kindred; but ah! what misery it will cost you, when you hear them sentenced along with you! (5) *Your memory* will be very clear. You will remember all your misspent Sabbaths; your sermons heard, as if you did not hear; your place in the house of God; your minister's face and voice; the bell: through millions of ages after this, you will remember these, as if yesterday. (6) *Your anticipations.*—Everlasting depair. Oh, how you will wish you had never been! How you will wish to tear out your memory, these tender affections, this accusing conscience! You will seek death, and it will flee from you. This, this is to be lost! This is everlasting destruction! This is to be a castaway!

Lessons.—(1) *Let believers learn Paul's earnest diligence.*—A wicked life will end in being a castaway. These two are linked together, and no man can sunder them.

(2) *Hell will be intolerable.*—I have not spoken of the lake of fire, of the utter darkness, and the worm that never dies. I have spoken only of the mental facts of hell; and yet these by themselves are intolerable. Oh, who can tell what it will be when both meet, and meet eternally? "Who knows the power of Thine anger?" Oh, do not keep away from Christ now! Now He says, Come; soon, soon He will say, Depart. Oh, do not resist the Holy Spirit now! Now He strives, but He will not always strive with you. Soon, soon He will leave you. Oh, do not despise the word of ministers and godly friends! Now they plead with you, weep for you, pray for you. Soon, soon they will be silent as the grave, or sing hallelujah to see you lost! Oh, do not be proud and self-admiring! Soon you will loathe the very sight of yourself, and wish you had never been!

(3) *The amazing love of Christ in bearing all this for sinners.*—Christ is a wrath-bearing Surety. All that is included in being a castaway He bore. Amen.

January 1843.

SERMON XXIII.

A COMMUNION SABBATH IN ST. PETER'S.

I. SERMON.

"Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory, which Thou hast given me; for Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world."—JOHN xvii. 24.

I. *The manner of this prayer.*—"Father, I will." This is the most wonderful prayer that ever rose from this earth to the throne of God, and this petition is the most wonderful in the prayer. No human lips ever prayed thus before: "Father, I will." Abraham was the friend of God, and got very near to God in prayer; but he prayed as dust and ashes. "I have taken upon me to speak unto God, that am but dust and ashes." Jacob had power with God, and prevailed, yet his boldest word was, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." Daniel was a man greatly beloved, and got immediate answers to prayer, and yet he cried to God as a sinner: "O Lord, hear! O Lord, forgive! O Lord, hearken and do!" Paul was a man who got very near to God, and yet he says, "I bow my knees to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ." But when Christ prayed, He cried, "Father, I will." Why did He pray thus? *He was God's fellow.* "Awake, O sword, against My Shepherd, against the man that is My fellow." He thought it no robbery to be equal with God. It was He that said, "Let there be light, and there was light." So now He says, "Father, I will."

He spoke as the Intercessor with the Father.—He felt as if His work were already done; "I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do." He felt as if He had already suffered the cross, and now claims the crown. "Father, I will." This is the intercession now heard in heaven.

He had one will with the Father—"I and My Father are one." One God, one in heart and will. True, He had a holy human soul, and therefore a human will; but His human will was one with His divine will. The human string in His heart was tuned to the same string with His divine will.

Learn how surely this prayer will be answered, dear children of God. It is impossible this prayer should be unanswered. It is the will of the Father and of the Son. If Christ wills it, and if the Father wills it, you may be sure nothing can hinder it.

If the sheep be in Christ's hand, and in the Father's hand, they shall never perish.

II. *For whom He prays.*—"They also whom Thou hast given Me." Six times in this chapter does Christ call His people by this name: "They whom Thou hast given Me." It seems to have been a favourite word of Christ, especially when carrying them on His heart before the Father. The reason seems to be that He would remind the Father that they are as much the Father's as they are His own; that the Father has the same interest in them that He has, having given them to Him before the world was. And so He repeats it in ver. 10: "All Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine." Before the world was, the Father chose a people out of this world. He gave them into the hand of Christ, charging Him not to lose one,—to bear their sins on His own body on the tree,—to raise them up at the last day. And accordingly He says, "Of all whom Thou hast given Me have I lost none." Is there any mark on those who are given to Christ? They are no better than others. Sometimes He chooses the worst! *Ans.*—Yes. "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me." One of the sure marks of all that were given to Christ is that they come to Jesus: "They all come to Jesus the Mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling." Are you come to Christ? Has your heart been opened to receive Christ? Has Christ been made precious to you?—then you may be quite sure you are given to Christ before the world was. Your name is in the Lamb's Book of Life, and your name is on the breast-plate of Christ. It is for you He prays, "Father, I will that that soul be with Me." Christ will never lose you. The Father which gave you to Him is greater than all, and none is able to pluck you out of the Father's hand.

III. *The Argument*—"*For Thou lovedst Me.*"—He reminds the Father of His love to Him before the world was. When there was no earth, no sun, no man, no angel,—when He was by Him,—then Thou lovedst Me. Who can understand this love,—the love of the uncreated God to His uncreated Son? The love of Jonathan to David was very great, surpassing the love of women. The love of a believer to Christ is very great, for they see Him to be altogether lovely. The love of a holy angel to God is very ardent, for they are like a flame of fire. But these are all creature loves; these are but streams; but the love of God to

His son is an ocean of love. There is everything in Christ to draw the love of His Father. Now discern His argument,—If Thou love Me, do this for My people.

Just as He said to Paul, "Why persecutest thou Me?" He felt Himself one with His afflicted members on earth. Just as He will say at the last day, "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto Me." He reckons believers a part of Himself; what is done to them is done to Him. So here, when He carries them to His Father, this is all His argument: "Thou lovedst Me." If Thou love Me, love them, for they are part of Me.

See how surely Christ's prayer will be answered for you, beloved. He does not plead that you are good and holy; He does not plead that you are worthy; He only pleads His own loveliness in the eyes of the Father. Look not on them, He says, but look on Me. Thou lovedst Me before the foundation of the world.

Learn to use the same argument with God, dear believers. This is asking in Christ's name, for the Lord's sake; this is the prayer that is never refused. See that you do not come in your own name, else you will be cast out.

Come thus to His table. Say to the Father, Accept me, for Thou lovedst Him from the foundation of the world.

IV. *The prayer itself.*—Two parts.

(1) "*That they may be with Me.*"—1. *What He does not mean.*—He does not mean that we should be presently taken out of this world. Some of you that have come to Christ may, this day, be favoured with so much of His presence, and of the love of the Father, so much of the joy of heaven, and such a dread of going back to betray Christ in the world, that you may be wishing that this house were indeed the gate of heaven; you may desire that you might be translated from the table below at once to the table above. "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and be with Christ." Still Christ does not wish that. "I pray not that Thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that Thou shouldst keep them from the evil." "Whither I go, thou canst not follow Me now." (Like that woman in Brainerd's *Journal*—"O blessed Lord, do come! Oh, do take me away! do let me die and go to Jesus Christ. I am afraid, if I live, I shall sin again.") 2. *What He does mean.*—He means, that when our journey is done, we should

come to be with Him. Every one that comes to Christ has a journey to perform in this world. Some have a long, and some a short one. It is through a wilderness. Still Christ prays that at the end you may be with Him. Every one that comes to Christ hath his twelve hours to fill up for Christ. "I must work the works of Him that sent me, while it is day." But when that is done, Christ prays that you may be with Him. He means that you shall come to *His Father's house* with Him. "In My Father's house are many mansions." You shall dwell in the same house with Christ. You are never very intimate with a person till you see them in their own house—till you know them at home. This is what Christ wants with us—that we shall come to be with Him, at His own home. He wants us to come to the same Father's bosom with Him. "I ascend to My Father and your Father." He wants us to be in the same smile with Him, to sit on the same throne with Him, to swim in the same ocean of love with Him.

Learn how certain it is that you shall one day soon be with Christ. It is the will of the Father, it is the will of the Son. It is the prayer of Christ. If you have really been brought to Christ, you shall never perish. You may have *many enemies* opposing you in your way to glory. Satan desires to have you, that he may sift you like wheat. Your worldly friends will do all they can to hinder you. Still you shall be with Christ. We shall see your face at the table of glory. *You have a hard heart*, an unbelieving heart, a heart deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. You often think your heart will lead you to betray Christ. Still, you shall be with Christ. If you are in Christ to-day, you shall be ever with the Lord. You have *lived a wicked life*. You have dreadful sins to look back upon. Still, if you are come to Jesus, this is His word to thee: "Thou shalt be with Me in paradise." In truth, Christ cannot want you. You are His jewels—His crown. Heaven would be no heaven to Him, if you were not there. This may give you courage in coming to the Lord's table. Some of you fear to come to this table, because, though you cleave to Christ to-day, you fear you may betray Him to-morrow. But you need not fear. "He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it till the day of Jesus Christ." You shall sit at the table above, where Christ Himself shall be at the head. You need not fear to come to this table.

(2) *To behold My glory which Thou hast given Me.*—There

are three stages in the glory of Christ. It will be the employment of heaven to behold them all.

First, *The original glory of Christ.*—This is His underived, uncreated glory, as the equal of the Father. It is spoken of in Prov. viii. 30: "Then I was by Him, as one brought up with Him; I was daily His delight, rejoicing always before Him." And again, in this prayer: "The glory which I had with Thee before the world was" (ver. 5). Of this glory no man can speak, no angel, no archangel. One thing alone we know, that we are to honour the Son, even as we honour the Father. He shared with the Father in being the all-perfect One, when there was none to admire, none to adore, no angels with golden harps, no seraphs to hymn His praise, no cherubim to cry, Holy, holy, holy. Before all creatures were, He was—one with the infinitely perfect, good, and glorious God. He was then all that He afterwards showed Himself to be. Creation and redemption did not change Him. They only revealed what He was before. They only provided objects for those beams of glory to rest upon, that were shining as fully before, from all eternity. Eternity will be much taken up with praising God that ever He revealed Himself at all; that ever He came out from the retirement of His lovely and blissful eternity.

Second, *When He became flesh.*—"The Word was made flesh." Christ did not get more glory by becoming man, but He manifested His glory in a new way. He did not gain one perfection more by becoming man; He had all the perfections of God before. But now these perfections were poured through a human heart. *The almightiness* of God now moved in a human arm. *The infinite love* of God now beat in a human heart. *The compassion* of God to sinners now glistened in a human eye. God was love before, but Christ was love covered over with flesh. Just as you have seen the sun shining through a coloured window,—it is the same sunlight still, and yet it shines with a mellowed lustre,—so in Christ dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. The perfection of the Godhead shone through every pore, through every action, word, and look,—the same perfections,—they were only shining with a mellowed brightness. The veil of the temple was a type of His flesh, because it covered the bright light of the holiest of all. But just as the bright light of the Shechinah often shone through the veil, so did the Godhead of Christ force itself through the heart of the man Christ Jesus. There were many openings of the veil when the bright glory shone through.

1. *When He turned the water into wine.*—He manifested forth His glory, and His disciples believed on Him. Almighty power spoke in a human voice, and the love of God, too, shone in it; for He showed that He came to turn all our water into wine.

2. *When He wept over Jerusalem.*—That was a great outlet of His glory. There was much that was human in it. The feet were human that stood upon Mount Olivet. The eyes were human eyes that looked down upon the dazzling city. The tears were human tears that fell upon the ground. But oh, there was the tenderness of God beating beneath that mantle! Look and live, sinners. Look and live. Behold your God! He that hath seen a weeping Christ hath seen the Father. This is God manifest in the flesh. Some of you fear that the Father does not wish you to come to Christ and be saved. But see here, God is manifest in flesh. He that hath seen Christ hath seen the Father. See here the heart of the Father and the heart of the Son laid bare. Oh, wherefore should you doubt? Every one of these tears trickles from the heart of God.

3. *On the Cross.*—The wounds of Christ were the greatest outlets of His glory that ever were. The divine glory shone more out of His wounds than out of all His life before. The veil was then rent in twain, and the full heart of God allowed to stream through. It was a human body that writhed, pale and racked, upon the accursed tree; they were human hands that were pierced so rudely by the nails; it was human flesh that bore that deadly gash upon the side; it was human blood that streamed from hands, and feet, and side; the eye that meekly turned to His Father was a human eye; the soul that yearned over His mother was a human soul. But oh, there was divine glory streaming through all! every wound was a mouth to speak of the grace and love of God! *Divine holiness* shone through. What infinite hatred of sin was there when He thus offered Himself a sacrifice without spot unto God! *Divine wisdom* shone through: all created intelligences could not have devised a plan whereby God would have been just, and yet the justifier. *Divine love;* every drop of blood that fell came as a messenger of love from His heart to tell the love of the fountain. This was the love of God. He that hath seen a crucified Christ hath seen the Father. Oh, look on the broken bread, and you will see this glory still streaming through! Here is the heart of God laid bare,—God is manifest in flesh. Some of you are poring over your own heart,—examining your feelings,—watch-

ing your disease. Avert the eye from all within. Behold Me,—behold Me! Christ cries. Look to Me, and be ye saved. Behold the glory of Christ! There is much difficulty about your own heart, but no darkness about the heart of Christ. Look in through His wounds; believe what you see in Him.

Third, *Christ's glory above.*—I cannot speak of this. I trust I shall one day soon see it. He has not laid aside the glory which He had on earth. He is still the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. But He has got more glory now. His humanity is no more a veil to hide any of the beams of His Godhead. God shines all the more plainly through Him. He has got many crowns now,—the oil of gladness now,—the sceptre of righteousness now.

Heaven will be spent in beholding His glory.—We shall see the Father eternally in Him. We shall look in His face, and in His human eye shall read the tender love of God to us for ever. We shall hear from His holy human lips plainly of the Father. "In that day I shall no more speak to you in parables, but show you plainly of the Father." We shall look on His scars, healed, yet plain and open on His hands, and feet, and side, and heaven-bright brow, and shall read eternally there the hatred of God against sin, and His love to us that made Him die for us. And sometimes, perhaps, we may lean our head where John leaned his, upon His holy bosom. Oh, if heaven is to be spent thus, what will *you* do, who have never seen His glory?

Oh, beloved, if your eternity is to be spent thus, spend much of your time thus! If you are to be thus engaged at the table above, be thus engaged now at the table below.

COMMUNION SABBATH, *January* 19, 1840.

II. FENCING THE TABLES.

"But a certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira his wife, sold a possession, and kept back part of the price, his wife also being privy to it, and brought a certain part, and laid it at the apostles' feet. But Peter said, Ananias, why hath Satan filled thine heart to lie to the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of the land? Whilst it remained, was it not thine own? and after it was sold, was it not in thine own power? Why hast thou conceived this thing in thine heart? Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God. And Ananias, hearing these words, fell down, and gave up the ghost; and great fear came on all them that heard these things. And the young men arose, wound him up, and carried him out, and buried him. And it was about the space of three hours after, when his wife, not knowing what was done, came in. And Peter answered unto her, Tell me whether ye sold the land for so much? And she

> said, Yea, for so much. Then Peter said unto her, How is it that ye have agreed together to tempt the Spirit of the Lord? Behold, the feet of them which have buried thy husband are at the door, and shall carry thee out. Then fell she down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost; and the young men came in, and found her dead, and, carrying her forth, buried her by her husband. And great fear came upon all the Church, and upon as many as heard these things. And by the hands of the apostles were many signs and wonders wrought among the people; (and they were all with one accord in Solomon's porch. And of the rest durst no man join himself to them; but the people magnified them. And believers were the more added to the Lord, multitudes both of men and women)."—ACTS v. 1–14.

There have been hypocrites in the Church of Christ from the beginning. There was one, Judas, even among the twelve apostles; and in the Apostolic Church there was an Ananias and a Sapphira. Attend (1) *To their sin*—a lie. When so much of the Spirit was given, all were of one heart and one soul. Those that had estates, sold them, and brought the price, and laid it at the apostles' feet. It was a lovely sight to see. Among the rest came one Ananias; he was rich. From some worldly motive, he had joined himself to the Christians—husband and wife, both Christless, graceless souls. He sold his possessions to be like the rest, and brought a part, and said it was his all! He pretended to be a Christian—he pretended that grace was in his heart. It was not a lie to man only, but to the Holy Ghost; for he was declaring that God had wrought a change upon his soul, when there was none—he was still old Ananias. (2) *Their punishment.*—They fell down and gave up the ghost. Oh, it is an awful thing when sinners die in the act of sin—with the lie in their mouth—with the oath on their tongue! So it was with poor Ananias and his wife. In a moment—in the twinkling of an eye—they were in the place where all liars go. (3) *The effect.*—Great fear came upon them all. None durst join themselves to the apostles' company.

Dear friends, these things are written for our learning. Are there none come up here to-day with Ananias' lie in their heart?

The broken bread and poured-out wine represent the broken body and shed blood of Christ. Oh, it is enough to melt the heart of the stoutest to look at them! To take that bread and that wine is declaring that you do close with Christ—that you take Him to be your Saviour—that God has opened your heart to believe. In marriage, the acceptance of the right hand is a solemn declaration, by sign, that you accept the bride or bridegroom; and so in the Lord's Supper. If it is not so with you, then it is *a lie;* and it is *a lie to the Holy Ghost.* Ananias came declaring that he had got the Spirit's work upon his heart. It was a time when much of God's Spirit had been given (vers. 31, 32). It is likely he and his wife had some convictions. But since it was false—since he was not really what he pretended to be—it was said, "*he lied to the Holy Ghost.*" So, dear friends, the Holy Ghost is peculiarly present in this ordinance. He glorifies Christ. He has converted many in this place. To sin to-day, is to lie against the Holy Ghost. By coming to the table, you profess that you are under the Spirit's teaching. If you are not, you lie unto the Holy Ghost!

Now, do you know that you have not come to Christ? Do you know that you are unconverted? And will you sit down there and take the bread and wine? Take heed, Ananias! Thou art not lying to a man, but unto God.

Perhaps there is one among you who is secretly addicted to drinking, to swearing, to uncleanness. Will you come and take the bread and wine? Take heed, Ananias!

Perhaps there are two of you, husband and wife, who know that neither of you were ever converted. You never pray together, and yet you agree together to come here. Take heed, Ananias and Sapphira!

Is there none of you a persecutor? Suppose a father, whose children have come to Christ, but in your heart you hate their change; you oppose it with bitter words; and yet, with a smooth countenance, you come to sit beside them at the table! Oh, hypocrite, take heed lest you drop down dead! Draw back that hand lest it wither! If we should see the cup drop from your hand, and the eye glaze, and the feet become cold, oh, where would your soul be?

Dear children of God, do not be discouraged from coming to this holy table. It is spread for sinners that have come to Jesus. "Oh, come and dine!" Some of you say, "I do not know the way to this table." Jesus says, "I am the way." Some of you say, "I am blind; I cannot see my sins, nor my Saviour." Go wash in the Pool of Siloam. Some of you say, "I am naked." Jesus says, "I counsel thee to buy of Me white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed." You are polluted in your own blood; but has Christ thrown His skirt over you? Then do not fear; come with His robe on you. Come thus, and you come welcome.

III. TABLE SERVICE.

(The only specimen of his Table Service, found in his own handwriting, but without date.)

"*My beloved is mine, and I am His.* (1) *In the arms of my faith He is mine.*" I was once of the world—cold and careless about my soul. God awakened me, and made me feel I was lost. I tried to make myself good—to mend my life; but I found it in vain: I sat down more lost than before. I was then told to believe on the Lord Jesus. So I tried to make myself believe. I read books on faith, and tried to bend my soul to believe, that so I might get to heaven; but still in vain. I found it written, "Faith is the gift of God." "No man can call Jesus Lord, but by the Holy Ghost." So I sat down more lost than ever. Whilst I was thus helpless, Jesus drew near,—His garments dipped in blood. He had waited long at my door, though I knew it not. "His head was filled with dew, and His locks with the drops of the night." He had five deep wounds, and He said, "I died in the stead of sinners; and any *sinner* may have Me for a Saviour. You are a helpless sinner, will you have Me?" How can I resist Him?—He is all I need! I held Him, and would not let Him go. "*My beloved is mine.*"

(2) *In the arms of my love, He is mine.*—Once I did not know what people meant by loving Jesus. I always wished to ask how they could love one whom they had never seen; but was answered, "Whom not having seen, we love." But now that I have hidden in Him,—now that I am cleaving to Him,—now I feel that I cannot but love Him; and I long to see Him, that I may love Him more. Many a time I fall into sin, and that takes away my feeling of safety in Christ. Darkness comes, all is clouded, Christ is away. Still even then I am sick of love. Christ is not light and peace to me; but I follow hard after Him amid the darkness,—He is precious to me; and even though I be in darkness, He is beloved still. "This is my beloved, and this is my friend."

(3) *He is mine in the Sacrament.*—Many a time have I said to Him in prayer, Thou art mine. Many a time, when the doors were shut, and Jesus came in showing His wounds, saying, "Peace be unto you," my soul clave to Him, and said, "My Lord and my God!" My beloved, Thou art mine! Many a time have I trysted with Him in lonely places, where there was no eye of man. Many a time have I called to the rocks and

trees to witness that I took Him to be my Saviour. He said to me, "I will betroth thee unto Me for ever;" and I said to Him, "My beloved is mine." Many a time have I gone with some Christian friend, and we poured out our trembling hearts together, consulting one with another as to whether we had liberty to close with Christ or no; and both together we came to this conclusion, that if we were but helpless sinners, we had a right to close with the Saviour of sinners. We clave to Him, and called Him ours. And now have we come to take Him publicly, to call an ungodly world to witness, to call heaven and earth for a record to our soul, that we do close with Christ. See, He giveth Himself to us in the bread; lo! we accept of Him in accepting this bread. Bear witness, men and angels, bear witness, all the universe—"My beloved is mine."

(The communicants then partook of the broken bread and the cup of blessing.)

(It was his custom, after they had communicated, to speak briefly on a few suitable texts, before dismissing them from the tables. On Sabbath, January 19, the texts were, "Love one another;" "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it;" "In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall have peace.")

IV. ADDRESS AT THE CLOSE OF THE DAY.

"Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy."—JUDE 24.

There is no end to a pastor's anxieties. Our first care is to get you into Christ; and next, to keep you from falling. I have a good hope, dearly beloved, that a goodly number of you have this day joined yourselves to the Lord. But now a new anxiety begins, to get you to walk in Christ,—to walk after the Spirit. Here we are to tell you of what God our Saviour is able to do for you: *First*, To keep you from falling all the way; *Second*, To present you faultless at the end.

I. *To keep you from falling.*

(1) *We are not able to keep you from falling.*—Those that lean on ministers lean on a reed shaken with the wind. When a soul has received saving good through a minister, he often thinks that he will be kept from falling by the same means. He thinks, "Oh, if I had this friend always beside me to warn me, to advise me!" No; ministers are not always by, nor

godly friends. Your fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live for ever? We may soon be taken from you, and there may come a famine of the bread. And, besides, our words will not always tell. When temptation and passions are strong, *you* would not give heed to us.

(2) *You are not able to keep yourselves from falling.*—At present you know little of the weakness or wickedness of your own heart. There is nothing more deceitful than your estimate of your own strength. Oh, if you saw your soul in all its infirmity; if you saw how every sin has its fountain in your heart; if you saw what a mere reed you are, you would cry, "Lord, hold up my goings." You may be at present strong; but stop till an inviting company occur; stop till a secret opportunity. Oh, how many have fallen then! At present you feel strong,—your feet like hinds' feet. So did Peter at the Lord's table. But stop till this burst of feeling has passed away; stop till you are asked to join in some unholy game; stop till some secret opportunity of sinning all unseen,—till some bitter provocation rouses your anger,—and you will find that you are weak as water, and that there is no sin that you may not fall into.

(3) *Our Saviour-God is able.*—Christ deals with us as you do with your children. They cannot go alone; you hold them: so does Christ by His Spirit. "I taught Ephraim also to go, taking them by their arms" (Hos. xi. 3). Breathe this prayer: "Lord, take me by the arms." John Newton says, When a mother is teaching her child to walk on a soft carpet, she will sometimes let it go, and it will fall, to teach it its weakness; but not so on the brink of a precipice. So the Lord will sometimes let you fall, like Peter on the waters, though not to your injury. The shepherd layeth the sheep on his shoulder; it matters not how great the distance be; it matters not how high the mountains, how rough the path: our Saviour-God is an almighty Shepherd. Some of you have mountains in your way to heaven,—some of you have mountains of lusts in your hearts, and some of you have mountains of opposition: it matters not, only lie on the shoulder. He is able to keep you; even in the dark *valley* He will not stumble.

II. *To present you faultless.*

(1) *Faultless in righteousness.*—As long as you live in your mortal body, you will be faulty in yourself. It is a soul-ruining

error to believe anything else. Oh, if ye would be wise, be often looking beneath the robe of the Redeemer's righteousness to see your own deformity! It will make you keep faster hold of His robe, and keep you washing in the fountain. Now, when Christ brings you before the throne of God, He will clothe you with His own fine linen, and present you faultless. Oh, it is sweet to me to think how soon you shall be the righteousness of God in Him. What a glorious righteousness that can stand the light of God's face! Sometimes a garment appears white in dim light: when you bring it into the sunshine, you see the spots. Oh, prize, then, this divine righteousness, which is your covering.

(2) *Faultless in holiness.*—My heart sometimes sickens when I think upon the defects of believers; when I think of one Christian being fond of company, another vain, another given to evil speaking. Oh, aim to be holy Christians!—bright, shining Christians. The heaven is more adorned by the large bright constellations than by many insignificant stars; so God may be more glorified by one bright Christian than by many indifferent ones. Aim at being that one.

Soon we shall be faultless. He that begun will perform it. We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is. When you lay down this body, you may say, Farewell, lust, for ever,—farewell, my hateful pride,—farewell, hateful selfishness,—farewell, strife and envying,—farewell, being ashamed of Christ. Oh, this makes death sweet indeed! Oh, long to depart and to be with Christ!

III. *To Him be glory.*

(1) Oh, if anything has been done for your soul, give Him *the glory!* Give no praise to others; give all praise to Him. (2) And give Him *the dominion* too. Yield yourselves unto Him, soul and body.

SERMON XXIV.

THE VOICE OF MY BELOVED.[1]

> "The voice of my beloved! behold, He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills. My beloved is like a roe or a young hart: behold, He standeth behind our wall, He looketh forth at the windows, showing Himself through the lattice. My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell. Arise, My love, My fair one, and come away. O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let Me see thy countenance, let Me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely. Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes. My beloved is mine, and I am His; He feedeth among the lilies. Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be Thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."—SONG OF SOLOMON ii. 8–17.

THERE is no book of the Bible which affords a better test of the depth of a man's Christianity than the Song of Solomon. (1) If a man's religion be *all in his head,*—a well-set form of doctrines, built like mason-work, stone above stone,—but exercising no influence upon his heart, this book cannot but offend him; for there are no stiff statements of doctrine here upon which his heartless religion may be built. (2) Or, if a man's religion be *all in his fancy*—if, like Pliable in the *Pilgrim's Progress,* he be taken with the outward beauty of Christianity—if, like the seed sown upon the rocky ground, his religion is fixed only in the surface faculties of the mind, while the heart remains rocky and unmoved; though he will relish this book much more than the first man, still there is a mysterious breathing of intimate affection in it, which cannot but stumble and offend him. (3) *But if a man's religion be heart religion*—if he hath not only doctrines in his head, but love to Jesus in his heart—if he hath not only heard and read of the Lord Jesus, but hath felt his need of Him, and been brought to cleave unto Him, as the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely, then this book will be inestimably precious to his soul; for it contains the tenderest breathings of the believer's heart towards the Saviour, and the tenderest breathings of the Saviour's heart again towards the believer.

It is agreed among the best interpreters of this book—(1) that it consists not of one song, but of many songs; (2) that these songs are in a dramatic form; and (3) that, like the parables of Christ, they contain a spiritual meaning, under the dress and ornaments of some poetical incident.

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[1] August 14, 1836, when he preached as candidate,—the first day he preached in St. Peter's.

The passage which I have read forms one of these dramatical songs, and the subject of it is a sudden visit which an Eastern bride receives from her absent lord. The bride is represented to us as sitting lonely and desolate in a kiosk, or Eastern arbour,—a place of safety and of retirement in the gardens of the East,—described by modern travellers as "an arbour surrounded by a green wall, covered with vines and jessamines, with windows of lattice-work."

The mountains of Bether (or, as it is on the margin, the mounts of division), the mountains that separate her from her beloved, appear almost impassable. They look so steep and craggy, that she fears he will never be able to come over them to visit her any more. *Her garden* possesses no loveliness to entice her to walk forth. All nature seems to partake in her sadness; winter reigns without and within; no flowers appear on the earth; all the singing birds appear to be sad and silent upon the trees; and the turtle's voice of love is not heard in the land.

It is whilst she is sitting thus lonely and desolate that the voice of her beloved strikes upon her ear. Love is quick in hearing the voice that is loved; and therefore she hears sooner than all her maidens, and the song opens with her bursting exclamation, "The voice of my beloved!" When she sat in her solitude, the mountains between her and her lord seemed nearly impassable, they were so lofty and so steep; but now she sees with what swiftness and ease he can come over these mountains, so that she can compare him to nothing else but the gazelle, or the young hart, the loveliest and swiftest creatures of the mountains. "My beloved is like a roe or a young hart." Yea, while she is speaking, already he has arrived at the garden wall; and now, behold, "he looketh in at the window, showing himself through the lattice." The bride next relates to us the gentle invitation, which seems to have been the song of her beloved as he came so swiftly over the mountains. While she sat alone, all nature seemed dead—winter reigned; but now he tells her that he has brought the spring-time along with him. "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away. For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.

Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Moved by this pressing invitation, she comes forth from her place of retirement into the presence of her lord, and clings to him like timorous dove to the clefts of the rock; and then he addresses her in these words of tenderest and most delicate affection: "O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the precipice, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." Joyfully agreeing to go forth with her lord, she yet remembers that this is the season of greatest danger to her vines, from the foxes which gnaw the bark of the vines; and therefore she will not go forth without leaving this command of caution to her maidens: "Take us the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes." She then renews the covenant of her espousals with her beloved, in these words of appropriating affection: "My beloved is mine, and I am his; let him feed among the lilies." And last of all, because she knows that this season of intimate communion will not last, since her beloved must hurry away again over the mountains, she will not suffer him to depart without beseeching him that he will often renew these visits of love, till that happy day dawn when they shall not need to be separated any more: "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

We might well challenge the whole world of genius to produce in any language a poem such as this—so short, so comprehensive, so delicately beautiful. But what is far more to our present purpose, there is no part of the Bible which opens up more beautifully some of the innermost experience of the believer's heart.

Let us now, then, look at the parable as a description of one of those visits which the Saviour often pays to believing souls, when He manifests Himself unto them in that other way than He doeth unto the world.

I. *When Christ is away from the soul of the believer, he sits alone.*—We saw in the parable, that, when her lord was away, the bride sat lonely and desolate. She did not call for the young and the gay to cheer her solitary hours. She did not call for the harp of the minstrel to soothe her in her solitude. There was no pipe, nor tabret, nor wine at her feasts. No, she sat alone. The mountains seemed all but impassable. All nature partook of her sadness. If she could not be glad in the light of her lord's countenance, she was resolved to be glad in nothing else. She sat lonely and desolate. Just so it is with the true believer in Jesus. Whatever be the mountains of Bether that have come between his soul and Christ,—whether he hath been seduced into his old sins, so that "his iniquities have separated again between him and his God, and his sins have hid His face from him, that He will not hear,"—or whether the Saviour hath withdrawn for a season the comfortable light of His presence for the mere trial of His servant's faith, to see if, when he "walketh in darkness and hath no light, he will still trust in the name of the Lord, and stay himself upon his God,"—whatever the mountains of separation be, it is the sure mark of the believer *that he sits desolate and alone.* He cannot laugh away his heavy care, as worldly men can do. He cannot drown it in the bowl of intemperance, as poor blinded men can do. Even the innocent intercourse of human friendship brings no balm to his wound—nay, even fellowship with the children of God is now distasteful to his soul. He cannot enjoy what he enjoyed before, when they that feared the Lord spoke often one to another. The mountains between him and the Saviour seem so vast and impassable, that he fears He will never visit him more. All nature partakes of his sadness—winter reigns without and within. He sits alone, and is desolate. Being afflicted, he prays; and the burden of his prayer is the same with that of an ancient believer: "Lord, if I may not be made glad with the light of Thy countenance, grant that I may be made glad with nothing else; for joy without Thee is death."

Ah! my friends, do you know anything of this sorrow? Do you know what it is thus to sit alone and be desolate, because Jesus is out of view? If you do, then rejoice, if it be possible, even in the midst of your sadness! for this very sadness is one of the marks that you are a believer—that you find all your peace and all your joy in union with the Saviour.

But ah! how contrary is the way with most of you! You know nothing of this sadness. Yes, perhaps you make a mock at it. You can be happy and contented with the world, though you have never got a sight of Jesus. You can be merry with your companions, though the blood of Jesus has never whispered peace to your soul. Ah! how plain that you are hastening on to the place where "there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked"!

II. *Christ's coming to the desolate believer is often sudden and wonderful.*—We saw in the parable, that it was when the bride was sitting lonely and desolate that she heard suddenly the voice of her lord. Love is quick in hearing; and she cries out, "The voice of my beloved!" Before, she thought the mountains all but impassable; but now she can compare his swiftness to nothing but that of the gazelle or the young hart. Yea, whilst she speaks, he is at the wall—at the window—showing himself through the lattice. Just so is it oftentimes with the believer. While he sits alone and desolate, the mountains of separation appear a vast and impassable barrier to the Saviour, and he fears He may never come again. The mountains of a believer's provocations are often very great. "That I should have sinned again, who have been washed in the blood of Jesus. It is little that other men should sin against Him; they never knew Him—never loved Him as I have done. Surely I am the chief of sinners, and have sinned away my Saviour. The mountain of my provocations hath grown up to heaven, and He never can come over it any more." Thus it is that the believer writes bitter things against himself; and then it is that oftentimes he hears the voice of his beloved. Some text of the word, or some word from a Christian friend, or some part of a sermon, again reveals Jesus in all His fulness—the Saviour of sinners, even the chief. Or it may be that He makes Himself known to the disconsolate soul in the breaking of bread, and when He speaks the gentle words, "This is my body, broken for you; this cup is the New Testament in my blood, shed for the remission of the sins of many; drink ye all of it,"—then he cannot but cry out, "The voice of my beloved! behold, He cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills."

Ah! my friends, do you know anything of this joyful surprise? If you do, why should you ever sit down despairingly as if the Lord's hand were shortened at all that He cannot save, or as if His ear were grown heavy that He cannot hear? In the darkest hour say, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? Still trust in God, for I shall yet praise Him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God." Come expectingly to the word. Do not come with that listless indifference, as if nothing that a fellow-worm can say were worth your hearing. It is not the word of man, but the word of the living God. Come with large expectations, and then you will find the promise true, that He filleth the hungry with good things, though He sends the rich empty away.

III. *Christ's coming changes all things to the believer, and His love is more tender than ever.*—We saw in the parable that when the bride sat desolate and alone, all nature was steeped in sadness. Her garden possessed no charms to draw her forth, for winter reigned without and within. But when her lord came so swiftly over the mountains, he brought the spring along with him. All nature is changed as he advances, and his invitation is: "For the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; arise, my love, my fair one, and come away." Just so it is with the believer when Christ is away; all is winter to the soul. But when He comes again over the mountains of provocation, He brings a gladsome spring-time along with Him. When that Sun of Righteousness arises afresh upon the soul, not only do His gladdening rays fall upon the believer's soul, but all nature rejoices in his joy. The mountains and hills burst forth before Him into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands. It is like a change of season to the soul. It is like that sudden change from the pouring rains of a dreary winter to the full blushing spring, which is so peculiar to the climes of the sun.

The world of nature is all changed. Instead of the thorn comes up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier comes up the myrtle-tree. Every tree and field possesses a new beauty to the happy soul. *The world of grace* is all changed. *The Bible* was all dry and meaningless before; now, what a flood of light is poured over its pages! how full, how fresh, how rich in meaning, how its simplest phrases touch the heart! *The house of prayer* was all sad and dreary before—its services were dry and unsatisfactory; but now, when the believer sees the Saviour, as he hath seen Him heretofore within His holy place, his cry is: "How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand." *The garden of the Lord* was all sad and cheerless before; now tenderness towards the unconverted springs up afresh, and love to the people of God burns in the bosom—then they that fear the Lord speak often one to another. The time of singing the praises of Jesus is come, and the turtle voice of love to Jesus is once more heard in the land; the Lord's vine flourishes, and the pomegranate buds, and Christ's voice to the soul is: "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away."

As the timorous dove pursued by the vulture, and well-nigh made a prey, with fluttering, anxious wing, hides itself deeper than ever in the clefts of the rock, and in the secret places of the precipice, so the backslidden believer, whom Satan has desired to have, that he might sift him as wheat, when he is restored once more to the all-gracious presence of his Lord, clings to Him with fluttering, anxious faith, and hides himself deeper than ever in the wounds of his Saviour. Thus it was that the fallen Peter, when he had so grievously denied his Lord, yet when brought again within sight of the Saviour, standing upon the shore, was the only one of the disciples who girt his fisher's coat unto him, and cast himself into the sea to swim to Jesus; and just as that backslidden apostle, when again he had hidden himself in the clefts of the Rock of Ages, found that the love of Jesus was more tender towards him than ever, when he began that conversation, which, more than all others in the Bible, combines the kindest of reproofs with the kindest of encouragements: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me more than these?" just so does every backslidden believer find that, when again he is hidden in the freshly opened wounds of his Lord, the fountain of His love begins to flow afresh, and the stream of kindness and affection is fuller and more overflowing than ever, for His word is, "O My dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the precipice, let Me see thy countenance, let Me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

Ah, my friends, do you know anything of this? Have you ever experienced such a coming of Jesus over the mountain of your provocations, as made a change of season to your soul? and have you, backslidden believer, found, when you hid yourself again deeper than ever in the clefts of the rock—like Peter girding his fisher's coat unto him, and casting himself into the sea—have you found His love tenderer than ever to your soul? Then, should not this teach you quick repentance when you have fallen? Why keep one moment away from the Saviour? Are you waiting till you wipe away the stain from your garments? Alas! what will wipe it off, but the blood you are despising? Are you waiting till you make yourself worthier of the Saviour's favour? Alas! though you wait till all eternity, you can never make yourself worthier. Your sin and misery are your only plea. Come, and you will find with what tenderness He will heal your backslidings, and love you freely; and say, "O My dove," etc.

IV. I observe the threefold disposition of fear, love, and hope, which this visit of the Saviour stirs up in the believer's bosom. These three form, as it were, a cord in the restored believer's bosom, and a threefold cord is not easily broken.

(1) First of all, there is *fear*—As the bride in the parable would not go forth to enjoy the society of her lord, without leaving the command behind to her maidens to take the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, so does every believer know and feel that the time of closest communion is also the time of greatest danger. It was when the Saviour had been baptized, and the Holy Ghost, like a dove, had descended upon Him, and a voice, saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,"—it was then that He was driven into the wilderness to be tempted of the devil; and just so it is when the soul is receiving its highest privileges and comforts, that Satan and his ministers are nearest—the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines. (1) Spiritual pride is near. When the soul is hiding in the wounds of the Saviour, and receiving great tokens of His love, then the heart begins to say, Surely I am somebody—how far I am above the everyday run of believers! This is one of the little foxes that eats out the life of vital godliness. (2) There is making a Christ of your comforts—looking to them, and not to Christ—leaning upon them, and not upon your beloved. This is another of the little foxes. (3) There is the false notion that now you must surely be above sinning, and above the power of temptation, now you can resist all enemies. This is the pride that goes before a fall—another of the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines. Never forget, I beseech you, that fear is a sure mark of a believer. Even when you feel that it is God that worketh in you, still the word saith, Work out your salvation with fear and trembling;—even when your joy is overflowing, still remember it is written, "Rejoice with *trembling*;" and again: "Be not high-minded, but fear." Remember the caution of the bride, and say, "Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines, for our vines have tender grapes."

(2) But if cautious fear be a mark of a believer in such a season, still more is *appropriating love.* When Christ comes anew over mountains of provocation, and reveals Himself to the soul free and full as ever, in another way than He doth unto the world, then the soul can say, "My beloved is mine, and I am His." I do not say that the believer can use these words at all

seasons. In times of darkness and in times of sinfulness the reality of a believer's faith is to be measured rather by his sadness than by his confidence. But I do say that, in seasons when Christ reveals Himself afresh to the soul, shining out like the sun from behind a cloud, with the beams of sovereign, unmerited love—then no other words will satisfy the true believer but these: "My beloved is mine, and I am His." The soul sees Jesus to be *so free a Saviour*—so anxious that all should come to Him and have life—stretching out His hands all the day—having no pleasure in the death of the wicked—pleading with men: "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" The soul sees Jesus to be *so fitting a Saviour*—the very covering which the soul requires. When first he hid himself in Jesus, he found Him suitable to all his need—the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. But now he finds out a new fitness in the Saviour, as Peter did when he girt his fisher's coat unto him, and cast himself into the sea. He finds that He is a fitting Saviour for the backsliding believer; that His blood can blot out even the stains of him who, having eaten bread with Him, has yet lifted up the heel against Him. The soul sees Jesus to be *so full a Saviour*—giving to the sinner not only pardons, but overflowing, immeasurable pardons—giving not only righteousness, but a righteousness that is more than mortal, for it is all divine—giving not only the Spirit, but pouring water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground. The soul sees all this in Jesus, and cannot but choose Him and delight in Him with a new and appropriating love, saying, "*My beloved is mine.*" And if any man ask, How darest thou, sinful worm, to call that Divine Saviour thine? the answer is here, *For I am His:* He chose me from all eternity, else I never would have chosen Him. He shed His blood for me, else I never would have shed a tear for Him. He cried after me, else I never would have breathed after Him. He sought after me, else I never would have sought after Him. He hath loved me, therefore I love Him. He hath chosen me, therefore I evermore choose Him. "My beloved is mine, and I am His."

(3) But lastly, if love be a mark of the true believer at such a season, so also is *prayerful hope.* It was the saying of a true believer, in an hour of high and wonderful communion with Jesus, "Lord, it is good for us to be here!" My friend, you are no believer, if Jesus hath never manifested Himself to your soul in your secret devotions—in the house of prayer, or

in the breaking of bread—in so sweet and overpowering a manner, that you have cried out, "Lord, it is good for me to be here!" But though it be good and very pleasant, like sunlight to the eyes, yet the Lord sees that it is not wisest and best always to be there. Peter must come down again from the mount of glory, and fight the good fight of faith, amid the shame and contumely of a cold and scornful world. And so must every child of God. We are not yet in heaven, the place of open vision and unbroken enjoyment. This is earth, the place of faith, and patience, and heavenward-pointing hope. One great reason why close and intimate enjoyment of the Saviour may not be constantly realised in the believer's breast, is, to give room for hope, the third string that forms the threefold cord. Even the most enlightened believers are walking here in a darksome night, or twilight at most; and the visits of Jesus to the soul do but serve to make the surrounding darkness more visible. But the night is far spent, the day is at hand. The day of eternity is breaking in the east. The Sun of Righteousness is hasting to rise upon our world, and the shadows are preparing to flee away. Till then, the heart of every true believer, that knows the preciousness of close communion with the Saviour, breathes the earnest prayer, that Jesus would often come again, thus sweetly and suddenly, to lighten him in his darksome pilgrimage. Ah, yes, my friends! let every one who loves the Lord Jesus in sincerity, join now in the blessed prayer of the bride: "Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

SERMON XXV.

OUR DUTY TO ISRAEL.[1]

"To the Jew first."—Rom. i. 16.

Most people are ashamed of the gospel of Christ. *The wise* are ashamed of it, because it calls men to believe and not to argue; *the great* are ashamed of it, because it brings all into one body; *the rich* are ashamed of it, because it is to be had without money and without price; *the gay* are ashamed of it, because they fear it will destroy all their mirth; and so the good news of the glorious Son of God having come into the world a Surety for lost sinners, is despised, uncared for—men are ashamed of it. Who are not ashamed of it? A little company, those whose hearts the Spirit of God has touched. They were once like the world, and of it; but He awakened them to see their sin and misery, and that Christ alone was a refuge, and now they cry, None but Christ! none but Christ! God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of Christ. He is precious to their heart—He lives there; He is often on their lips; He is praised in their family; they would fain proclaim Him to all the world. They have felt in their own experience that the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek. Dear friends, is this your experience? Have you received the gospel not in word only, but in power? Has the power of God been put forth upon your soul along with the word? Then this word is yours: I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.

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[1] Preached November 17, 1839, after returning from the Mission to the Jews.

One peculiarity in this statement I wish you to notice. He glories in the gospel as the power of God unto salvation to the Jew first; from which I draw this DOCTRINE—*That the gospel should be preached first to the Jews.*

(1) *Because judgment will begin with them*—"Indignation and wrath, to the Jew first" (Rom. ii. 6–10). It is an awful thought, that the Jew will be the first to stand forward at the bar of God to be judged. When the great white throne is set, and He sits down upon it from whose face the heavens and earth flee away; when the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books are opened, and the dead are judged out of those things that are written in the books; is it not a striking thought, that Israel—poor blinded Israel—will be the first to stand in judgment before God?

When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him—when He shall sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats—when the awful sentence comes forth from His lips, Depart, ye cursed—and when the guilty many shall move away from before Him into everlasting punishment—is it not enough to make the most careless among you pause and consider, that the indignation and wrath shall first come upon the Jew—that their faces will gather a deeper paleness, their knees knock more against each other, and their hearts die within them more than others?

Why is this? Because they have had more light than any other people. God chose them out of the world to be His witnesses. Every prophet was sent first to them; every evangelist and apostle had a message for them. Messiah came to them. He said, "I am not sent but to the lost sheep of the house of Israel." The word of God is still addressed to them. They still have it pure and unadulterated in their hand. Yet they have sinned against all this light—against all this love. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, as a hen gathers its chickens under its wings, and ye would not!" Their cup of wrath is fuller than that of other men—their sea of wrath is deeper. On their very faces you may read, in every clime, that the curse of God is over them.

Is not this a reason, then, why the gospel should first be preached to the Jew? They are ready to perish—to perish more dreadfully than other men. The cloud of indignation and wrath that is even now gathering above the lost will break first upon the head of guilty, unhappy, unbelieving Israel. And have you none of the bowels of Christ in you, that you will not run first to them that are in so sad a case? In an hospital, the kind physician runs first to that bed where the sick man lies who is nearest to die. When a ship is sinking, and the gallant sailors have left the shore to save the sinking crew, do they not stretch out the arm of help first to those that are readiest to perish beneath the waves? And shall we not do the same for Israel? The billows of God's anger are ready to dash first over them—shall we not seek to bring them first to the rock that is higher than they? Their case is more desperate than that of other men—shall we not bring the good Physician to them, who alone can bring health and cure?—for the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

I cannot leave this head without speaking a word to those of you who are in a situation very similar to that of Israel—to you who have the word of God in your hands, and yet are unbelieving and unsaved. In many respects, Scotland may be called God's second Israel. No other land has its Sabbath as Scotland has; no other land has the Bible as Scotland has;

no other land has the gospel preached, free as the air we breathe, fresh as the stream from the everlasting hills. Oh, then, think for a moment, you who sit under the shade of faithful ministers, and yet remain unconcerned and unconverted, and are not brought to sit under the shade of Christ, think how like your wrath will be to that of the unbelieving Jew! And think, again, of the marvellous grace of Christ, that the gospel is first to you. The more that your sins are like scarlet and like crimson, the more is the blood free to you that washes white as snow; for this is still His word to all His ministers, Begin at Jerusalem.

(2) *It is like God to care first for the Jews.*—It is the chief glory and joy of a soul to be like God. You remember this was the glory of that condition in which Adam was created. "Let us make man in our image, after our likeness." His understanding was without a cloud. He saw, in some measure, as God seeth; his will flowed in the same channel with God's will; his affections fastened on the same objects which God also loved. When man fell, we lost all this, and became children of the devil, and not children of God. But when a lost soul is brought to Christ, and receives the Holy Ghost, he puts off the old man, and puts on the new man, which *after God* is created in righteousness and true holiness. It is our true joy in this world to be like God. Too many rest in the joy of being forgiven, but our truest joy is to *be like Him.* Oh, rest not, beloved, till you are renewed after His image, till you partake of the divine nature. Long for the day when Christ shall appear, and we shall be fully *like Him,* for we shall see Him as He is.

Now, what I wish to insist upon at present is, that we should be like God, even in those things which are peculiar. We should be like Him in understanding, in will, in holiness, and also in His *peculiar affections.* "Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." But the whole Bible shows that God has a peculiar affection for Israel. You remember, when the Jews were in Egypt, sorely oppressed by their taskmasters, God heard their cry, and appeared to Moses: "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of My people, and I have heard their cry, for I know their sorrows."

And, again, when God brought them through the wilderness, Moses tells them why He did it. "The Lord did not set His love upon you, nor choose you because ye were more in number than any people, for ye were the fewest of all people, but because the Lord loved you" (Deut. viii. 7). Strange, sovereign, most peculiar love! He loved them because He loved them. Should we not be like God in this peculiar attachment?

But, you say, God has sent them into captivity. Now, it is true God hath scattered them into every land: "The precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers!" (Lam. iv. 2). But what says God of this? "I have left Mine house, I have forsaken Mine heritage, I have given *the dearly beloved of My soul* into the hand of her enemies" (Jer. xii. 7). It is true that Israel is given for a little moment into the hand of her enemies, but it is as true that they are still the dearly beloved of His soul. Should we not give them the same place in our heart which God gives them in His heart? Shall we be ashamed to cherish the same affection which our heavenly Father cherishes? Shall we be ashamed to be unlike the world, and like God in this peculiar love for captive Israel?

But you say, God has cast them off. Hath God cast away His people which He foreknew? God forbid! The whole Bible contradicts such an idea. "Is Ephraim My dear son? is he a pleasant child? for since I spake against him, I do earnestly remember him still; therefore My bowels are troubled for him: I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord" (Jer. xxxi. 20). "I will plant them again in their own land assuredly, with My whole heart, and with My whole soul." "Zion saith, The Lord hath forsaken me, and my Lord hath forgotten me. Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee" (Isa. xlix. 14). "And so all Israel shall be saved, as it is written, There shall come out of Zion the Deliverer, and shall turn away ungodliness from Jacob." Now the simple question for each of you is, and for our beloved Church, Should we not share with God in His peculiar affection for Israel? If we are filled with the Spirit of God, should we not love as He loves? Should we not grave Israel upon the palms of our hands, and resolve that through our mercy they also may obtain mercy?

(3) *Because there is peculiar access to the Jews.*—In almost all the countries we have visited, this fact is quite remarkable; indeed, it seems in many places as if the only door left open to the Christian missionary is the door of preaching to the Jews.

We spent some time in Tuscany, the freest state in the whole of Italy. There you dare not preach the gospel to the Roman Catholic population. The moment you give a tract or a Bible, it is carried to the priest, and by the priest to the government, and immediate banishment is the certain result. But the door is open to the Jews. No man cares for their souls; and therefore you may carry the gospel to them freely.

The same is the case in Egypt and in Palestine.—You dare not preach the gospel to the deluded followers of Mahomet; but you may stand in the open market-place and preach the gospel to the Jews, no man forbidding you. We visited every town in the Holy Land where Jews are found. In Jerusalem and in Hebron we spoke to them all the words of this life. In Sychar we reasoned with them in the synagogue, and in the open bazaar. In Chaifa, at the foot of Carmel, we met with them in the synagogue. In Zidon also we discoursed freely to them of Jesus. In Tyre we first visited them in the synagogue and at the house of the Rabbi, and then they returned our visit; for when we had lain down in the khan for the heat of mid-day, they came to us in crowds. The Hebrew Bible was produced, and passage after passage explained, none making us afraid. In Saphet, and Tiberias, and Acre we had the like freedom. There is indeed perfect liberty in the Holy Land to carry the gospel to the Jew.

In Constantinople, if you were to preach to the Turks, as some have tried, banishment is the consequence; but to the Jew you may carry the message. *In Wallachia and Moldàvia* the smallest attempt to convert a Greek would draw down the instant vengeance of the Holy Synod and of the government. But in every town we went freely to the Jews: in Bucharest, in Foxany, in Jassy, and in many a remote Wallachian hamlet, we spoke without hindrance the message to Israel. The door is wide open.

In Austria, where no missionary of any kind is allowed, still we found the Jews willing to hear. In their synagogues we always found a sanctuary open to us; and often, when they knew they could have exposed us, they concealed that we had been there.

In Prussian Poland, the door is wide open to nearly one hundred thousand Jews. You dare not preach to the poor Rationalist Protestants. Even in Protestant Prussia this would not be allowed; but you may preach the gospel to the Jews. By the law of the land every church is open to an ordained minister; and one of the missionaries assured me that he often preached to four or five hundred Jews and Jewesses at a time. Schools for Jewish children are also allowed. We visited three of them, and heard the children taught the way of salvation by a Redeemer. Twelve years ago the Jews would not have come near a church.

If these things be true,—and I appeal to all of you who know these countries if it is not—if the door in one direction is shut, and the door to Israel is so widely open, oh, do you not think that God is saying by His providence, as well as by His word, Go rather to the lost sheep of the house of Israel? Do you think that our Church, knowing these things, will be guiltless if we do not obey the call? for the gospel is the power of God unto salvation, to the Jew first, and also to the Greek.

(4) *Because they will give life to the dead world.*—I have often thought that a reflective traveller, passing through the countries of this world, and observing the race of Israel in every land, might be led to guess, merely from the light of his natural reason, that that singular people are preserved for some great purpose in the world. There is a singular fitness in the Jew to be the missionary of the world. They have not that peculiar attachment to home and country which we have. They feel that they are outcasts in every land. They are also inured to every clime: they are to be found amid the snows of Russia, and beneath the burning sun of Hindostan. They are also in some measure acquainted with all the languages of the world, and yet have one common language—the holy tongue—in which to communicate with one another. All these things must, I should think, suggest themselves to every intelligent traveller as he passes through other lands. *But what says the word of God?*

"It shall come to pass, that as ye were a curse among the heathen, O house of Judah, and house of Israel; so will I save you, and ye shall be a blessing" (Zech. viii. 13). To this day they are a curse among all nations, by their unbelief—by their covetousness; but the time is coming when they shall be as great a blessing as they have been a curse.

"And the remnant of Jacob shall be in the midst of many people as a dew from the Lord, as the showers upon the grass, that tarrieth not for man, nor waiteth for the sons of men" (Mic. v. 7). Just as we have found, among the parched hills of Judah, that the evening dew, coming silently down, gave life to every plant, making the grass to spring, and the flowers to put forth their sweetest fragrance, so shall converted Israel be when they come as dew upon a dead, dry world.

"In those days it shall come to pass, that ten men shall take hold, out of all languages of the nations, even shall take hold of the skirt of him that is a Jew, saying, We will go with you; for we have heard that God is with you" (Zech. viii. 23). This never has been fufilled; but, as the word of God is true, this is true. Perhaps some one may say, If the Jews are to be the great missionaries of the world, let us send missions to them only. We have got a new light; let us call back our missionaries from India. They are wasting their precious lives there in doing what the Jews are to accomplish. I grieve to think that any lover of Israel should so far pervert the truth as to argue in this way. The Bible does not say that we are to preach *only* to the Jew, but to the Jew *first.* "Go and preach the gospel to *all* nations," said the Saviour. Let us obey His word like little children. The Lord speed our beloved missionaries in that burning clime. The Lord give them good success, and never let one withering doubt cross their pure minds as to their glorious field of labour. All that we plead for is, that, in sending out missionaries to the heathen, we may not forget to begin at Jerusalem. If Paul be sent to the Gentiles, let Peter be sent to the twelve tribes that are scattered abroad; and let not a by-corner in your hearts be given to this cause; let it not be an appendix to the other doings of our Church, but rather let there be written on the forefront of your hearts, and on the banner of our beloved Church, "To the Jew first," and "Beginning at Jerusalem."

Lastly, Because there is a great reward. "Blessed is he that blesseth thee; cursed is he that curseth thee." "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love her." We have felt this in our own souls. In going from country to country we felt that there was One before us preparing our way. Though we have had perils in the waters, and perils in the wilderness, perils from sickness, and perils from the heathen, still from all the Lord has delivered us; and if it shall please God to restore our revered companions in this mission in peace and safety to their anxious families,[1] we shall then have good reason to say, that in keeping His commandment there is great reward.

But your souls shall be enriched also, and our Church too, if this cause find its right place in your affections. It was well said by one who has a deep place in your affections, and who is now on his way to India, that our Church must not only be evangelical, but evangelistic also, if she would expect the blessing of God. She must not only have the light, but dispense it also, if she is to be continued as a steward of God. May I not take the liberty of adding to this striking declaration, that we must not only be evangelistic, but evangelistic *as God would have us to be*,—not only dispense the light on every hand, but dispense it first to the Jew?

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[1] Drs. Black and Keith were at this time still detained by sickness abroad.

Then shall God revive His work in the midst of the years. Our whole land shall be refreshed as Kilsyth has been. The cobwebs of controversy shall be swept out of our sanctuaries, the jarrings and jealousies of our Church be turned into the harmony of praise, and our own souls become like a well-watered garden.

SERMON XXVI.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD."[1]

> "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—REV. xiv. 13.

THERE are two remarkable things in the manner in which these words are given to us.

I. *They are the words of the Father echoed back by the Spirit.*—"I heard a voice from heaven." "Yea, saith the Spirit." John's eye had been riveted upon the wondrous sight mentioned in ver. 1. A lamb stood on Mount Zion, and one hundred and forty-four thousand redeemed ones following Him whithersoever He goeth, when suddenly a still small voice broke upon his ear, saying, "Write, Blessed are the dead;" and then the Holy Spirit breathed Amen. "Yea, saith the Spirit."

It is written in the law that the testimony of two witnesses is true. Now, here are two witnesses,—the Father of all, and the Holy Spirit the Comforter, both testifying that it is a happy thing to die in the Lord. Is there any of you, God's children, who tremble at the thought of dying? Does death appear a monster with a dreadful dart, ready to destroy you? Here are two sweet and blessed witnesses who declare that death has lost his sting—that the grave has lost its victory. Listen, and the frown will disappear from the brow of death,—the valley will be filled with light; the Father and the Holy Spirit both unite in saying, "Blessed are the dead."

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[1] Preached in the summer of 1840.

II. "*Write.*"—Whatever is written down is more durable, and less liable to be corrupted, than that which is only spoken from mouth to mouth. For this reason, God gave the Israelites the Ten Commandments, written with His own finger on two tables of stone. For the same reason, He commanded them, on the day they passed over Jordan, to set up great stones, and plaster them with plaster, and *write* upon them all the words of that law. For the same reason, God commanded His servants the prophets to *write* their prophecies, and the apostles to *write* their gospels and epistles, so that we have a permanent Bible instead of floating tradition. For this reason *did Job wish* his words to be written. "Oh that my words were written! Oh that they were printed in a book! That they were graven with an iron pen and with lead in the rock for ever! I know that my Redeemer liveth" (Job. xix. 25). It was one of his precious, ever memorable sayings,—a saying to comfort the heart of a drooping believer in the darkest hour,—"*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" For the same reason did the voice from heaven say, "*Write,*"—do not hear it only, but *write it*—print it in a book—grave it with an iron pen—with lead in the rock for ever.

"Blessed are the dead." Learn the value of this saying. It is a golden saying—there is gold in every syllable of it. It is sweeter than honey and the honeycomb,—more precious than gold, yea, much fine gold. It is precious in the eyes of God. *Write it* deep in your hearts; it will solemnise your life, and will keep you from being led away by its vain show. It will make the syren songs of this world inconvenient and out of tune; it will sweetly soothe you in the hour of adversity; it will rob death of its sting, and the grave of its victory. *Write, write* deep on your heart, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Now, consider the *words* themselves.

(1) "*Blessed are the dead.*"—*The world* say, Blessed are the living; but God says, Blessed are the dead. The world judge of things by sense—as they outwardly appear to men · God judges of things by what they really are in themselves—He looks at things in their real colour and magnitude. The world says, "Better is a living dog than a dead lion." The world look upon

some of their families, coming out like a fresh blooming flower in the morning,—their cheeks covered with the bloom of health, their step bounding with the elasticity of youth,—riches and luxuries at their command,—long, bright summer days before them. The world says, "There is a happy soul." God takes us into the darkened room, where some child of God lately dwelt. He points to the pale face where death sits enthroned, the cheek wasted by long disease, the eye glazed in death, the stiff hands clasped over the bosom, the friends standing weeping around, and He whispers in our ears, "Blessed are the dead." Ah, dear friends, think a moment!—whether does God or you know best? Who will be found to be in the right at last? Alas, what a vain show you are walking in! Disquieted in vain. "Man that is in honour, and understandeth not, is like the beasts that perish." Even God's children sometimes say, "Blessed are the living." It is a happy thing to live in the favour of God,—to have peace with God,—to frequent the throne of grace,—to burn the perpetual incense of praise,—to meditate on His word,—to hear the preached gospel,—to serve God; even to wrestle, and run, and fight in His service, is sweet. Still God says, "*Blessed are the dead.*" If it be happy to have His smile *here*, how much happier to have it without a cloud *yonder!* If it be sweet to be the growing corn of the Lord *here*, how much better to be gathered into His barn! If it be sweet to have an anchor within the veil, how much better *ourselves* to be *there*, where no gloom can come! In "Thy presence is *fulness* of joy; at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." Even *Jesus* felt this,—God attests it. "*Blessed are the dead.*"

(2) *Not all the dead*, but those that "*die in the Lord.*" It is truly amazing the multitudes that die. "Thou carriest them away as with a flood." Seventy thousand die every day, about fifty every minute,—nearly one every second passing over the verge. Life is like a stream made up of human beings, pouring on, and rushing over the brink into eternity. Are all these blessed? Ah, no. "*Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord.*" Of all that vast multitude continually pouring into the eternal world, a little company alone have savingly believed on Jesus. "Strait is the gate and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and *few* there be that find it." It is not *all* the dead who are blessed. There is no blessing on the Christless dead; they rush into an *undone* eternity, unpardoned, unholy. You may put their body in a splendid coffin; you may print their name in silver

on the lid; you may bring the well-attired company of mourners to the funeral, in suits of solemn black; you may lay the coffin slowly in the grave; you may spread the greenest sod above it; you may train the sweetest flowers to grow over it; you may cut a white stone, and grave a gentle epitaph to their memory;—still it is but the funeral of a damned soul. You cannot write "*blessed*" where God hath written "*cursed*." "He that believeth shall be saved; he that believeth not shall be damned."

Consider what is implied in the words "in the Lord."

First, *That they were joined to the Lord.*—Union to the Lord has a beginning. Every one that is blessed in dying has been converted. You may dislike the word, but that is the truth. They were awakened—began to weep—pray—weep as they went to seek the Lord their God. They saw themselves lost, undone, helpless,—that they could not be just with a holy God. They became babes. The Lord Jesus drew near, and revealed Himself. "I am the Bread of Life." "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in nowise cast out." They believed and were happy,—rejoiced in the Lord Jesus,—counted everything but loss for Christ. They gave themselves to the Lord. This was the beginning of their being in Christ.

Dear friends, have you had this beginning? Have you undergone conversion—the new birth—grafting into Christ? Call it by any name you will, have you the thing? Has this union to Christ taken place in your history? Some say, I do not know. If at any time of your life you had been saved from drowning,—if you were actually drowned and brought to life again,—you would remember it to your dying hour. Much more if you had been brought to Christ. If you had been blind, and by some remarkable operation your eyes were opened when you were full grown, would you ever forget it? So, if you have been truly brought into Christ, you may easily remember it. If not, you will die in your sins. Whither Christ has gone, thither you cannot come. "Except ye repent and be converted, ye shall all likewise perish.

Second, *Perseverance is implied.*—*Not all* that seem to be branches are branches of the true vine. Many branches fall off the trees when the high winds begin to blow—all that are rotten branches. So in times of temptation, or trial, or persecution, many false professors drop away. Many that seemed to be believers went back, and walked no more with Jesus. They followed Jesus—they prayed with Him—they praised Him;

but they went back, and walked no more with Him. So is it still. Many among us doubtless seem to be converted; they begin well and promise fair, who will fall off when winter comes. Some have fallen off, I fear, already; some more may be expected to follow. These will not be blessed in dying. Oh, of all death-beds, may I be kept from beholding the death-bed of the false professor! I have seen it before now, and I trust I may never seen it again. They are not blessed after death. The rotten branches will burn more fiercely in the flames. Oh, think what torment it will be, to think that you spent your life in pretending to be a Christian, and lost your opportunity of becoming one indeed! Your hell will be all the deeper, blacker, hotter, that you knew so much of Christ, and were so near Him, and found Him not. Happy are they who endure to the end, who are not moved away from the hope of the gospel, who, when others go away, say, Lord, to whom can we go? In prosperity, they follow the Lord fully; in adversity, they cleave to Him closer still, as trees strike their roots deeper in storms. Is this your case?—endure it to the end. "Be not moved away from the hope of the gospel" (Col. i. 23). "We are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence stedfast unto the end" (Heb. iii. 15). Even in the dark valley you will cling to Him still. Come to Him as ye came at first —a guilty creature, clinging to the Lord our Righteousness. Thou wast made my sin. This is to die in the Lord, and this is to be blessed.

III. *Reasons why they are blessed.*

(1) *Because of the time.*—"From henceforth." The time of the persecutions of Popery was coming on. He was to wear out the saints of the Most High; he was to overcome and slay the followers of the Lamb. Happy are they that are taken from the evil to come. The righteous perish, and no man layeth it to heart. Merciful men are taken away, none considering that they are taken away from the evil to come. This is one reason why it is better to be with Christ. Persecutions and troubles are not easy to flesh and blood. If in our day we be called to them, we must bear them boldly, knowing that a good reward is provided for those that overcome. See Rev. ii. 3: "And hast borne, and hast patience, and for My name's sake hast laboured, and hast not fainted." But if it be the will of God to call us away before the day of trial come, we must say, "Blessed are

the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth." There will be no persecutions there. All are friends to Jesus there,—every one contending who shall cast their crowns lowest at His feet, who shall exalt Him highest in their praise. No discord there. None to rebuke our song there.

(2) *They rest from their labours.*—That which makes everything laborious here is sin—the opposition of Satan and the world, and the drag of our old nature. Some believers have a constant struggle with Satan. He is standing at their right hand to resist them; he is constantly distracting them in prayer, hurling fiery darts at their soul, tempting to the most horrid sin. Their whole life is labour. But when we die in the Lord, we shall rest from this labour. Satan's work will be clean done. The accuser of the brethren will no more annoy. No lion shall be there, neither shall any ravenous beast go up thereon, but the redeemed shall walk there. But, above all, the wicked heart, the old man, the body of sin, makes this life a dreadful labour. When we wake in the morning, it lies like a weight upon us. When we would run in the way of God's commandments, it drags us back. When we would fly, it weighs us down. When we would pray, it fills our mouths with other things. "O wretched man that I am!" But to depart and be with Christ, is to be free from this. We shall drop this body of sin altogether. No more any flesh—all spirit, all new man; no more any weight or drag—we shall rest from our labours. Oh, it is this makes death in the Lord blessed! We shall not rest from all work; we shall be as the angels of God—we shall serve Him day and night in His temple. We shall not rest from our work, but from our labours. There will be no toil, no pain, in our work. We shall rest in our work. Oh, let this make you willing to depart, and make death look pleasant, and heaven a home. "We shall rest from our labours." It is the world of holy love, where we shall give free, full, unfettered, unwearied expression to our love for ever.

(3) *Works follow.*—Our good works done in the name of Jesus shall then be rewarded. *First,* Observe, they shall not go before the soul. It is not on account of them we shall be accepted. We must be accepted *first* altogether on account of *Him* in whom we stand. *Second,* Our evil works shall be forgotten,—buried in the depths of the sea,—forgotten, no more mentioned. *Third,* All that we have done out of love to Jesus shall then be rewarded. We may forget them, and say to Jesus, "When saw

we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee?" But He will not forget them: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me." A cup of cold water shall not go unrewarded.

Look to the recompense of reward, dear friends, and it will take the sting from death.

IV. *What followed.*—The Lord Jesus "put in His sickle and reaped." (See vers. 14, 15.)

(1) Learn that the Lord Jesus gathers His sheaves before a storm, just as farmers do; so when you see Him gathering ripe saints, be sure that a storm is near.

(2) Learn that Jesus gathers His saints in love. When Jesus gathers His own, He does it in love. Do not mourn for them as those who have no hope. Jesus has gathered them into His bosom. They shall shine as the sun.

ADDRESS

ON THE CLOSE OF A COMMUNION SABBATH.

"What have I to do any more with idols?"—Hos. xiv. 8.

Every one who has been truly united to Christ, and has this day confessed Him before men, should now take up these words, and solemnly, in the presence of God, declare, "What have I to do any more with idols?" Two reasons are given.

I. *God loves you freely* (ver. 4).—If you are this day come to Jesus, God loves you freely. If you believe on Him that justifieth the ungodly, your faith is counted for righteousness. As long as you came to God in yourself, you were infinitely vile, loathsome, condemned—mountains of iniquity covered your soul; but blessed, blessed, blessed be the Holy Spirit who has led you to Jesus. You have come to God's righteous Servant, who by His knowledge justifies many, because He bears their iniquities. Your sins are covered, God sees no iniquity in you; God loves you freely, His anger is turned away from you. What have you to do, then, any more with idols? Is not the love of God enough for thee? The loving and much-loved wife is satisfied with the love of her husband; his smile is her joy, she cares little for any other. So, if you have come to Christ, thy Maker is thine husband; His free love to you is all you need, and all you can care for; there is no cloud between you and God, there is no veil between you and the Father; you have access to Him who is the fountain of happiness, of peace, of holiness,—what have you to do any more with idols? Oh, if your heart swims in the rays of God's love, like a little mote swimming in the sunbeam, you will have no room in your heart for idols.

II. *The Spirit, like dew, descends on your souls.*—"I will be like the dew" (ver. 5). If you are this day united to Jesus, the Spirit will come like dew upon your soul. The Spirit is given to them that obey Jesus: "I will pray the Father." When all nature is at rest, not a leaf moving, then at evening the dew comes down—no eye to see the pearly drops descending, no ear to hear them falling on the verdant grass: so does the Spirit come to you who believe. When the heart is at rest in Jesus,—unseen, unheard by the world, the Spirit comes, and softly fills the believing soul, quickening all, renewing all within. "If I go away, I will send Him unto you." Dear little ones, whom God hath chosen out of this world, you are like Gideon's fleece: the Lord will fill you with dew when all around is dry. You are His vineyard of red wine; He says, "I will water it every moment"—silently, unfelt, unseen, but *surely.* But, ah! that Spirit is a Holy Spirit. "I the Lord thy God am a jealous God." He cannot bear an idol in His temple. When the ark of God was carried into the temple of Dagon, the idol fell flat before it; much more when the Holy Spirit comes into the heart will He cast out the idols.

"When Christ came into the temple, He found those that sold oxen, and sheep, and doves, and the changers of money, sitting; and when He had made a scourge of small cords, He drove them all out of the temple" (John ii. 15). So when the Holy Spirit comes into any heart, He drives out the buyers and sellers. If you have received the Spirit, you will be crying now in your heart, Lord, take these things hence; drive them out of my heart. What have I to do any more with idols? Some of the idols to be cast away are—

(1) *Self-righteousness.*—This is the largest idol of the human heart,—the idol which man loves most, and God hates most. Dearly beloved, you will always be going back to this idol. You are always trying to be something in yourself,—to gain God's favour by thinking little of your sin, or by looking to your

repentance, tears, prayers, or by looking to your religious exercises, your frames, etc., or by looking to your graces—the Spirit's work in your heart. Beware of false Christs. Study sanctification to the utmost, but make not a Christ of it. God hates this idol more than all others, because it comes in the place of Christ; it sits on Christ's throne. Just as the worship of the Virgin Mary is the worst of all kinds of idolatry, because it puts her in the place of Christ, so self-righteousness is the idol God hates most, for it sits on the throne of Christ. Dash it down, dear friends; let it never appear again. It is like Manasseh's carved image in the holiest of all. When Manasseh came home an altered man to Jerusalem, would not his first visit be to the holiest of all? With eager hand he would draw the veil aside; and when he found the carved image, he would dash it down from the throne of God. Go and do likewise. If you feel God's love freely by the righteousness without works, then why would you go back to this grim idol? "What have I to do any more with idols?"

Darling sins.—Every man has his darling sins. Long they kept you from the Lord Jesus. You have this day declared that you were willing to leave them all for Christ. Go home, then, and perform your vows. After Hezekiah's passover, when they had enjoyed much of the love and Spirit of God, "all Israel that were present went home, and broke the images in pieces, and cut down the groves, until they had utterly destroyed them all." You might have seen them entering the shady groves and dashing down the carved images. Go you and do likewise. Dash down family idols, unholy practices that have spread through your family. Dash down secret idols in your own heart. Leave not one. Remember, one Achan in the camp troubled Israel, and they were smitten before their enemies. So, one idol left in your heart may trouble you. Let Achan be slain if you would go on your way rejoicing. "What have I to do any more with idols?" "If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off."

(3) *Unlawful attachments.*—There is not a more fruitful source of sin and misery than unlawful attachments. How much of the poetry and music of our country are given over to the worship of the idols of a foolish heart! How many are given over to worship a piece of clay that will soon be eaten of worms! Oh, my friends, have you felt the love of God? Do you feel the sweet, full beams of His grace shining down upon your soul? Have you received the dew of His Spirit? How

can you, then, any more love a creature that is void of the grace of God? What have you to do any more with idols? Dear young persons, abhor the idea of marriage with the unconverted. Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers. Marry only in the Lord. Remember, if it be otherwise, it is a forbidden marriage. There may be none on earth so kind or faithful as to forbid the banns; earthly friends may be kind and smiling; the marriage circle may be gay and lovely; but God forbids the banns. But may there not be a lawful attachment? I believe there may; but take heed it be not an idol. I believe they are happiest who are living only for eternity, who have no object in this world to divert their hearts from Christ. "The time is short; it remaineth that they who have wives be as though they had none." "What have I to do any more with idols?"

(4) *Ministers.*—You have good reason to love ministers, and to esteem them highly for their work's sake. They love you; they watch for your souls as they that must give an acount; they bear you on their hearts; they travail in birth till Christ be formed in you; they spend and are spent for you; they often endure amazing temptations, agonies, wrestlings for your sake.

Some have been your spiritual fathers. This is a holy tie that will never be broken. You have good reason to love your spiritual father. You may have ten thousand instructors in Christ, etc; but ah, make not an idol of them. The people that would have worshipped Paul, were the very people that stoned him, and left him for dead. Oh, I wish that this day may bring you so near to Christ, and so much under the love of God and the dew of Israel, that you shall no more glory in man! "What have I to do any more with idols?"

(5) *Earthly pleasures.*—This is a smiling, dazzling idol, that has ten thousand worshippers—lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God. What have you to do any more with this idol? Sometimes it is a gross idol. The theatre is one of its temples—there it sits enthroned. The tavern is another, where its reeling, staggering votaries sing its praise. What have you to do with these? Have you the love of God in your soul—the Spirit of God in you? How dare you cross the threshold of a theatre or a tavern any more! What! the Spirit of God amid the wanton songs of a theatre, or the boisterous merriment of a tavern! Shame on such practical blasphemy! No; leave them, dear friends, to be cages of devils and of every unclean and hateful bird. You must never cross their threshold any more. What

shall I say of games—cards, dice, dancing? I will only say this, that if you love them, you have never tasted the joys of the new creature. If you feel the love of God and the Spirit, you will not lightly sin these joys away amid the vain anxieties of cards, or the rattling of senseless dice. What shall I say of simpering tea-parties, the pleasures of religious gossiping, and useless calls, without meaning, sincerity, or end? I will only say, they are the happiest of God's children who have neither time nor heart for these things. I believe there cannot be much of the Spirit where there is much of these. What shall I say of dress? A young believer, full of faith and joy, was offered a present of flowers for her hair. She would not take them. She was pressed to accept them; still she refused. Why will you not? Ah, she said, how can I wear roses on my brow, when Christ wore thorns on His? The joy of being in Christ is so sweet, that it makes all other joys insipid, dull, lifeless. In His right hand are riches and honours; in His left are length of days. His ways are ways of pleasantness. What, then, have I to do any more with idols?

(6) *Money.*—Dear souls, if you have felt the love of God—the dew—you must dash down this idol. You must not love money. You must be more open-hearted, more open-handed, *to the poor.* "He that gives to the poor lends to the Lord." "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me." You must build more churches. God be praised for what has been done; but you must do far more. I have as many in this parish who go nowhere as would fill another church. You must give more to missions, to send the knowledge of Jesus to the Jews, and to the Gentile world. Oh, how can you grasp your money in hand so greedily, while there are hundreds of millions perishing? You that give tens must give your hundreds. You that are poor must do what you can. Remember Mary, and the widow's mite. Let us resolve to give the tenth of all we have to God. God is able to make all grace abound toward you, that ye, always having all-sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.

(7) *Fear of man.*—Grim idol — bloody-mouthed — many souls he has devoured and trampled down into hell! His eyes are full of hatred to Christ's disciples. Scoffs and jeers lurk in his eye. The laugh of the scorner growls in his throat. Cast down this idol. This keeps some of you from secret prayer, from worshipping God in your family, from going to lay your

case before ministers, from openly confessing Christ. You that have felt God's love and Spirit, dash this idol to pieces. Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that shall die? Fear not, thou worm Jacob. What have I to do any more with idols?

Dearly beloved and longed for, my heart's desire for you is, to see you a holy people. How much longer my ministry may be continued among you, God only knows; but if God give me health and grace among you, I here willingly devote my all to Him. No moment, no pleasure, no ease, no wealth, do I wish for myself. I feel that He has bought me, and I am His property. Oh, come, give yourselves to the Lord with me! Bind yourself to the horns of God's altar. Time past is enough to have been the devil's—the world's—our own. Now let us be Christ's alone. Are you willing? Lord, bear witness; seal it in heaven; write it in Thy book. Bear witness, angels, devils, scowling world—bear witness, sun and moon—bear witness, stones and timber—bear witness, Jesus, Lamb of God! We are Thine now, and Thine for ever. What have we to do any more with idols?

October 25, 1840.

ADDRESS

AFTER THE COMMUNION.

"But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost, keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."—JUDE 20, 21.

I. *Those that have been built on Christ, have need to build themselves still more on Christ.*—If you come rightly to this table, you have been hewn out of the rock, and carried and laid on the sure foundation. Others set at nought that stone, but to you it is the only name under heaven. You have been built on Christ alone for righteousness. Think not all is done—forget what is behind. You have begun salvation, work out your salvation.

(1) Build yourselves more simply on Christ—on Christ alone—His blood and righteousness. Some are like a stone resting half on the foundation and half on the sand. Some take half their peace from Christ's finished work, and half from the Spirit's work within them. Now the whole of our justification must be from Christ alone. Other foundation can no man lay.

(2) Build yourselves more surely on Christ. Some stones do not lie smoothly on the foundation—they are apt to totter. Seek, brethren, to get a sure founding on the Lord Jesus Christ. "If ye continue in the faith, grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel." It is easy to sail with a gentle sea and the wind in the west, but the gale tries whether the ship be rightly balanced. It is easy to believe in a sunny day like this, when broken bread and poured out wine have been in your hands; but stop till you are in the wilderness, or afar at sea alone—stop till fresh guilt lies on the conscience—stop till a strong temptation blows—Oh then to rely on Christ alone for righteousness! Under a sight of sin—Satan grappling with the soul—Oh then to look up into the face of Christ and say, Thou art my robe, my righteousness, my shield—thy blood, thy obedience is enough for me! This is to believe.

Pray in the Holy Ghost.—When a believer prays, he is not alone—there are three with him: the Father seeing in secret, His ear open; the Son blotting out sin, and offering up the prayer; the Holy Ghost quickening and giving desires. There can be no true prayer without these three. Some people pray like a parrot, repeating words when the heart is far from God. Some pray without the Father. They do not feel. They are speaking to the back of their chair, or to the world, or to the empty air. Some pray without the Son. They come in their own name—in their own righteousness. That is the sacrifice of fools. Some pray without the Holy Ghost. These are not filled with divine breathings. Dear friends, if you would live, you must pray; and if you would pray with acceptance, you must pray to the Father in the name of Jesus, and by His Spirit quickening.

(1) *Get the Holy Ghost.*—Many seem not to know if there be a Holy Spirit. Jesus, being raised by the Father, has obtained the Spirit. Ask Him.

(2) *Let Him breathe within you.*—Do not vex Him.

(3) *Pray without ceasing.*—Whatever you need, ask Him immediately. Have set times of approaching God solemnly. Let nothing interfere with these times. Take your best time.

III. *Keep yourselves in the love of God.*—It is when you are built on Christ, and praying in the Holy Ghost, that you keep yourselves in the love of God. There is one glorious Being whom God loves infinitely. "I am not alone, for the Father is with Me." He loved Him from eternity, for the pure, spotless image of Himself. He loved Him for laying down His life. He is well pleased for His righteousness' sake. The eye of the all-perfect One rests with perfect complacency on Him. Have you this day come into Christ—this day come under His shield—are this day found in Him? If you are in the love of God, keep yourselves there.

(1) *Care not for the love of the world.*—If you were of the world, the world would love its own. Its best smiles are little worth. The world is a dying thing—a crucified man to them that are in Christ.

(2) *Prize the love of God.*—Oh, it is sweet to be in the garden of spices—to have God for your refuge—God rejoicing over you! *First,* This takes all the sting away from affliction. God is love to me. The hand that wounds is the gentlest and most loving. *Second,* This takes their sting from the world's reproaches. *Third,* This makes death sweet. It is a leap into the arms of infinite love, though to some a leap into a dark eternity. Oh keep yourselves in the love of God!

IV. *Looking for mercy.*—You will be incomplete Christians if you do not look for the coming again of the Lord Jesus. If the table has been sweet to-day, what will it be when Jesus comes again to receive us to Himself? If His love-letters and love-tokens, sent from a far country, be so sweet, what will the Bridegroom Himself be when He comes and takes us by the hand to present us to Himself, and acknowledge us before an assembled world?

(1) *You will get an open acquittal on that day.*—Now He gives us sweet acquittal at the bar of conscience—He says: "Peace be unto you." But when it is open, we shall wear the blood-washed robe. It will need to be mercy even at that day.

(2) *Perfect deliverance from sin.*—Now He gives us the victory by faith. He gives us to feel the thorn, and to look up for grace sufficient. Then He will take the thorn away. We shall be like Jesus in soul and body. Oh, be casting sweet looks of love toward that day! When a child is expecting an elder brother's return, when he is to bring some gift, how often he runs to the window and watches for his coming! Your Elder Brother is coming with a sweet gift. Oh, cast your eye often

toward the clouds, to see if they will break and let His beautiful feet through! Shorten the time by anticipation.

(3) *Jesus no more dishonoured.*—Honour to the Lamb is a sweet mercy to a believing soul. A high day like this, when Jesus gets many a crown cast at His feet, is sweet to a believing soul. How much more the day when we shall wear His full crown, and when the slain Lamb shall be fully praised; and when He shall come to be glorified, who once came to be spit upon! That truly shall be mercy to our poor soul. Our cup shall run over.

January 3, 1841.

SKETCHES OF HIS SERMONS,

WHICH HE EXTENDED IN THE DELIVERY.

"Oh that thou hadst hearkened to My commandments! then had thy peace been as a river, and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea."—ISA. xlviii. 18.

I. *Their peace would have been like a river.*—(1) It has a source. It begins at the fountain of Christ's blood. (2) It is fed from above. Rains and showers feed the rivers: the shower of grace swells the rivers of peace. (3) It has inundations, as the Nile. An awakening providence often makes it overflow. Afflictions and the consolations under them always, if the sufferings are the sufferings of Christ. Sacramental times also; hence the desirableness of frequency in the administration of the Lord's Supper. (4) It gets broader and broader to the sea. The Tay. "The path of the just is like the shining light." Try yourselves by this text. (5) It is fertilising. It conveys nourishment. Egypt owes all its fertility to the Nile. The peace of Christ makes every grace grow. Holiness always grows out of a peaceful breast.

II. *Their righteousness would have been as the waves of the sea.*—The righteousness of Christ is compared to the waves of the sea. Because (1) it covers over the highest sins. (2) It covers again and again. (3) It is infinite righteousness. You cannot count the waves of the sea.

Inference.—God wishes men to be saved. God sometimes pleads with men to be saved for His own pleasure: it would be pleasant to Him; it would make Him glad; as in the parable of the lost sheep. Sometimes He pleads for His own glory. (Jer. xiii. 16; Mal. ii. 1.) But here it is for the happiness of sinners themselves. So Ps. lxxxi. 13. Once more, He pleads with men, because unwilling that any should perish (2 Pet. iii. 9).

"Now to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt. But to him that worketh not, but believeth on Him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness. Even as David also describeth the blessedness of the man, unto whom God imputeth righteousness without works, saying, Blessed are they whose iniquities are forgiven, and whose sins are covered. Blessed is the man to whom the Lord will not impute sin."—ROM. iv. 4-8.

1. *The way in which the natural man seeks salvation.*—"Worketh" (ver. 4). Wishes it to be of desert.

II. *The better way.* — The old way. David's, Abel's. "Worketh not."

III. *The blessedness.*—David speaks of this.

At a later period he took the same text, dividing it thus:—

I. *The working plan.*

II. *The believing plan.*

"Fools make a mock at sin: but among the righteous there is favour."—PROV. xiv. 9.

I. *What the natural heart thinks of sin.*—(1) Men sin easily. As a fountain casting out its waters. (Jer. vii.) Such is the natural flow of their heart. (2) They bear the load lightly. At ease in Zion. (3) The heavier the load, they sin the more easily. Like a river filled. (Eph. iv. 19.)

II. *What God thinks of sin.*—(1) He says He hates it (Jer. xliv. 4). (2) He has prepared hell for it. (3) He has punished it in His Son.

III. *What awakened souls think of it* (Rom. vii. 9; John xvi.; Ps. li.).—The jailor. The sting.

IV. *What believers think of it.*

"Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not, knoweth not God; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only-begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us, and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins. Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and His love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in Him, and He in us, because He hath given us of His Spirit."—1 JOHN iv. 7-13.

I. *It is a delicate love.*—"Beloved, let us love one another."

II. *It is self-denying love.*—Hear its language: "If God so loved us, we ought," etc. (ver. 11).

III. *It is God-like love* (ver. 12).—It is produced by the Spirit of God moving in the heart, and it imitates God. "If God so loved," etc.

IV. *It is never-failing love.*—For no fountain is so unfailing as the heart of God, which is its fountain.

"And I will pour upon the house of David, and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and of supplications: and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him, as one mourneth for his only son, and they shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his first-born. . . . In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sin and for uncleanness."—ZECH. xii. 10, xiii. 1.

I. *The great spring.*—"I will pour."

II. *The great agent.*—"The spirit of grace and supplication."

III. *The effect.*—They look; they mourn; they see the fountain opened.

"The Lord our Righteousness."—JER. xxxiii. 16.

DEEP wounding, from views of Christ pierced by our sins, precedes deep peace from views of His righteousness. Originally spoken to Judah and Israel.

I. *It is the sight of a divine righteousness.*—Jehovah has made the atonement.

II. *It is a living righteousness.*—Jehovah is the righteousness. A living one gives it. He is exalted to give it. He comes to you with the offer of it.

III. *It is an appropriated righteousness.*—It would not give me peace to see all the world clothed in Christ, if I were not. No delight to me except I am sitting under His shade myself—under the rock. The joy of Paul was, "Christ is made unto us;" of Thomas, "My Lord."

Application.—(1) The rest of a believer consists in knowing that Jehovah is his righteousness. (2) The folly of those who rest in seeking is evident—"ever learning." (3) We see the misery of unbelievers. There is a glorious divine righteousness that would make the blackest fair. It will be your eternal torment, that so glorious a righteousness was offered you, and you died without it.

"And I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God: and the books were opened; and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life, was cast into the lake of fire."—REV. xx. 11–15.

The Throne and the Judge.

The Throne.—(1) *Great.*—Because so many are to stand before it; because so great a Saviour is to sit down upon it; because everlasting sentences are to be given out from it. (2) *White.*—Because of His holiness, because of His equity. He will be righteous in acquitting and in condemning. None can cast a stain upon it. *The Judge.*—Christ Himself. (1) Because He is the Son of man; knows by experience our inmost feelings (John v. 22–27). (2) As a reward for His pains, (Phil. ii.). (3) For the comfort of the godly. (4) For the confusion of the Christless.

Lessons.—(1) Prepare for it. (2) Go to a throne of grace. (3) Care for one another's souls.

II. *The Judged.*—(1) All. The dead, small and great; men of all ranks and degrees; rulers and subjects; parents and children; pastors and people; none too high, none too low. (2) From all places; grave, sea, death, hell. (3) Stand together (Phil. iv. 1; 1 Thess. ii.). (4) Before God. (5) Must come forth (John v.).

III. *The Books opened.*—(1) *The Book of Remembrance* (Mal. iii.; Ps. lvi.). Thoughts, words and actions; secret sins done in the heart, or in the dark; secret fraud and uncleanness; forgotten sins. The good deeds of the saints; a cup of cold water; Mary's ointment; not according to your appearance, nor your professions, nor the thoughts of other men, nor your own self-flatteries, but by "works." (2) *The Bible* (John xii. 48).—The law; the gospel; not according to your present rule; men judge themselves by one another, or by themselves, or by their fancy. (3) *Book of Life.*—To show that His everlasting counsels had been fulfilled. To show the source from which every one was saved.

IV. *The Sentence.*—(1) This explains why God does not now take vengeance. Did not the hand wither? The atheist in France. The railway. (2) The folly of secret sin. (3) Repent. God commandeth all men everywhere to repent, because He hath appointed a day in which He will judge the world.

LEBANON—ITS SCENERY AND ALLUSIONS.

[It will be interesting to many to see how his rich imagination used at times to revel amid the beautiful images and figures of the divine word. I insert two specimens, of which the first was written in his earlier days, when his taste for Scripture imagery was fresh, and his peculiar style just forming. It is a critical essay read in the Exegetical Society, while he was a student in the Divinity Hall.]

"O Lord God, I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon." Such was the prayer of Moses in the land of Moab. Whether he had heard by report of the glory of snow-capped Lebanon from Egyptian traffickers in balm and myrrh and spiceries, or knew of it only by finding it in the chart of Israel's promised inheritance, there is a peculiar beauty and fulness in the prayer, when, as descriptive of the good land, he asks to see the chief object of its moral beauty, and that of its chief natural beauty—Zion and Lebanon; the one the type of all spiritual, the other of all temporal blessings to Israel. What a refreshing sight to his eye, yet undimmed with age, after resting for forty years on the monotonous scenery of the desert, now to rest upon Zion,[1] embosomed in olive-clad hills, and Lebanon with its vine-clad base, and overhanging forests, and towering peaks of snow! "I pray Thee, let me go over and see the good land, that goodly mountain, and Lebanon."

The same taste which inspired the wish of the venerable law-giver, descended to the people whom he led to Canaan to such a degree, that Zion and Lebanon have afforded more materials for figure and allusion to the prophets and sweet singers of Israel than perhaps any other individual natural objects whatever. To consider the beauty and propriety of a few of these allusions to *Lebanon*, is the object of my present investigation.

I. The first passage I mean to observe upon is the 29th Psalm—"a psalm of David," in which the strength of Jehovah is celebrated; and the exemplification of it is evidently taken from a thunderstorm in Lebanon. The psalm seems to be addressed to the angels; see Ps. lxxxix. 7. It thus begins—

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[1] That Zion was known to the Israelites before they reached Canaan, if not by name, at least as a holy mountain, see such passages as Ex. xv. 17: "Thou shalt bring them in, and plant them in *the mountain* of Thine inheritance, in *the place which Thou hast made for thee to dwell in, in the sanctuary which Thy hands have established.*"

> "Render unto Jehovah, ye sons of the mighty,
> Render unto Jehovah glory and strength;
> Render to Jehovah the glory of His name,
> Bow down to Jehovah in the majesty of holiness!"

Immediately follows the description of the thunderstorm, in which it does not seem fanciful to observe the historical progression which is usual on such occasions. The first lines seem to describe only the noise of the thunder, the description growing more intense as the rumbling draws nearer—

> "The voice of Jehovah is above the waters;
> The God of glory thundereth!
> Jehovah is louder than many waters.
> The voice of Jehovah in strength,
> The voice of Jehovah in majesty!"

But now the effects become visible; the storm has descended on the mountains and forests—

> "The voice of Jehovah shivers the cedars,
> Even shivers Jehovah the cedars of Lebanon;
> And makes them to skip, like a calf,
> Lebanon and Sirion, like a young buffalo.
> The voice of Jehovah forketh the lightning's flash!"

From the mountains the storm sweeps down into the plains, where, however, its effects are not so fearful as on the mountains—

> "The voice of Jehovah causeth the desert to tremble—
> The voice of Jehovah causeth to tremble the desert of Kadesh—
> The voice of Jehovah causeth the oaks to tremble,
> And lays bare the forests!
> Therefore in His temple every one speaks of His glory."

The description of the swollen torrents closes the scene—

> "Jehovah upon the rain-torrent sitteth,
> Yea, sitteth Jehovah a King for ever."

And the moral or application of the whole is—

> "Jehovah to His people will give strength;
> Jehovah will bless His people with peace."

I have to remark several things in connection with Lebanon which may illustrate this beautiful psalm. That thunderstorms are frequent in these mountains is matter of historical fact, insomuch that Volney could not give a description of the magnificent view from the top of Lebanon without mentioning "clouds rolling at your feet" as one ingredient in the scenery. As the Mediterranean stretches away from the very foot of Lebanon, we can be at no loss to find the *many waters,* whose roaring was drowned in the voice of Jehovah's thunder. Or, if our interpretation of the particle (above) be thought not the usual one, we may imagine that the storm came over the sea, and that the spectator, standing on Lebanon, and watching its progress as it advances towards him, says—

"The voice of Jehovah is upon the waters;
The God of Glory thundereth!
Jehovah is upon many waters!"

The increasing growling of the thunder, when it reaches the mountains, and reverberates among the valleys, is well represented in the increasing power of the lines—

"The voice of Jehovah is in strength,
The voice of Jehovah in majesty!"

The only remark which I make upon the cedars at present is, that, by the testimony of all travellers, "these noble trees grow amongst the snow, near the highest peak of Lebanon" (see Maundrell). This fact gives peculiar significancy to their being placed first in the work of devastation; and also their great size. "The old ones which remain," says Maundrell, "are of a prodigious bulk. I measured one of the largest, and found it twelve yards six inches in girth, and yet sound, and thirty-seven yards in the spread of its boughs. At about five or six yards from the ground, it was divided into five limbs, each of which was equal to a great tree." The testimony of Pococke, in 1738, is very similar. The testimony of another traveller, quoted by Rosenmüller, is also interesting, showing well the intensiveness of the parallelism. "We saw others, indeed," says he, "on the confines of Judea and Samaria, but nowhere so lofty as in Lebanon."

"The voice of Jehovah shivers the cedars,
Jehovah shivers even *the cedars of Lebanon!*"

These mighty trees of God, which for ages have stood the force of the tempest, rearing their ever-green colossal boughs in the region of everlasting snow, are the first objects of the fury of the lightning, which is well known to visit first the highest objects.

The sixth verse presents rather more difficulty. The original is—

"And makes them skip like a young calf,
Lebanon and Sirion, like a young buffalo."

At first sight it might appear that the cedars were still meant, and that Lebanon and Sirion were used by metonymy for the cedars which grew upon them. But (1) we never hear of cedars growing upon *Sirion*, or Shemir, or Hermon, for it has all these names; and (2) there is a parallel passage where this interpretation will hardly answer, in Ps. cxiv. Describing the exodus of Israel, it says—

"The mountains skipt like rams,
And the little hills like lambs."

The same verb[1] occurs here, the verb which mean "to skip, to dance," used in Nahum iii. 2 to signify the jolting of chariots, and also in Joel ii. 5. In both these instances, rough motion, accompanied with noise, seems intended. Now, though this may very well be understood as a highly figurative description, as it undoubtedly is, of the usual effects of a thunderstorm; yet it is interesting to compare it with the following passage of Volney, which describes certain phenomena as frequent in Mount Lebanon, which may give a new meaning to the "*skipping of the mountains.*"

"When the traveller," says he, "penetrates the interior of these mountains, the ruggedness of the roads, the steepness of the declivities, the depth of the precipices, have at first a terrific effect; but the sagacity of the mules which bear him soon inspires him with confidence, and enables him to examine at his ease the picturesque scenes which succeed one another, so as almost to bewilder him. There, as in the Alps, he sometimes travels whole days to arrive at a spot which was in sight when he set out. He turns, he descends, he winds round, he climbs; and under this perpetual change of position, one is ready to think that a magical power is varying at every step the beauties to the landscapes. Sometimes villages are seen, ready as it were to slide down the steep declivities, and so disposed that the roofs of the one row of houses serve as a street to the row above. At another time, you see a convent seated on an isolated cone, like Marshaia in the valley of Tigré. Here a rock is pierced by a torrent, forming a natural cascade, as at Nahr-el-Leban; there another rock assumes the appearance of a natural wall. Often on the sides ledges of stones, washed down and left by the waters, resemble ruins disposed by art. In some places, the waters, meeting with inclined beds, have undermined the intermediate earth, and have formed caverns, as at Nahr-el-Kelb, near Antoura. In other places they have worn for themselves subterranean channels, through which flow little rivulets during part of the year, as at Mar Hama. Sometimes these picturesque circumstances have become tragical ones. Rocks, loosened or thrown off their equilibrium by thaw or earthquake, have been known to precipitate themselves on the adjacent dwellings, and crush the inhabitants. An accident of this kind, about twenty years ago, buried a whole village near Mar Djordos, so as to leave no trace of its existence. More recently, and near the same spot, the soil of a hill, planted with mulberry-trees and vines, detached itself by a sudden thaw, and, sliding over the surface of the rock which it had covered, like a vessel launched from the stocks, established itself entire in the valley below."

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[1] The original Hebrew words are given in the MS. throughout.

In the next line the storm has forced its way to the unenclosed plains, or to the Arabian desert, according to Rosenmüller—

"The voice of Jehovah causeth the desert to tremble,
The voice of Jehovah causeth to tremble the desert of Kadesh."

That Kadesh-Naphtali is meant, the geographical position of Lebanon would make us believe, though this is not necessary. And although Syria is much exposed to earthquakes,—as, for example, that of Aleppo in 1822, which was sensibly felt at Damascus,—yet it does not seem necessary to imagine anything further than the usual effects of a thunderstorm.

The *oaks and forests* of ver. 9 suit well with the description given of the lower limbs of Lebanon, which abound in "thickets of myrtle, woods of fir, walnut-trees, carob-trees, and Turkish oaks." And *the rain-torrent* of ver. 10 is admirably descriptive of the sudden swell of the thousand streams which flow from Lebanon. According to modern travellers, the number of water-courses descending from Lebanon is immense; and the suddenness of the rise of these streams may be gathered from the contradictions in their accounts. The Nahr-el-Sazib is described by one as "a rivulet, though crossed by a bridge of six arches"; by another it is called "a large river." The Damour (the ancient Tamyras), which flows immediately from Lebanon, is "a river," says Maundrell, "apt to swell much upon sudden rains; in which case, precipitating itself from the mountains with great rapidity, it has been fatal to many a passenger." He mentions a French gentleman, M. Spon, who, a few years before, in attempting to ford it, was hurried down by the stream, and perished in the sea. This is one instance of very many in the mountains of Lebanon, where the brook, which is usually nearly dry, becomes all at once an impassable torrent. When Volney looked upon the rivers of Syria in summer he doubted whether they could be called rivers. But had he ventured to cross them after a thunderstorm, his scepticism would no longer have had room or time to exercise itself, and he would have felt the propriety of the Psalmist's painting, when he says—

"Jehovah sitteth on the rain-torrents,
Jehovah sitteth a King for ever."

But the imagery of this psalm is more beautiful and appropriate than is the moral application. To what end this painting of fearful power,—of strength able to break through all obstacles, shiver the cedars and shake the mountains? All this might, so fearfully exemplified in the thunder, is exercised by Jehovah *for His people.* Every attribute of Jehovah is *on their side.* And the sweet calm which follows upon the thunderstorm—when the sun breaks through the dusky clouds and makes all nature smile again with renewed and heightened brightness—is not more brilliant and delightful than the peace with which Jehovah blesses those for whose sakes He has displayed the might of His arm—

"Jehovah to His people will give strength;"

Or,

"Jehovah for His people will display strength;
Jehovah will bless His people with peace."

II. The next passage wherein I shall attempt to examine the allusion to Jehovah, is in Ps. lxxii. 16, rendered in our version thus—

"There shall be a handful of corn in the earth,
Upon the top of the mountains;
The fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon;
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth."

The original words for "*handful of corn*" are rendered by Gesenius "abundance of corn"—deriving the word from the Arabic verb "to disperse," compared with a similar root in Chaldee and Hebrew. Though the Septuagint and Syriac are both obscure, they yet manifestly favour this rendering. And this being the meaning, I would understand the whole as a species of introverted parallelism, where the outside lines answer to one another, and the inside lines form a sort of parenthesis—

"There shall be abundance of corn in the earth,
    Upon the top of the mountains,
    His fruit shall shake like Lebanon,
And they of the city shall flourish like grass of the earth."

The earth is to be so thoroughly cultivated in Messiah's day, that there shall be corn on the very tops of the mountains, for "His fruit shall shake like Lebanon." It is, however, altogether worthy of inquiry, with what propriety Lebanon can be brought in to paint the extreme fertility and productiveness of the very tops of the hill, which is to signalise Messiah's day. The following passage of Volney may perhaps throw some light upon the subject: "By dint of skill and labour, they have compelled a rocky soil to become fertile. Sometimes, to avail themselves of the waters, they have made a channel for them by means of a thousand windings, on the declivities, or have arrested them in the valleys by embankments. At other times they have propped up the earth that was ready to roll down, by means of terraces and walls. Almost all the mountains being thus husbanded, present the appearance of a staircase, or of an amphitheatre, each tier of which is a row of vines or mulberry-trees. I have counted upon one declivity as many as a hundred, or a hundred and twenty tiers, from the bottom of the valley to the top of the hill. I forgot for the moment that I was in Turkey."

The evidence of Volney is unexceptionable. For confirmation, however, I may add a sentence from another excellent observer: "We passed through a beautiful and romantic country, inhabited by the Maronites. The road was along the roots of Libanus. The sides of the mountains are interspersed with numerous villages, around which the ground is highly cultivated, either *with corn*, vines, olive or mulberry-trees, the earth being supported by terraces, formed of dry masonry, having the appearance of the seats of an amphitheatre."

To understand the images taken from Mount Lebanon, it is necessary to remark that four enclosures of mountains are described as rising one upon another. The first and lowest of these is described as rich in grain and fruits. The second is barren, being covered only with thorns, rocks, and flints. The third, though higher still, is blessed with a perpetual spring; the trees are always green. There are innumerable orchards laden with fruit, and it forms altogether a terrestrial paradise—

> "Where fruits and blossoms blush,
> In social sweetness, on the self-same bough."

The fourth, or highest ridge of all, is the region of perpetual snow. Now, the imagery in the 72nd Psalm is evidently taken from the first of these ridges of Lebanon, where (most probably following the ancient mode of cultivating) the monks of Lebanon—for they were the chief cultivators of the terraced soil—industriously husband every particle of productive earth. In the expressive words of Burckhardt, "*every inch of ground* is cultivated,"—so that no image could have been more singularly expressive of the universal cultivation under Messiah's reign, than to say, that "His fruit shall shake like Lebanon"; or, understanding the Psalmist to speak figuratively, what moral landscape could be painted more richly than he does when he intimates that those barren mountains of our world, which at present yield no fruit unto God, shall be cultivated in that day so industriously and so fully, that the fruit shall wave like the terraced corn-fields, or shake like the hanging mulberry-trees on the terraced heights of Lebanon?

III. My only other allusion from the Psalms is in Ps. xcii. 12, 14—

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree;
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be fat and flourishing."

Laying aside entirely an inquiry as to the palm-tree, and laying aside the difficulty contained in the 13th verse, I have only to compare this description of the cedar in Lebanon with the accounts of those who have visited them in modern days. Without believing (as the Maronites or Christian inhabitants of the mountains do) that the seven very ancient cedars which yet remain in the neighbourhood of the village of Eden in Lebanon are the remains of the identical forest which furnished Solomon with timber for the temple, full three thousand years ago, they can yet be proved to be of very great antiquity. These very cedars were visited by Belonius in 1550, nearly three hundred years ago, who found them twenty-eight in number. Rawolf, in 1575, makes them twenty-four. Dandini, in 1600, and Thevenot about fifty years after, make them twenty-three. Maundrell, in 1696, found them reduced to sixteen. Pococke, in 1738, found fifteen standing, and the sixteenth recently blown down, or (may we not conjecture?) shivered by the voice of God. In 1810, Burckhardt counted eleven or twelve; and Dr. Richardson, in 1818, states them to be no more than seven. There cannot be a doubt, then, that these cedars, which were esteemed ancient nearly three hundred years ago, must be of a very great antiquity; and yet they are described by the last of these travellers as "large, and tall, and beautiful, the most picturesque productions of the vegetable world that we had seen." The oldest are large and massy, rearing their heads to an enormous height, and spreading their branches afar. Pococke also remarks that "the young cedars are not easily known from pines. I observed, they bear a *greater quantity* of fruit than the large ones." This shows that the old ones still bear fruit, though not so abundantly as the young cedars, which, according to Richardson, are very productive, and cast many seeds annually. How appropriate, then, and full of meaning, is the imagery of the Psalmist—

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree;
He shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon.
They shall still bring forth fruit in old age;
They shall be fat and flourishing!"

IV. In the Song of Songs the allusions to Lebanon are very many, and of exquisite beauty. I am sorry that my time will suffer me only to glance at one in chap. iv. 8–15—

"Come with me from Lebanon,
My spouse, with me from Lebanon;
Look from the top of Amana,
From the top of Shenir and Hermon,
From the lions' dens,
From the mountains of the leopards."

It is evident here that the bridegroom is pressing the bride to quit Lebanon along with him, because of the dangers to be apprehended from the beasts of prey. He seems to bid her look from these dangerous heights down into the secure and pleasant valleys below, where many a delicious wilderness of flowers and fruits was visible. In the mountains above Canobin, tigers are said to be frequently met with. I suppose, says Burckhardt, ounces are meant. Speaking of some sepulchres cut in the limestone mountains opposite Saide (ancient Sidon), Hasselquist says, a great part of them are now open, and serve for huts for shepherds, or dens for *wild beasts.* And, lastly, we have the story of Thammuz—

"Whose annual wound in Lebanon allured
The Syrian damsels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a summer's day:
While smooth Adonis, from his native rock
Ran purple to the sea, supposed with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded."

These testimonies show the propriety with which Lebanon is described as dangerous from wild beasts. Looking from the summits of the hills, the view, as described by travellers, is exquisite in the extreme. Every valley seems cultivated like a garden, watered by numberless fountains and rivulets, such as the scene to which the bridegroom points the eye of the spouse. By a fine turn of thought he immediately breaks out into a comparison of his beloved to one of these gardens:—

> "A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse—
> A spring shut up—a fountain sealed.
> Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates,
> With pleasant fruits, camphire, and spikenard,
> Spikenard and saffron, calamus and cinnamon,
> With all trees of frankincense;
> Myrrh and aloes, with all the chief spices;
> A fountain of gardens,
> A well of living waters,
> And streams from Lebanon."

I have not now leisure to show, from modern travellers, the immense variety of fruit, and flower, and aromatic shrubs, with which the vales of Lebanon are enriched. The village of Eden and the Convent of Canobin might alone give illustration of this remarkable passage. On the last verse alone do I offer a remark. The spouse is compared to *three* kinds of fountains:—(1) To a fountain of gardens; an artificial fountain, so distributed that it supplies more than one garden, or different parts of the same garden. (2) To a well of living waters; a fresh, springing well to supply the fountain. And (3) to streams from Lebanon, rivulets constantly descending from the snow of Lebanon, and subterraneously supplying the well of living waters. This is a most precise and accurate description of a great number of the garden-fountains at the foot of Mount Libanus. Of the *first*, the garden of Fahkr-eldin, near Tyre, gives a good example. "The walks are shaded with orange-trees of a large spreading size, and all of so fine a growth that one cannot imagine anything more perfect in their kind. Every one of these lesser squares was bordered with stone; and in the stone-work were troughs, very artificially contrived, for conveying the water all over the garden, there being little outlets at every tree for the stream as it passes by to flow out and water it." Ras-el-ayin, where are Solomon's cisterns, may illustrate the whole passage. "There are three cisterns entire at this day; one about a furlong and a half from the sea, the other two a little farther up. The former is of an octagonal figure, twenty-two yards in diameter. Upon the brink of it you have a walk round, eight feet broad, from which, descending, you have another walk twenty-one feet broad. The whole vessel contains a vast body of excellent water, and is so well supplied *from its fountain*, that, though there issues from it a stream like a brook during four miles, yet it is always brimful. On the east side of this cistern was the ancient outlet of the water by an aqueduct, raised about sixty yards from the ground, and containing a channel one yard wide.

"The *fountain* of these waters is as unknown as the author of them. It is certain, from their rising so high, that they must be brought from some part of the mountains, which are about a league distant; and it is as certain that the work was well done at first, seeing it performs its office at so great a distance of time. Hasselquist is probably right in concluding that the water which fills these reservoirs comes from subterranean springs, and rises in their bottoms, as it does in the *birkets*, or reservoirs, in the road from Damascus to Jacob's Bridge. Are we to suppose the source fictitious, and formed by a subterraneous canal drawn from the mountains? But why not have brought the cistern to the rock itself? It is a more simple explanation to suppose it natural, and to conclude that advantage has been taken of one of these ancient or subterranean rivers, of which Syria presents numerous instances. The idea of imprisoning this stream to make it reascend and gain its level, is worthy of the Phœnicians" (*Modern Travels in Syria*, p. 36).

Such, then, in some degree, is the image by which the bridegroom portrays the bride; and in reflecting upon it, it is hardly possible to resist the risings of imagination when we remember that the bridegroom is the Saviour, and the bride the Church of the Redeemed. The subterranean streams from Lebanon answer so well to the unseen supplies of grace, and the well of living waters to the living water which is in the believer springing up unto everlasting life, and the fountain of gardens to the fertilising stream of love and of good works wherewith He nourishes and diffuses His good things to all around, that we may be pardoned for thus laying aside for a moment the severity of sober criticism to indulge the dream of a not unholy imagination.

SOME NOTES ON THE TYPES FOUND IN THE TABERNACLE.

WHEN you would teach a little child in the simplest and most interesting way, you do it by means of pictures. In the very same way did God teach Israel concerning Him who was the consolation of Israel. When they sat under the shadow of the pillar cloud, and were sheltered from the burning rays of an Eastern sun, God wanted to teach them that Christ was a shade on their right hand; that He would come between them and the burning wrath of God, When they followed the light of the pillar of fire, God wanted to teach them that Christ was the light of this world; that whoso followeth Him shall not walk in darkness. When they gathered the snow-white manna, and ground it in mills, and baked it in pans, God wanted to teach them that a bruised Saviour must be the daily food of our soul. When they drank of the gushing river that flowed out of the smitten rock, God wanted to teach them that they might daily receive the full streams of the Holy Spirit from the smitten Saviour—that if any man thirst, he should come to Christ and drink.

I. THE HIGH PRIEST.

But of all the types and images of the glorious Saviour, the most living, the most wonderful, was the *Jewish High Priest*, with his holy garments, for glory and for beauty (see Ex. xxviii. 2). These garments were glorious and beautiful in two respects:—*First*, They had a natural glory: they were made of the costliest materials—of gold, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen (ver. 5). No expense of labour or of riches was spared to make them splendid or attractive. But, *second*, they had a spiritual glory—a glory and a beauty that far excelled the other, inasmuch as they clearly represented the excellences of Christ, our glorious High Priest and Saviour.

May the Lord lift away the veil, and reveal to us from under the covering our glorious Immanuel, so that every soul may cry out, He is the chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely.

I. *The Ephod and the robe of the Ephod* (vers. 6–8, 31, 32).—Observe three things with regard to it. (1) It was made of the finest materials (ver. 6)—of gold and of blue, of purple, of scarlet, and of fine twined linen; the richest of metals was there; the deepest, most beautiful dyes; the finest and purest linen. (2) It was wrought with the greatest skill (ver. 32). God seems actually to have given the spirit of wisdom to the workmen who made it. It is said to have been made with "cunning work"; and the girdle, which was part of the ephod, is called "the curious girdle." (3) It covered the priest from head to foot. The ephod and the robe, when put together, formed a complete garment.

How plainly does this point out the beautiful garment of our Redeemer's righteousness—His glorious finished work, which He came from heaven to work out! (1) It is of the finest materials: it is the sufferings and obedience of the Son of God—of God manifest in flesh. Ah, who can tell the costliness of that robe? It is called (Ps xlv.) "clothing of wrought gold," "raiment of needlework." It is called (Rev. iii. 18) gold and fine linen—"I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire." (2) It was wrought with all the skill of heaven; for the gospel is the power of God and the wisdom of God. In Christ are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. Angels desire to look into these things. It is the mystery of God and of Christ. (3) It covered Christ from head to foot; it covered His whole soul from the cradle to the cross; so that He was beautiful and glorious in the eyes of the Father. This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

Dear friends, put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ. Have no confidence in the flesh; but rejoice in Christ Jesus. Put on this ephod of righteousness, this cunning work of God, this curious girdle of a Redeemer's righteousness. There is the gold of Christ's Godhead in it,—the purple and scarlet of a Redeemer's blood,—the fine-twined linen of His spotless obedience. With what confidence the high priest could enter the holiest when clothed with this wonderful garment! So you, clothed in Christ, may come boldly to the throne of grace to find mercy and grace to help in time of need. "I counsel thee," etc.

II. *The stones on his shoulders* (vers. 9-12).—Observe three things here:—(1) That they were precious stones on which the names of the children of Israel were engraved, "two onyx stones." (2) That they were set in ouches, or sockets of gold, and fastened by chains. (3) That these two stones were put upon the high priest's shoulders, and he was to bear them before the Lord upon his shoulders.

How plainly does this point out the care that the great Redeemer takes of all that are His own! (1) They are precious in His sight—they are His jewels; and "they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels." "Ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me above all people; for all the earth is Mine." They are redeemed with His blood: no wonder they are precious. When a man has spent much on anything, it becomes precious to him. (2) They are set in sockets of gold, and bound to Him with chains of gold. These chains and sockets of gold are the love of Christ—His electing love, His drawing love, His covenant love. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee." (3) They are on His shoulders; so are all believers. "When He hath found it, He layeth it on His shoulders rejoicing." Never does the Saviour find a lost soul, but He sets him high on His shoulder. "Even to your old age I am He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry and will deliver you."

Have you taken Christ to be your Surety and High Priest? (1) Then you are on His shoulder—engraved there, set in gold there, chained there—you shall never perish. He has set you as a seal upon His arm. Lean all your weight on Him. Do not distrust Him. You cannot carry yourself. Lean all on Him. (2) Be like Christ. You too are a priest. Be like Christ in this. Bear up the children of God. Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ. Look not every one on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus. Be helpers of one another's joy.

III. *Breastplate of judgment* (vers. 15–29).—Observe three things. (1) Here also all the names of the children of Israel were graven on precious stones; but observe the difference. Before there were two onyx stones; here are twelve different stones—all different—all precious. (2) Here also the stones were set in gold enclosings, and the whole was bound to the ephod with golden chains. (3) It was fastened, not upon his shoulders, but upon his breast over his heart (ver. 29). Aaron shall bear.

How plainly does this point out a new feature in the love and tenderness of Christ for His own redeemed ones!

(1) Observe how precious His people are to Him. There is a variety among the stones,—every one is different, yet all are

precious. So there is a great variety among Christ's people, yet all are precious to Christ. Some are chosen in infancy, like John the Baptist and Jeremiah, sanctified from the womb. Some are chosen in old age. Some are taken who have committed but little sin, like Martha and Mary; some who have committed much, like the woman which was a sinner, and the dying thief. some are taken from a cottage, some from a palace; all different, yet all jewels in the eyes of the Redeemer.

(2) Observe they are all bound upon His heart. So believers are bound on Christ's heart when He goeth in before the Father. He is able to save to the uttermost. Dear children of God, you often think that Christ forgetteth you; that the glories of heaven have dazzled His eyes; that the songs of angels have entranced His ear; that the joys of His Father's right hand have filled all His heart; that He has no thought of you. See here, you are bound to His heart, you are enclosed there, graven there. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "Behold My mother and My brethren." He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. Can a mother forget her sucking child? Will you ever distrust Christ any more? "I will pray the Father;" "He maketh intercession for us." "I pray for them; I pray not for the world;" "Neither pray I for these alone."

Be like Christ. Ye are priests. Let the children of God be precious to you: bound to your hearts with golden chains of love. Love all God's children; especially pray for them. Brethren, pray for us.

IV. *The Plate on forehead* (vers. 36–38).—Observe three things. (1) That it was a plate of pure gold—not wrought gold, nor mixed with anything else, but pure gold. (2) That holiness to the Lord was deeply engraven on it; it was not superficially written, but graven like a seal. (3) It was to be always on the forefront of his mitre, and on his forehead—conspicuous without concealment.

How plainly does this point out the native holiness of our glorious Redeemer! From first to last He was a holy Saviour. (1) His holiness was like the fine gold, without mixture, without alloy. (2) It was deeply engraved in His heart,—not mere appearance, outside holiness. (3) It was obvious, open holiness. It was visible in His holy brow, in His meek and dove-like eye. His whole life was holiness to the Lord. Such an High Priest became us, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners. Even in His mother's womb He was "that holy thing." In His life "He did no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth." In His death "He through the eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot unto God." He was, as it were, the essence of holiness. This might well be the motto on His brow—HOLINESS TO THE LORD.

(1) *Learn what a complete Saviour we have.*—If He had had one sin or infirmity, He would have needed to have died for His own sin. But He knew no sin, and was therefore made sin for us. Oh, rejoice in this holy Saviour!

(2) *Learn to be like Him.*—"I am the vine, ye are the branches." "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." If you are saved by Christ's blood, be filled with Christ's Spirit. Remember, you too must be holiness to the Lord. The Spirit must write the law upon your heart—grave it deeply; and yet let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father which is in heaven. Your holiness must be in your heart, and yet upon your forehead too. Let everything you have and are be devoted to Him. On the bells upon the horses let it be written, "Holiness to the Lord."

V. *The Bells and Pomegranates* (vers. 33–35).—(1) The pomegranate is a tree with a beautiful flower and fruit, growing in fruitful gardens. It was used in the high priest's garments, to mark fruitfulness and fragrance. (2) The bell was to give a pleasant tinkling sound whenever the high priest walked, in going in or coming out. How plainly did this signify that wherever Christ goes, there is the fragrance of sweetest gardens, and a gladsome sound of melody! There was once a time in Scotland, when our glorious High Priest walked amid the golden candlesticks—when He came into His garden, and fed among the lilies. Oh that Christ would come in among you, and reveal Himself unto you! Then would the winter be past, the rains would be over and gone, the flowers would appear on the earth, and the time of the singing of birds be come. His presence makes summer,—all His garments smell of myrrh. Your souls would become a well-watered garden. When Jesus comes in, it is gladsome music to the soul. It is like the sound of the silver trumpets; it is the melody of bells. Happy is the people that know the joyful sound: "I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." Has the sound of a present Saviour ever fallen upon your ear?

Christians, you are priests. Be like Christ in this. (1) Wherever you go, carry a savour of Christ. His name is like ointment poured forth; it is like the vine flourishing, and the pomegranate budding. Let men take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus; let it be plain that you come from within the veil; let the smell of your garments be as a field which the Lord hath blessed. (2) Carry a sound of Christ wherever you go. Not a step, Christians, without the sound of the gospel bell! Even in smallest things, be spreading the glad sound. Edwards says, wherever a godly person enters, he is a greater blessing than if the greatest monarch were entering. So be it with you.

Now, my dear friends, it appears to me, that even the tracts for which you contribute are like those little bells. They are small and despised by some, yet they carry the clear sound of the gospel wherever they go. What Christian among you would not love to see them multiplied, till every family on the globe should hear the message of mercy? Come, then, to the help of the Lord against the mighty.

II. THE HOLY PLACE.

The holy place was the *first* chamber of the tabernacle, into which all the priests were allowed to enter continually to trim the lamps, and light them at evening—to burn incense at the golden altar, and to arrange the shewbread on the golden table. Its contents were—the golden candlestick, the altar of incense, not here mentioned, and the table of shewbread.

I dare not speak positively on so difficult a subject, but I will open up freely what appears to me to be the true meaning of the holy place.

I think it represented the condition of Christ mystical, that is, of Christ and His Church before the veil was rent, *i.e.* before the death of Christ.

(1) *There was a bright golden candlestick*, filled with beaten oil, lighted every evening by the priest. This clearly represented Christ and His members, filled with the Holy Spirit. But then the light was confined to a small chamber; it did not spread afar, like a beacon across the dark world. So Christ and His people, during the Old Testament Church, were a *shrouded light*

It was a golden candlestick, filled with oil, and lighted, but its beams confined within boards and curtains. It is true, a few stray beams did escape, so as to attract the Queen of Sheba from a far country, and the Ethiopian eunuch in his chariot, and the Roman centurion, who loved their nation, and built them a synagogue. Still the Jewish Church was not evangelistic. It was not intended at that time to spread the light to other nations. But when Jesus comes, He breaks down the boards and curtains, and says, "Ye are the light of the world," "among whom ye shine as lights *in the world.*"

(2) In like manner, there was *a golden altar where incense was burnt* every morning and evening, representing the intercession of Christ and His saints. Still, it is remarkable that this altar was not within the veil—it was not in the holiest of all.

The Holy Ghost here plainly signified that the Church in the wilderness had not that liberty in prayer which we now have. They had not that intimate nearness to God which the New Testament believers enjoy. It is true, Israel were a praying people. David sought God's face seven times a day, and Daniel kneeled upon his knees three times a day; and the 67th Psalm shows that they often remembered us poor Gentiles in their intercessions. "God be merciful to us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us; that Thy way may be known on the earth, and Thy saving health among all nations." Still, they had not that *near, full, intimate* liberty at the throne of grace, which is granted to those who are taught by the Spirit to pray, Let us draw near, Abba, Father.

(3) *There was a pure table covered with twelve loaves,* a loaf for each tribe of Israel; and only the priests were allowed to eat it. This plainly intimated Christ offered only to the twelve tribes of Israel—the dispensation in which the offer of salvation was nearly confined to the Jews. How different from the day when Jesus broke the loaves, and distributed to the multitudes; or that day when Jesus said, "I am the bread of God which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto *the world;* I am the bread of life; he that cometh to Me shall never hunger, and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst!"

The holy place was then a shadow of good things to come. Oh, how great is our privilege who live in the clear gospel day! and how awful your condemnation, if, when the shadows are fled away, and Christ the substance is freely offered, you still reject Him! "If he that despised Moses' law died without mercy under two or three witnesses, of how much sorer punishment, suppose ye, shall he be thought worthy who hath trodden under foot the Son of God, and hath counted the blood of the covenant an unholy thing, and done despite unto the Spirit of grace?"

III. THE MOST HOLY PLACE.

I. *Its situation and name* (ver. 3). After the second veil. The veil here spoken of is described in Ex. xxvi. 31–33. It was made of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen. It hung upon four pillars, and divided between the holy place and the most holy. It is the same veil that was rent in twain when Jesus died (Matt. xxvii. 51).

The chamber here mentioned, then, was the innermost of all—four-square, the walls composed of boards overlaid with gold, covered in with curtains, having no light except the bright cloud that dwelt between the cherubims, the token that God had His dwelling there.

II. *Its contents.*

(1) *The golden censer.* "Which had the golden censer" (ver. 4). This was not the golden altar of incense, which was not in the holiest of all, and is not here mentioned. It is the censer spoken of in Lev. xvi. 12. On the solemn day of atonement, when the high priest entered into the holiest, he first took this *golden censer*, and filled it with burning coals from the altar of burnt-offering. He then entered the holy place, and took a handful of sweet incense from the golden altar of incense, the incense beaten small, and then he drew aside the second veil, and entered the holiest of all, burning the incense all the time. He was thus surrounded with a cloud of fragrant incense as he stood before the mercy-seat.

The meaning of this is very obvious: the Holy Ghost signified by this *Jesus our Intercessor*. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous." This is the Angel of Intercession whom John saw (Rev. viii. 3), offering up the prayers of *all* saints with much incense. The prayers of the highest believers are all sinful and polluted. There is so much unbelief, so much selfishness, so much forgetfulness mingling with all, that every prayer is sin. But if you put them into the golden censer, Jesus Christ the righteous will cover all the sin and offer them up with much incense.

This is the only way of acceptable worship. Is this your way of praying? Have you such a sense of sin that you are ashamed of your prayers? or do you put them into Christ's censer? It is an affecting thought that the censer of Christ is so often empty—so few prayers put into it. Here is the reason why the prayer of the wicked is an abomination to God (Prov. xv. 8). You do not put it into the censer of Jesus to be perfumed with the cloud of incense.

(2) *The ark.*—This was a chest made of shittim wood, and overlaid round about, *i.e.* within and without, with pure gold. The only thing which it contained in its bosom was the *two tables of stone* on which God wrote, with His own finger, the Ten Commandments (1 Kings viii. 9). The ark was the chief thing about the tabernacle. It is the first thing Moses was commanded to make (Ex. xxv.). When Israel brought the ark into the field of battle, the Philistines cried out, "God is come into their camp." It was for the ark of God that Eli's heart trembled; and when his daughter-in-law died, she called her child Ichabod, saying, "The glory is departed from Israel, for the ark of God is taken" (1 Sam. iv. 13-22). It was for looking into the ark of God that God smote the men of Bethshemesh (1 Sam. vi. 19, 20). It was for putting out his hand to touch the ark of God that Uzzah died (2 Sam. vi. 6). It was the ark of God that brought such blessing into the house of Obed-edom (2 Sam. vi. 11). When Solomon had built the temple, all was incomplete until the ark was brought into it; as it is written in the 132nd Psalm ver. 8, "Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest; Thou, and the ark of Thy strength."

Although we have no express warrant in the word of God yet I have no doubt that *the ark* was intended to represent Christ the fulfiller of all righteousness.

Jeremiah spake of Him, xxiii. 6: "This is His name whereby He shall be called, *The Lord our Righteousness;*" and in the 40th Psalm He says to the Father (ver. 8): "I delight to do Thy will, O my God; yea, *Thy law is within my heart.*" And thus, when He came, He told John, "It becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." And Paul tells us, "By the obedience of one shall many be made righteous" (Rom. v.). This is the main thing in the gospel, just as the ark was the main thing under the law. Without the ark, the tabernacle was but an empty form. Without Christ, our law-fulfilling righteousness, religion is but a form and a shadow.

Is the Lord our righteousness the main thing in your soul? Has the ark of God its proper place in your heart? "Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest; Thou, and the ark of Thy strength."

(3) *The hidden manna.*—"Wherein was the golden pot that had manna." When God led Israel through the wilderness, "He fed them with the corn of heaven; man did eat angels' food." He rained down manna on them every morning for forty years. At that time God commanded them to preserve an omer of it (enough for one person) in a golden pot, "that they may see the bread wherewith I have fed you in the wilderness" (Ex. xvi. 32). Paul here tells us it was kept in a *golden* pot, beside the ark within the veil.

There can be no doubt that the manna was a type of *Jesus—the nourishment of His people.* The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven and giveth life unto the world. "I am the bread of life" (John vi. 33). But the hidden manna represented Christ within the veil; and, accordingly, the promise to him that overcometh in the Church of Smyrna runs thus: "To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna" (Rev. ii. 17). Jesus is not to be our food only in the wilderness, but in eternity; we shall still feed on that hidden manna—that bread of God.

(4) *Aaron's rod.*—"And Aaron's rod that budded." This rod was originally the branch of an almond tree, which Moses cut in the wilderness. It became his shepherd's rod. It was the same which God changed into a serpent (Ex. iv. 3–17), and made it the wonder-working rod. By it the waters were made blood, the Red Sea was divided. By the same rod the rock was smitten at Meribah, and gave drink to the many thousands of Israel (Ex. xvii.); and by it the rock was smitten a second time, when Moses spoke unadvisedly with his lips (Num. xx. 9). The same rod was laid up before the Lord in the rebellion of Korah (Num. xvii.), to prove that the priesthood belonged to the family of Aaron. "It budded, and brought forth buds, and blossomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." And God commanded it to be kept in the holiest of all, as a token against the rebels. We have no positive Scripture authority for saying that this rod represented Christ; and yet who can doubt it? Originally an almond wand, growing in the wilderness, it represents Jesus the root out of a dry ground, without form or comeliness, having no beauty that we should desire Him—the man whose name is the Branch.

As the wonder-working rod, it represents Jesus the power of God mighty to save, mighty also to destroy; doing as never man did, and speaking as never man spake, so that the people said, "It was never so seen in Israel."

As smiting the rock, it represents Jesus as the Priest pouring out His soul unto death, submitting to the stroke of His own holy law, consenting to His own death, and bringing out streams of life from His own wounds.

As blossoming and bearing almonds before the Lord, it represents the root out of a dry ground becoming a fruitful vine. It represents the fruitfulness of Jesus' priesthood—that His sufferings are now past, that He blossoms within the veil.

(5) *The mercy-seat.*—This was a lid or covering to the ark of pure gold, of the same length and breadth as the ark itself (Ex. xxv. 17). It was the only lid which the ark had, and it fitted in exactly, so as to cover it close. The two cherubims stood upon it, being of one piece, beaten out of the same pure metal. It was upon this lid that the bright cloud, which showed a present God, rested, so that it was called the mercy-seat.

There can be no doubt that this was intended to represent *Christ our propitiation.* *First,* He is called by this very name (Rom. iii. 25), where the word rendered "a propitiation" is literally "a *mercy-seat.*" *Second,* The mercy-seat was sprinkled with blood. The blood of the bullock and the blood of the goat was sprinkled on the mercy-seat, and before the mercy-seat upon the ground (Lev. xvi. 14, 15). We are nowhere told that the blood was ever wiped off that golden mercy-seat, so that there can be no doubt it was kept perpetually stained with the blood. The bright shining gold of the mercy-seat was kept constantly dimmed with the blood, and the ground before it was kept always stained with the same. *Third,* It was the meeting-place with the sinners. "There will I meet with thee, and commune with thee from off the mercy-seat" (Ex. xxv. 22). It is the same with "the throne of grace." "Let us come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may find mercy" (Heb. iv. 16). Sinners, have you come to this mercy-seat, this throne of grace, this propitiation—all washed with blood? It is here God is willing to meet with you, and bless you, and do you good. Through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins.

(6) *The cherubim.*—"And over it the cherubim of glory

shadowing the mercy-seat." The cherubims were first seen at the entrance of the garden of Eden, one on each side of the flaming sword that kept the way of the tree of life. Moses was commanded to make two of gold (Ex. xxv. 18). They were to be beaten out of the mercy-seat, of the same piece of metal; they were to stand upon the mercy-seat, their wings overshadowing it, and their faces bending toward it. The same creatures seem to be described by Isaiah, as seraphim standing above the throne; and by Ezekiel, as bearing God's throne (Ezek. i. 10); and by John, as standing round it (Rev. iv.).

It is now generally agreed by interpreters that the cherubims were emblems of the Church of the redeemed in heaven. *First*, They were of one piece with the mercy-seat, even as the Church is united to Christ. *Second*, They stood upon the mercy-seat, sprinkled with blood; they have no other standing. The blood that was sprinkled on the mercy-seat sprinkled them also. *Third*, They gazed down upon the mercy-seat, even as the redeemed shall spend eternity in beholding that amazing propitiation, which brought glory to God in the highest, and peace to guilty men. *Fourth*, They are the dwelling-place of God. "Thou that dwellest between the cherubim" (Ps. lxxx. 1); literally, Thou that inhabitest the cherubim. But this is said to be the privilege of the redeemed alone. "An habitation of God through the Spirit." Ye are the temple of the living God. *Fifth*, They sing, "Thou hast redeemed us" (Rev. iv.). Are you ever to be in heaven, dear friends, you must stand there like the cherubims, your feet upon the blood-stained mercy-seat, your eyes fixed on Jesus, our ever-fulfilling Saviour; dwelt in by God, and singing, "Thou hast redeemed me."

III. Let us consider now the meaning of *the chamber itself*, "The holiest of all." It typified three things.

(1) *Christ.*—He was the true holiest of all (Dan. ix. 24). The veil is expressly said to be his flesh (Heb. x. 20). The bright cloud, dwelling in frail boards and curtains, represented God manifest in flesh.

(2) *The gracious presence of God.*—This it undoubtedly means. Heb. x. 19: "Having boldness to enter into the holiest." Believers are there invited to draw near into the holiest—to Him that dwelleth between the cherubims. It is here we are invited to pour out our hearts to God. Have you learned to

spend much of your time within the veil? You would be less moved by all the changes, and bereavements, and disappointments of a passing world. Heb. iv. 16—throne of grace; mourners, come, draw near and pour out your sorrows there.

(3) *Heaven itself.*—"*Into heaven itself*" (ver. 24). Proved also by the promise of the hidden manna: "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and stedfast, and which entereth in within the veil (Heb. vi. 19). Christ is the sum of heaven. He is the *ark* in which God's law eternally dwells—the mercy-seat where we shall ever meet with God. He is *the hidden manna* on which we shall eternally feed. He is *the rod* that budded—the true vine that shall nourish us to all eternity.

Just as the cherubim there stood gazing on the mercy-seat, and on the bright cloud that covered it; so the redeemed shall spend eternity in beholding the glory of God in the face of Christ Jesus. Are you to enter there? you must have blood, the blood of Jesus in your hand. You must have the smoke of the incense around you, and the white linen coat girding you. Thus and thus only will you enter into glory. Even in heaven we must be covered with Christ's death and righteousness. You must live in Christ, and die in Christ, and spend eternity in Christ.

PIECES ALREADY PUBLISHED

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EVIDENCE ON REVIVALS.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES ON THE SUBJECT OF THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN ST. PETER'S PARISH, DUNDEE.

Submitted to a Committee of the Presbytery of Aberdeen.

In December 1840 the Presbytery of Aberdeen appointed a committee to inquire into the revivals which had recently occurred in different parts of the country, or were taking place at that time. The committee, besides hearing evidence *viva voce*, issued queries which were sent, amongst other ministers, to Mr M'Cheyne. The following are copies of these queries, and of his answers:—

"I. Have revivals taken place in your parish or district; and if so, to what extent, and by what instrumentality and means?

"II. Do you know what was the previous character and habits of the parties?

"III. Have any who are notorious for drunkenness, or other immoralities, neglect of family duties or public ordinances, abandoned their evil practices, and become remarkable for their diligence in the use of the means of grace?

"IV. Could you condescend on the number of such cases?

"V. Has the conduct of any of the parties been hitherto consistent; and how long has it lasted?

"VI. Have the means to which the revivals are ascribed been attended with beneficial effects on the religious condition of the people at large?

"VII. Were there public manifestations of physical excitement, as in audible sobs, groans, cries, screams, etc.?

"VIII. Did any of the parties throw themselves into unusual postures?

"IX. Were there any who fainted, fell into convulsions, or were ill in other respects?

"X. How late have you ever known revival meetings last?

"XI. Do you approve or disapprove of these meetings upon the whole? In either case, have the goodness to state why.

"XII. Was any death occasioned, or said to be occasioned, by over-excitement in any such case? If so, state the circumstances, in so far as you know them.

"XIII. State any other circumstances connected with revivals in your parish or district, which, though not involved in the foregoing queries, may tend to throw light upon the subject."

Additional Queries.

"XIV. What special circumstances in the preaching or ministrations of the instruments appear to have produced the results in each particular case which may have come under your notice?

"XV. Did the person or persons whom you described as the instruments in producing the effects above adverted to address children? At what hour? In what special terms? And what might be the age of the youngest of them?"

MR. M'CHEYNE'S ANSWERS.

Answer to Query I.—It is my decided and solemn conviction, in the sight of God, that a very remarkable and glorious work of God, in the conversion of sinners and edifying of saints, has taken place in this parish and neighbourhood. This work I have observed going on from the very beginning of my ministry in this place in November 1836, and it has continued to the present time; but it was much more remarkable in the autumn of 1839, when I was abroad on a Mission of Inquiry to the Jews, and when my place was occupied by the Rev. W. C. Burns. Previous to my going abroad, and for several months afterwards, the means used were of the ordinary kind. In addition to the services of the Sabbath, in the summer of 1837, a meeting was opened in the church, on Thursday evenings, for prayer, exposition of Scripture, reading accounts of missions, revivals of religion, etc.; Sabbath schools were formed, private prayer-meetings were encouraged, and two weekly classes for young men and young women were instituted, with a very large attendance. These means were accompanied with an evident blessing from on high in many instances. But there was no visible or general movement among the people until August 1839, when, immediately after the beginning of the Lord's work at Kilsyth, the word of God came with such power to the hearts and consciences of the people here, and their thirst for hearing it became so intense, that the evening classes in the schoolroom were changed into densely crowded congregations in the church, and for nearly four months it was found desirable to have public worship almost every night. At this time, also, many prayer-meetings were formed, some of which were strictly private or fellowship meetings, and others, conducted by persons of some Christian experience, were open to persons under concern about their souls. At the time of my return from the Mission to the Jews, I found thirty-nine such meetings held weekly in connection with the congregation, and five of these were conducted and attended entirely by little children. At present, although many changes have taken place, I believe the number of these meetings is not much diminished. Now, however, they are nearly all of the more private kind—the deep and general anxiety which led to many of them being open having in a great degree subsided. Among the many ministers who have assisted here from time to time, and especially in the autumn of 1839, I may mention Mr. Macdonald of Urquhart, Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney, Mr. Bonar of Larbert, Mr. Bonar of Kelso, and Mr. Somerville of Anderston. Some of these were present here for a considerable time, and I have good reason for believing that they were eminently countenanced by God in their labours.

As to the extent of this work of God, I believe it is impossible to speak decidedly. The parish is situated in the suburb of a city containing 60,000 inhabitants. The work extended to individuals residing in all quarters of the town, and belonging to all ranks and denominations of the people. Many hundreds, under deep concern for their souls, have come, from first to last, to converse with the ministers: so that I am deeply persuaded, the number of those who have received saving benefit is greater than any one will know till the judgment-day.

II., III. The previous character of those who seem to have been converted was very various. I could name not a few in the higher ranks of life that seem evidently to have become new creatures, who previously lived a worldly life, though unmarked by open wickedness. Many, again, who were before nominal Christians, are now living ones. I could name, however, far more, who have been turned from the paths of open sin and profligacy, and have found pardon and purity in the blood of the Lamb, and by the Spirit of our God; so that we can say to them, as Paul said to the Corinthians, "Such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified," etc. I often think, when conversing with some of these, that the change they have undergone might be enough to convince an atheist that there is a God, or an infidel that there is a Saviour.

IV. It is not easy for a minister, in a field like this, to keep an exact account of all the cases of awakening and conversion that occur; and there are many of which he may never hear. I have always tried to mark down the circumstances of each awakened soul that applied to me, and the number of these, from first to last, has been very great. During the autumn of 1839, not fewer than from 600 to 700 came to converse with the ministers about their souls; and there were many more, equally concerned, who never came forward in this way. I know many who appear to have been converted, and yet have never come to me in private; and I am every now and then meeting with cases of which I never before heard. Indeed, eternity alone can reveal the true number of the Lord's hidden ones among us.

V. With regard to the consistency of those who are believed to have been converted, I may first of all remark, that it must be acknowledged, and should be clearly understood, that many who came under concern about their souls, and seemed for a time to be deeply convinced of sin, have gone back again to the world. I believe that, at that remarkable season in 1839, there were very few persons who attended the meetings without being more or less affected. It pleased God at that time to bring an awfully solemn sense of divine things over the minds of men. It was, indeed, the day of our merciful visitation. But many allowed it to slip past them without being saved; and these have sunk back, as was to be expected, into their former deadness and impenitence. Alas! there are some among us, whose very looks remind you of that awful warning, " Quench not the Spirit."

Confining our view, however, to those who, as far as ministers could judge by the rules of God's word, seemed to be savingly converted, I may with safety say that I do not know of more than two who have openly given the lie to their profession. Other cases of this kind may have occurred, but they are unknown to me. More, I have little doubt, will eventually occur; for the voice of God teaches us to expect such things. Some of those converted have now walked consistently for four years; the greater part from one to two years. Some have had their falls into sin, and have thus opened the mouths of their adversaries; but the very noise that this has made, shows that such instances are very rare. Some have fallen into spiritual darkness; many, I fear, have left their first love; but yet I see nothing in all this but what is incident in the case of every Christian church. Many there are among us, who are filled with light and peace, and are examples to the believers in all things. We had an additional communion season at my return from the Continent, which was the happiest and holiest that I was ever present at. The Monday was entirely devoted to thanksgiving, and a thank-offering was made among us to God for His signal mercies. The times were hard, and my people are far from wealthy, yet the sum contributed was £71. This was devoted to missionary purposes. It is true that those whom I esteem as Christians do often grieve me by their inconsistencies; but still I cannot help thinking that, if the world were full of such, the time would be come when "they shall neither hurt nor destroy in all God's holy mountain."

VI. During the progress of this work of God, not only have many individuals been savingly converted, but important effects have also been produced upon the people generally. It is indeed amazing and truly affecting to see that thousands living in the immediate vicinity of the spot where God has been dealing so graciously, still continue sunk in deep apathy in regard to spiritual things, or are running on greedily in open sin. While many from a distance have become heirs of glory, multitudes, I fear, of those who live within the sound of the Sabbath bell continue to live on in sin and misery. Still, however, the effects that have been produced upon the community are very marked. It seems now to be allowed, even by the most ungodly, that there is such a thing as conversion. Men cannot any longer deny it. The Sabbath is now observed with greater reverence than it used to be; and there seems to be far more of a solemn awe upon the minds of men than formerly. I feel that I can now stop sinners in the midst of their open sin and wickedness, and command their reverent attention, in a way that I could not have done before. The private meetings for prayer have spread a sweet influence over the place. There is far more solemnity in the house of God; and it is a different thing to preach to the people now from what it once was. Any minister of spiritual feeling can discern that there are many praying people in the congregation. When I came first here, I found it impossible to establish Sabbath schools on the local system; while, very lately, there were instituted with ease nineteen such schools, that are well taught and well attended.

VII., VIII., IX. As I have already stated, by far the most remarkable season of the working of the Spirit of God in this place, was in 1839, when I was abroad. At that time there were many seasons of remarkable solemnity, when the house of God literally became "a Bochim, a place of weepers." Those who were privileged to be present at these times will, I believe, never forget them. Even since my return, however, I have myself frequently seen the preaching of the word attended with so much power, and eternal things brought so near, that the feelings of the people could not be restrained. I have observed at such times an awful and breathless stillness pervading the assembly; each hearer bent forward in the posture of rapt attention; serious men covered their faces to pray that the arrows of the King of Zion might be sent home with power to the hearts of sinners. Again, at such a time, I have heard a half-suppressed sigh rising from many a heart, and have seen many bathed in tears. At other times I have heard loud sobbing in many parts of the Church, while a deep solemnity pervaded the whole audience. I have also, in some instances, heard individuals cry aloud, as if they had been pierced through with a dart. These solemn scenes were witnessed under the preaching of different ministers, and sometimes occurred under the most tender gospel invitations. On one occasion, for instance, when the minister was speaking tenderly on the words, "He is altogether lovely," almost every sentence was responded to by cries of the bitterest agony. At such times I have seen persons so overcome, that they could not walk or stand alone. I have known cases in which believers have been similarly affected through the fulness of their joy. I have often known such awakenings to issue in what I believe to be real conversion. I could name many of the humblest, meekest believers, who at one time cried out in the church under deep agony. I have also met with cases where the sight of souls thus pierced has been blessed by God to awaken careless sinners who had come to mock.

I am far from believing that these signs of deep alarm always issue in conversion, or that the Spirit of God does not often work in a more quiet manner. Sometimes, I believe, He comes like the pouring rain; sometimes like the gentle dew. Still I would humbly state my conviction that it is the duty of all who seek the salvation of souls, and especially the duty of ministers, to long and pray for such solemn times, when the arrows shall be sharp in the heart of the King's enemies, and our slumbering congregations shall be made to cry out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?"

X., XI. None of the ministers who have been engaged in the work of God here have ever used the name "revival meeting"; nor do they approve of its use. We are told in the Acts that the apostles preached and taught the gospel daily; yet their meetings are never called revival meetings. No other meetings have taken place here, but such as were held for the preaching and teaching of the gospel, and for prayer. It will not be maintained by any one that the meetings in the sanctuary every Lord's day are intended for any other purpose than the revival of genuine godliness, through the conversion of sinners and the edification of saints. All the meetings in this place were held, I believe, with a single eye to the same object. There seems, therefore, to be no propriety in applying the name peculiarly to any meetings that have been held in this place. It is true, indeed, that on week evenings there is not generally the same formality as on Sabbaths; the congregation are commonly dressed in their working clothes, and the minister speaks with less regular preparation.

During the autumn of 1839 the meetings were in general dismissed at ten o'clock; although in several instances the state of the congregation seemed to be such as to demand that the minister should remain still longer with them, that they might counsel and pray with the awakened. I have myself once or twice seen the service in the house of God continue till about midnight. On these occasions the emotion during the preaching of the word was so great, that after the blessing had been pronounced at the usual hour, the greater part of the people remained in their seats or occupied the passages, so that it was impossible to leave them. In consequence of this, a few words more were spoken suited to the state of awakened souls; singing and prayer filled up the rest of the time. In this way the meeting was prolonged by the very necessity of the case. On such occasions I have often longed that all the ministers in Scotland were present, that they might learn more deeply what the true end of our ministry is. I have never seen or heard of anything indecorous at such meetings; and on all such occasions, the feelings that filled my soul were those of the most solemn awe, the deepest compassion for afflicted souls, and an unutterable sense of the hardness of my own heart. I do entirely and solemnly approve of such meetings, because I believe them to be in accordance with the word of God, to be pervaded by the Spirit of Christ, and to be ofttimes the birthplaces of precious, never-dying souls. It is my earnest prayer that we may yet see greater things than these in all parts of Scotland.

XII. There was one death that took place in very solemn circumstances at the time of the work of God in this place, and this was ascribed by many of the enemies to religious excitement. The facts of the case, however, which were published at the time, clearly show that this was a groundless calumny.

XIII. I have been led to examine with particular care the accounts that have been left us of the Lord's marvellous works in the days that are past, both in our own land and in other parts of the world, in order that I might compare these with what has lately taken place at Dundee, and in other parts of Scotland. In doing this, I have been fully convinced that the outpouring of the Holy Spirit at the Kirk of Shotts, and again, a century after, at Cambuslang, etc., in Scotland, and under the ministry of President Edwards in America, was attended by the very same appearances as the work in our own day. Indeed, so completely do they seem to agree, both in their nature and in the circumstances that attended them, that I have not heard a single objection brought against the work of God now which was not urged against it in former times, and that has not been most scripturally and triumphantly removed by Mr. Robe in his *Narrative*, and by President Edwards in his invaluable *Thoughts on the Revival of Religion in New England:* "And certainly we must throw by all talk of conversion and Christian experience; and not only so, but we must throw by our Bibles, and give up revealed religion, if this be not in general the work of God."

XIV. I do not know of anything in the ministrations of those who have occupied my pulpit that may with propriety be called peculiar, or that is different from what I conceive ought to characterise the services of all true ministers of Christ. They have preached, so far as I can judge, nothing but the pure gospel of the grace of God. They have done this fully, clearly, solemnly; with discrimination, urgency, and affection. None of them read their sermons. They all, I think, seek the *immediate* conversion of the people, and they believe that, under a living gospel ministry, success is more or less the rule, and want of success the exception. They are, I believe, in general, peculiarly given to secret prayer; and they have also been accustomed to have much united prayer when together, and especially before and after engaging in public worship. Some of them have been peculiarly aided in declaring the terrors of the Lord, and others in setting forth the fulness and freeness of Christ as the Saviour of sinners; and the same persons have been, at different times, remarkably assisted in both these ways. So far as I am aware, no unscriptural doctrines have been taught, nor has there been a keeping back of any part of "the whole counsel of God."

XV. The ministers engaged in the work of God in this place, believing that children are lost, and may through grace be saved, have therefore spoken to children as freely as to grown persons;

and God has so greatly honoured their labours, that many children, from ten years old and upwards, have given full evidence of their being born again. I am not aware of any meetings that have been held peculiarly for children, with the exception of the Sabbath schools, the children's prayer meetings, and a sermon to children on the Monday evening after the Communion. It was commonly at the public meetings in the house of God that children were impressed; often also in their own little meetings, when no minister was present.

26*th March* 1841.

ANOTHER LILY GATHERED.[1]

CONVERSION OF JAMES LAING.

"My beloved is gone down into His garden to gather lilies."—SONG vi. 2.

GOD loves His mighty works to be remembered. We easily forget the most amazing displays of His love and power, and therefore it is right often to set up a stone of remembrance. When Israel passed over Jordan on dry land, God commanded Joshua to take twelve stones out of the dry bed of the river, and to set them up at Gilgal, for a memorial, "that all the people of the earth might know the hand of the Lord, that it is mighty" (Josh. iv. 24). Whenever the children of Israel looked upon these massy stones, they would remember how God brought their fathers through the swellings of Jordan.

God has done great things for us in this corner of His vineyard, whereof we are glad. The Word has often grown mightily and prevailed. Many old sinners and many young ones have given clear evidence of a saving change. And though we cannot say that "the Lord added to the church *daily* such as should be saved," yet we can say that from the first day until now, He has never left Himself without a witness.

We have done little in the way of making known the doings of the Lord. The record of many a saved soul is on high, and many in their heavenly walk amid a polluted world are living monuments of what a God of grace can do. In this little narrative we would raise up an humble stone to the memory of a dear boy who now sleeps in Jesus, and to the praise of that God and Saviour who planted, watered, and gathered His own lily.

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[1] Published by Gall & Inglis, Edinburgh, of whom it may be had in a separate form.

James Laing was born on 28th July 1828, and lost his mother before he was eight years old. Of the living members of the family I do not mean to speak; they have not yet finished their course, but are still in the valley of tears, and trials, and temptations. This only must be noticed, that not long after God took away the mother, He dealt so graciously with the elder sister, that she was henceforth fitted to watch over the other children with a mother's tenderness.

James was seized with the same fever as that of which his mother died, and he never enjoyed good health afterwards. He was naturally a very quiet and reserved boy, not so rough in his language as many of the boys around. One day, when he was lying on his dying bed, I was asking his sister what kind of boy he had been. She said that he was as wicked as other boys, only he did not swear. After I was gone, he told his sister that she was wrong. He never used to swear at home, because he was afraid he would be punished for it; but when among his companions he often used to swear. "Ah!" added he, "it is a wonder God did not send me to hell when I was a swearer." Another day, hearing some boys swearing near his window, he said, "It is a wonder God did not leave me to swear among these boys yet." Such was the early life of this boy. He did not know the God who guided him, and in whose hand his breath was; and such is the life of most of our children—they "cast off fear, and restrain prayer before God."

The Holy Spirit strives even with children. And when they grieve Him, and resist His awakening hand, He suffers long with them. The first time that James showed any concern for his soul was in the autumn of 1839. It was a solemn time in this place; St. Peter's was like Bethel. The divine ladder was set down in the midst of the people, and its top reached up to heaven, and even strangers were forced to say, "Surely God is in this place." Oh that these sweet days would come back again! His elder brother, Alexander, a sailor boy, was at that time awakened, and the same glorious Spirit seemed to visit James for a time. One evening their sister Margaret, returning home from a meeting, found her two brothers on their knees earnestly crying for mercy. She did not interrupt them; but Alexander afterwards said to her, "Jamie feels that he needs Christ too. We will easily know if he be in earnest, for then he will not need to be bidden to pray." The test was a trying one; James soon gave up secret prayer, and proved that his goodness was like a morning cloud and the early dew which goeth away. This is the mark of the hypocrite laid down by Job, "Will he always call upon God?" (Job xxvii. 10).

Another night Margaret observed James coming from the prayer-meeting in the school in great distress. He kept close by the wall of the church, that he might escape observation. He was much concerned that night, and, after retiring to rest, said to his sister, in his own Scottish dialect, "There's me come awa' *without Christ* to-night again."

One Thursday evening he attended the weekly meeting held in the church. The passage explained was Rom. iv. 4–6, and sinners were urged to receive the "righteousness without works." Many were deeply affected, and would not go away even after the blessing. James was one of those who remained, and when I came to him he was weeping bitterly. I asked him if he cared for his soul: he said, "Whiles." I asked if he prayed: he said, "Yes." He was much concerned on his return home that night, both for others and for his own soul. But these dewdrops were soon dried up again.

He attended the Sabbath school in the lane where their cottage stands. Often, when the teacher was reading the Bible or some awakening anecdote, the tears flowed down his cheeks; but he tried to conceal his emotion from the other boys, lest they should laugh at him. He afterwards said in his last illness, "Oh that I had just another night of the Sabbath school! I would not care though they should laugh at me now." Sometimes, during the reading and prayer in the family, the word of God was like a fire to him, so that he could not bear it; and after it was over, he would run to his wild companions in order to drown the cries of his awakened conscience.

In July 1841 he went up to Glammis for his health. I was preaching in the neighbourhood, and he wished much to go and hear, but was not able to walk the distance, One night he heard Mr. Cormick of Kirriemuir preach in a cottage on John vii. 37. He felt it deeply, and wept bitterly; but he remarked that none of the people wept. He knew well when people showed any concern for their soul; and he often remarked that to be anxious is not to be *in Christ*. When he came home, he spoke much of the carelessness of the people where he had been. "Ah, Margaret, there was no Bible read yonder. The people a' went to their bed just as if there had not been a God." What a faithful picture is this of the state of many of our country parishes!

One night after his return, a neighbour was sitting by the fire reading the work of an old divine. It stated that even carmal men sometimes receive a conviction they never can forget. She turned to James, and asked him if he had never received a conviction that he could not forget. "Yes," he said, "I can never forget it; but we cannot seek Christ twice." Thus did the long-suffering of God wait upon this little boy, the good Spirit strove with him, and Jesus stood at the door and knocked; but he would not hear.

The day of Immanuel's power, and the time of love, was, however, near at hand. As the cold winds of October set in, his sickly frame was much affected: he became weak and breathless. One Tuesday, in the end of October, he turned decidedly worse, and became intensely anxious about the salvation of his soul. His lamentable cry was, "Oh, Jesus, save me—save me!" Margaret asked if his concern was real, for he had often deceived her hopes before. He wept, and said, "Yes." His body was greatly pained; but he forgot all in the intense anxiety for his precious, never-dying soul. On the Saturday I paid a visit to their humble cottage, and found the little sufferer sitting by the fire. He began to weep bitterly while I spoke to him of Jesus having come into the world *to save sinners.* I was enabled in a simple manner to answer the objections that sinners make to an immediate closing with Christ. Margaret wondered; for the minister could not have spoken more to the case of her brother if he had known it; and she inwardly thanked God, for she saw that He was directing it. James spent the rest of the day on his knees in evident distress of soul. Oh, how little the most of those called Christians know what it is to pass through such deep waters! Margaret asked him if he was seeking Jesus: he said, "Yes." She asked, "If he would like anything—a bit of bread?" he said, "No; but I would take a bit of the bread of life if you would give it me." She replied, "I cannot give you that; but if you seek it, you will get it." He remained alone till evening, and was never off his knees. Towards night he came to the other end of the cottage, and put this question: "Have I only to believe that Jesus died for sinners? Is that all?" He was told, "Yes." "Well, I believe that Jesus died for me, for I am a poor, hell-deserving sinner. I have been praying all this afternoon, that when Jesus shed His blood for sinners, He would sprinkle some of it upon me, and *He did it.*" He then turned up Rom. v. 8, and read these words, "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." His sister wept for joy, and James added, "I am not afraid to die now, for Jesus has died for me." Often after this he bade his sister read to him Rom. v., Ps. ciii., and Ps. cxvi. These were favourite portions with him.

From that day it was a pleasant duty indeed to visit the cottage of this youthful inquirer. Many a happy hour have I spent beneath that humble roof. Instead of dropping passing remarks, I used generally to open up a passage of the word, that he might grow in knowledge. I fear that, in general, we are not sufficiently careful in *regularly instructing* the sick and dying. A pious expression and a fervent prayer are not enough to feed the soul that is passing through the dark valley. Surely if sound and spiritual nourishment is needed by the soul at any time, it is in such an hour, when Satan uses all his arts to disturb and destroy.

One Thursday afternoon I spoke to him on Matt. xxiii. 37: "How often would I have gathered your children." He was in great darkness that day, and, weeping bitterly, said, "I fear I have never been gathered to Christ; but if I have never been gathered, oh that I were gathered to Christ *now!*" After I was gone he said, "It would give me no peace though the minister and everybody said I was a Christian, if I had not *the sense* of it between God and myself."

He was very fond of the Song of Solomon, and many parts of it were opened up to him. One day I spoke on Song v. 13: "His lips are like lilies, dropping sweet-smelling myrrh." I told him that these were some of the drops that fell from the lips of Jesus: "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." "I came to seek and to save that which was lost." "Wilt thou be made whole?" "I gave unto them eternal life." He said solemnly, "That's fine."

Another day, Song i. 5, "I am black, but comely," was explained. He said, "I am black as hell in myself, but I'm all fair in Jesus." This was ever after a common expression of his. Another day I spoke on Song v. 15: "His legs are like pillars of marble set upon sockets of fine gold;" and showed the almighty strength of the Lord Jesus. The next day when I came in, I asked him how he was; but, without answering my question, he said, "I am glad you told me that about Jesus' legs being like pillars of marble, for now I see that He is able to carry me and all my sins."

On one occasion he said, "I am glad this psalm is in the Bible." "What psalm?" He answered, "'Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale.' He has promised to be with me, and God is as good as His word."

At another time I read to him Isa. xliii. 2: "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee;" and explained that when he came to the deep, deep waters, the Lord Jesus would put His foot down beside his, and wade with him. This often comforted him, for he believed it as firmly as if he had seen the pierced foot of Jesus placed beside his own; and he said to Margaret, "If Christ put down His foot beside mine, then I have nothing to fear."

One Sabbath I had been preaching on Caleb following the Lord fully (Num. xiv. 24), and had stated that every sin committed after conversion would take away something from the believer's weight of eternal glory. Alexander, his brother, was present, it being his only Sabbath on shore. He was much troubled, and said, "Ah! I fear mine will be all lost." He told the statement to James, who was also troubled. Alexander said, "You don't need to be troubled, Jamie; you are holy." James wept, and said, "I wonder to hear you speak." Alexander said, "Ah! but you are holier than me."

In the same sermon I had said that if believers did nothing for Christ, they would get in at the door of heaven, but nothing more. The sailor-boy told this to his brother, who wept again, saying, "I have done nothing for Christ." Alexander said he had done less. James added, "I would like to be *near* Jesus. I could not be happy unless I was near Him." Speaking of those who had gone to glory long ago, James said that "those who died in Christ now, and did most for Him, Jesus would take them *in by* (that is, near to Himself), though they were late of coming."

How lovely this simple, domestic scene! Happy families; but, ah! how few where the children fear the Lord, and speak often one to another. Surely the Lord stands behind the wall hearkening, and He will write their words in His book of remembrance. "And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up My jewels."

Some of my dear brethren in the ministry visited this little boy, to see God's wonderful works in him, and to be helpers of his joy. It is often of great importance, in visiting the dying, to call in the aid of a fellow-labourer. Different lines of testimony to the same Saviour are thus brought to meet in the chamber of sorrow. In the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established. Mr. Cumming of Dumbarney, visiting him one day, asked him if he suffered much pain. *James*—"Sometimes." *Mr. C.*—"When you are in much pain, can you think on the sufferings of the Lord Jesus?" *James*—"When I see what Jesus suffered for me, it takes away my pain. Mine is nothing to what He suffered." He often repeated these words: "My light affliction, which is but for a moment."

At another time, Mr. Miller of Wallacetown called with me, and our little sufferer spoke very sweetly on eternal things. *Mr. M.*—"Would you like to get better?" *James*—"I would like the will of God." *Mr. M.*—"But if you were getting better, would you just live as you did before?" *James*—"If God did not give me grace, I would." During the same visit I was asking Margaret when he was first awakened. She told me of his first concern, and then of the first day I had called. James broke in, and said, "Ah! but we must not lean upon that." His meaning was, that past experiences are not the foundation of a sinner's peace. I never met with any boy who had so clear a discovery of the way of pardon and acceptance through the doing and dying of the Lord Jesus, laid to our account. One time I visited him, I said, "I have been thinking of this verse to-day: 'The Lord is well pleased for His righteousness' sake'" (Isa. xlii. 21). He said, "Explain that to me, for I don't understand it." I opened it up to him, but I feared he did not take up the meaning. Some days after he said to his sister, "Margaret, I have been thinking of a sweet verse to-day." She asked what it was; but it had slipped from his memory. *M.*—"Was it about Christ?" *James*—"Ay." She quoted one. *James*—"No, that's not it." At length she quoted, "The Lord is well pleased," etc. "Ah! that's it," he said; "I was thinking it's no' for my righteousness' sake, but for *His* righteousness' sake." This showed how fully he embraced what so few comprehend—the way of salvation by "the obedience of one" for many. Surely God was his teacher, for God alone can reveal the sweetness and glory of this truth to the soul of man!

Mr. Bonar of Collace often visited him, and these were sweet visits to little James. One day, when Mr. Bonar had been opening up some Scripture to him, he said, "Do you *know* what I am saying, Jamie?" *James*—"Yes, but I canna get at it (I cannot feel its power); I see it all." *Mr. B.*—"I think there would be a pleasure in seeing the people drink when Moses struck the rock, even though one did not get a drink themselves." *James*—" Ah! but I would like a drink."

One of the loveliest features in the character of this little boy was his intense love to the souls of men. He often spoke with me on the folly of men living without Christ in the world. I shall never forget the compassionate glance of his clear blue eye as he said, "What a pity it is that they do not a' come to Christ!—they would be sic happy." He often reminded me of the verse: "Love is of God, and every one that loveth is born of God" (1 John iv. 7).

One Sabbath evening I spoke to the scholars in the Sabbath school about him. When the school was over, they all came into his cottage to see him. The little throng stood silent round his bed, while he spoke to them with great solemnity. "You all know what I was; I was no better than you; but the Holy Spirit opened my eyes, and I saw that I was on the very brink of hell. Then I cried to Jesus to save me, and give me a new heart; I put my finger on the promise, and would not come away without it: and He gave me a new heart; and He is as willing to give you all a new heart. I have sinned with you; now I would like you to come to Christ with me. You would be far happier in Christ than at your play. There are sweeter pleasures in Christ. Here are two awful verses to me:—

'There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains;
There sinners must with devils dwell
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heaven ascend?'"

Then, pointing to the fire, he said, "You could not keep your finger long there; but remember hell is a *lake of fire.* I would give you all a prayer to pray to-night. Go and tell Jesus that you are poor, lost, hell-deserving sinners, and tell Him to give you a new heart. Mind, He's willing, and oh, be earnest!—ye'll no get it unless ye be earnest."

These were nearly his very words. Strange scene! a dying boy speaking to his fellows. They were impressed for a time, but it soon wore away. Several Sabbath evenings the same scene was renewed. The substance of all his warnings was, "Come to Christ and get a new heart." He often told me afterwards that he had been inviting them to Christ, "but," he added, "*they'll no come.*"

One evening during the week, a number of the children came in. After speaking to them in a very solemn manner, he took from under his pillow a little book called *A Letter about Jesus Christ.* He turned up the part where it tells of six boys laying their finger on the promise (Ezek. xxxvi. 26), and pleading for its fulfilment. He was not able to read it to them, but he said he would give it to them; and each boy should keep it two days, and read it, and *do the same.* The boys were much impressed, and agreed to the proposal.

One day, during his illness, his sister found him crying very bitterly. She asked him what ailed him. He said, "Do you remember when I was at the day-school at the time of the Revival? One day when we were writing our copies, one of the boys had been *some anxious* about his soul; he wrote a line to me on a slip of paper: '*Ezek.* xxxvi. 26. *To James Laing. Pray over it.*' I took the paper, read it, and tore it, and threw it on the floor, and laughed at the boy. Oh, Margaret, if I hadna laughed at him, maybe he would have sought Christ until he had *found* Him! Maybe I have been the means of ruining his soul to all eternity!" In how touching a manner this shows the tenderness of his care for the souls of others; and also how a rash word or deed, little thought of at the time, may plant a sting in the dying pillow.

One night I went with my little cousin to see James. I said, "I have brought my Jamie to see you." He took him kindly by the hand, and said, "We're twa Jamies thegither. May we both meet in heaven. Be earnest to get Christ. You'll no' get Christ unless you are earnest." When we were gone, he said to his sister, "Although Jamie bides with the minister, unless the Spirit open his eyes, he canna get Christ."

His knowledge of the peculiar doctrines of the gospel was very wonderful. It was not mere *head knowledge*—it came fresh and clear from the heart, like spring water welling up from a great depth. He felt the *sovereignty* of God very deeply. Once I quoted to him the hymn—

"Chosen not for good in me."

He said, "I am sure it was for naething in me. I am a hell-deserving sinner." Often, when speaking of the great things God had done for their family, he would say, "Ah! Margaret, I wonder that Christ would look in here and take us." Once he said, "I wonder how Jesus died for such a sinner as me. Why me, Lord, why me?"

The greatest want in the religion of children is generally *sense of sin.* Artless simplicity and confidence in what is told are in some respects natural to children; and this is the reason why we are so often deceived by promising appearances in childhood. The reality of grace in a child is best known by his sense of sin. Little James often wondered "how God sent His servant sic often to him, such a hell-deserving sinner." This was a common expression of his. On one occasion he said, "I have a wicked, wicked heart, and a tempting devil. He'll not let me alone, but this is all the hell that I'll get. Jesus bore my hell already. Oh, Margaret, this wicked heart of mine would be hell enough for me though there was no other! But there are no wicked hearts in heaven." Often he prayed, "Come, Holy Spirit, and make me holy—make me like Jesus."

The way of salvation through *the righteousness of Christ* was always sweet to him. He had an uncommon grasp of it; Christ crucified was all his salvation and all his desire. One day his sister said to him, "You must meet death in Jesus, and go to the judgment-seat in Jesus, and spend eternity in Jesus. You will be as hell-deserving in yourself when you stand before the throne as now." He smiled sweetly, and said, "Oh, Margaret, I see it must be all Jesus from beginning to end!"

Another time a little boy who was in concern for his soul came to see James, and told him how many chapters he had read, and how often he had prayed. James did not answer at the time, but a little after he said to his sister, "David was here, and told me how many chapters he had read, etc. I see he's upon the working plan; but I must tell him that it's no' his reading, nor yet his praying, but Jesus alone that must save him."

Another day he said, "The devil is letting me see that this word and another word in my prayer is sin, but I just tell him it is *all* sin. I bid him go to Jesus, there is no sin in Him; and I have taken Him to be my Saviour."

He had a very clear discovery of the dead and helpless condition of the carnal mind, and of the *need of the Holy Spirit* to convert the soul. Telling me once of the boy under concern, and of what he had been saying to him, he added, "But it is nonsense to speak of these things without the Holy Spirit." At another time I was speaking on John xiv. 1. He seemed to be thinking about something else, and suddenly said, "When we lose our first love, it's no' easy getting our second love; only the Spirit of God can give it."

Often, when he saw the family preparing to go to church, he would pray that I might be filled with the Holy Spirit in speaking, so that some sinners might be caught. "I mind often sitting on the pulpit stairs careless; I would like if I had that place again. If I had but one sermon, I would not be so careless now." He often wished to be carried to the church, but was never able to bear the exertion.

He was no stranger to *temptations* from the wicked one. I scarcely ever visited him but he spoke to me of these. Once he said, "The devil often tempts me to think upon good people, but I tell him it is Christ I want." Another time, "What do you think? The devil now tempts me to believe that I'll never be saved, because I have repented on my death-bed." Often, when tempted, he would cry, "If I perish, I'll perish at Christ's feet." A few days before he died, he said, "I am afraid I will not be saved yet, for the devil will catch my soul as it leaves my body. But Jesus says, 'Ye shall never perish.' If I am in the hand of Jesus, the devil cannot pluck me out there."

Once I found him kneeling on a pillow by the fire; he complained of great darkness, and doubted his interest in Christ. I told him that we must not close with Christ because we feel Him, but because God has said it, and that we must take God's word even in the dark. After that he always seemed to trust God in the dark, even at times when he had no inward evidence of being Christ's. At one of these times, a believer, who is often in great darkness, came in, and asked him, "When you are in darkness, Jamie, how do you do? Can you go to Jesus?" He answered, in his own pointed manner, "Annie, woman, *I have no ither gate to gang.*"

The last text I explained to him was 2 Tim. iv. 7: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." I was wonderfully helped in showing him that, from conversion to coronation, the life of a believer was one continued fight. He said, "Would you not think that the devil would let a poor young creature like me alone? but he's an awful tempter."

He had a mind that loved to think on the *deep things* of God. One day a believer called and prayed beside his bed, asking for him that he might be "filled with all the fulness of God." The same person came another day, and before praying inquired, "What shall I ask for you?" He said, "You mind what you sought for me the last time. You prayed that I might be filled with all the fulness of God: I canna get any more than that, but dinna seek any less to-day."

A dear Christian lady used to bring him flowers. She spoke to him of Christ being the "lily of the valley," and on one occasion brought him one. He asked her to pick it out from the rest, and give it into his hand. Holding the gentle flower in his pale wasted fingers, he looked at it, and said, "This might convince the world that there is a God, though there was nothing else. Ay, there is a God—there is a heaven—there is a hell—and there is a judgment-seat—whether they will believe it or no." He said this in a very solemn way, pausing between every member of the sentence.

He loved *singing praise* to God, though not able to join in it himself. He frequently made us sing beside his bed, and often bade them sing the 23rd Psalm. "I have no strength to sing here," he would say; "I have a heart, but not strength: when I get to heaven, I'll be able to sing there." Sometimes he would bid them sing these words, "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord." He often repeated that hymn, and he left it in charge that it should be sung by the scholars on the night of his death. The 65th Paraphrase was also precious to him, especially that part: "Hark how the adoring hosts above." He loved these verses, and often wished that he were among that praising company.

My sister once sent him a hymn: "The fulness of Jesus." He said he liked it all, but he liked the last verse best—

"I long to be with Jesus
  Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
  To learn the angels' song."

He delighted in *secret prayer*. In weakness and pain, yet he spent hours upon his knees, communing with an unseen God. When unable for the outward part of the exercise, he said, "Oh, Margaret, I prayed to Jesus as long as I was able; but now I'm not able, and He does not want it from me; but I'm just always giving Him my heart." Many a night he got no sleep. I asked him if he wearied during the silent watches. He said, "No; His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me." God gave this dear boy a very *calm and cheerful spirit* in the midst of all his trials. Neither bodily pain nor the assaults of the devil could sour his temper, or ruffle his placid brow. At any time when his pain increased, he would say, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good." One time, in deep darkness, he cried out, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Again, when his soul was more in the light, he would say, "I long to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better;" "but then I'm willing to wait the Lord's time; good is the will of the Lord." Again he would say, "I long to be with Jesus. I long to see Jesus that died for me. If I am spared to go out again, I must just go leaning upon these words, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' They will be sure to mock me, but they mocked Jesus before." Once he said to me, "I wondered when I have heard you say that Christ was sweet; but now I feel Him to be *sweet, sweet.*" One time I spoke of the fulness that is in Christ; he said afterwards, "I just think that I am lying with my mouth at Christ, drawing from Him."

On the last day of 1841 he said to his sister, "I will tell you what I would like for my New Year (gift). I would like a praying heart, and a heart to love Christ more." Next day a woman came in, and said, "Poor Jamie! you'll get no fun this New Year's Day." James said, "Poor body, she thinks like as I care for the New Year. I have far better than you have, though you had the whole world. This is the happiest New Year's Day that ever I had, for I have Christ." She was very deaf, and did not hear what he said; but he often pitied that woman, and prayed for her.

At another time his father said, "Poor Jamie!" He replied, "Ah, father, don't call me poor, I am rich; they that have Christ have all things."

A little after the New Year, he said, "Margaret, I am not to die yet, for I have mair to suffer; but I am willing, though it should be for years." On one occasion, when he was suffering much pain, he said, "Five minutes in glory will make up for all this suffering."

When Margaret had to go out with her father's dinner, she used to lock the door, leaving James alone within. On returning, she asked, "Were you wearying, Jamie?" His reply was, "Oh no, Jesus takes care of me when you are out." One of his country friends came in one day to see him, and said, "I am sure you have a weary time of it, Jamie." He said, "Oh no, I *never* weary; Christ keeps me from wearying."

After a very happy communion season in April, "I went to visit him, and he spoke in a most touching manner. "I was not sorry on Sabbath that all the people were sitting at the Lord's table, and me lying here; for I thought I would soon be at the table above with Christ, and then I would be far happier."

In a season of great darkness he said, "Margaret, give me my Bible" (meaning a little book of texts, called *Dewdrops*). When he had got it, he sought out the verse, "The Lord is a stronghold in the day of trouble, and He knoweth them that trust in Him." He said, "Margaret, I'll trust in Him, though I cannot see Him. I will lie down upon that verse." When his bed was made at night, he would take another verse to *lie down upon*, as he called it; so he was fed by the dew and the word.

A young woman who lived in the same lane was awakened to deep concern the same winter that James was brought to Christ. Before her concern she never came in to see James, though her mother often advised her to do so. But when she was brought to feel her sin and misery, she came in every Sabbath night, and was always tenderly kind to James. "How are you to-night, Jamie?" she would say; "you are well off when you can say, I have found Christ." Early in spring this young woman evidently found the true rest for her weary soul in Jesus. She became a candidate for the Lord's table, and was to have been admitted, but God called her away to sit at the table that can never be drawn. She died full of joy, with the praises of God upon her lips. Margaret had been present at this interesting death-bed, and when she returned home she told James. He answered with great composure, "I wish I had been away with her; but I must wait the Lord's time. Betsy is singing now, and I will soon be there too."

James used to take the bitterest medicines without any reluctance. He folded his hands, shut his eyes, and asked God to bless it to him. "Ah! Margaret, if God do not bless it to me, it will do me no good." Often she asked, "Is it not bitter?" He would say, "Yes, but Jesus had a bitterer cup to drink for me."

In the summer of 1841, another remarkable boy, named James Wallace, had died in the Lord. He was one whom God taught in a wonderful manner. He had a singular gift of prayer, and was made useful to many, both old and young. James Laing had known him well in former days. In 1839, a younger brother of James Laing, named Patrick, had died also, not without pleasing marks of having undergone a divine change. It is needful to know these things, to understand the following dream of our little pilgrim.

A short time after he believed, he said, "Margaret, I will tell you my dream." Margaret was afraid of some fancy leading him astray, and asked what it was. *James*—"I thought there was a ladder, the foot of it on earth, and the top of it reached to heaven. I thought it was heaven I saw. There was a great multitude of people, but I knew none of them but Patrick and Jamsie Wallace. When I was standing on the first or second step of the ladder, Jamsie Wallace looked down and said, '*Ay, here's another one coming stepping up.*'" He explained it by referring to Jacob's ladder, and that Jesus is the ladder. Margaret said, "Ay, and you are just on the first step."

He was very fond of the life of John Ross, and nearly had it by heart. He said he was in the same mind. Another little book he loved was, "A Dying Thief and a Dying Saviour." He left it to his father. The hymn at the end of it, "There is a fountain filled with blood," often fed his soul.

He could write a little, and, like John Ross, he used that talent in writing down precious sentences. One of his little papers is now before me: "Stand fast in the Lord. Be ye faithful unto death. Abide in Him, abide in Him. Pray without ceasing. This is the end."

In the latter part of his illness he was used as an instrument in awakening another boy, whose impressions I earnestly hope may never wear away. D. G. had been a very wild boy—so much so, that he was expelled from the Sabbath school. He found his way into James's cottage, and there saw exemplified the truths he would not listen to in school. From that day till James died, David regularly visited him, and learned from him with deepest interest the things that belonged to his peace. James often prayed with him alone. Sometimes both prayed at the same time for a new heart. Margaret was always made to withdraw at these times. He pleaded with this boy to seek Jesus when young, "for it's easier to find Jesus when we are young. Look at Annie (a grown-up person, who had been long under concern), she has been long in seeking Christ, and she is long in finding. Mind what I told you, for I will soon be in heaven." *Boy*—"Will you get to heaven?" *James*—"Oh yes! all that believe in Christ get to heaven, and I believe that Jesus died for me. Now, David, if I see you on the left hand, you will mind that I often bade you come to Christ." *Boy*—"I'll have naebody to pray with me, and tell me about my soul, when you are dead." *James*—"I have bidden Margaret pray for you, and I have told the minister; and go you to our kirk, and he will tell you the way to come to Christ."

Three times a-day did this anxious inquirer seek the prayers and counsels of his youthful instructor, till James's strength gave way, and he could talk no more. The day before he died the boy came in; James could hardly speak, but he looked steadily at him, and said, "*Seek on, David.*"

The last visit I paid to this young Christian was on the Tuesday before he died, in company with Mr. Miller of Wallacetown, and Mr. Smith, one of our Jewish missionaries at Pesth, who was that same day to sail from his native land. After speaking a little we prayed, and I asked what I would pray for him. James said, "Dying grace." He shook hands with us all. When the missionary held his hand, he said, "God's people have much need to pray for you, and for them there." When we had gone out he said, "Maybe I'll never see the minister again."

On the Thursday he said, "Ah! Margaret, mind it's no easy to die. You know nothing about it. Even though you have Christ, it is dark." The same day he bade her give D. G. his Sunday trousers and new boots, that he might go to the church. He gave his father *The Dying Thief;* and said, "I am going to give Alick my Bible" (meaning *Dewdrops*). There was a piece of money under his pillow. He said it was to buy Bibles to them that never heard of Jesus.

His aunt came in on the Friday morning. He said, "Oh, aunt, don't put off seeking Christ to a death-bed, for if I had Christ to seek to-day, what would have become of me? but I have given my heart to Christ." Margaret asked him, "What will I do? I will miss your company in the house." James answered, "You maun just go the mair to Jesus. Do not be ill about me now, when I am dead, Margaret. If I thought that, I would be sorry; and, more than that, God would be angry at you, for I would be far happier. It is better to depart and be with Christ. Ask grace to keep you from it."

All that day he spoke very little. In the evening he grew much worse. His sister wished to sit up with him that night, but he would not allow her. She said, "These eyes will soon see Him whom your soul loves." James said, "Ay." After midnight, Margaret, seeing him worse, arose and woke her father. She tried to conceal her tears; but James saw them, and said, with a look of solemn earnestness, "Oh, woman, I wonder to see you do the like of that!" He spoke little after this, and about one o'clock on the Saturday morning, 11th June 1842, fell asleep in Jesus.

From this affecting history, *all children*, and especially the dear children committed to my care, should learn an impressive lesson. What is said of Abel is true of this dear boy: "He, being dead, yet speaketh." He warned many of you when he was on his dying bed; he prayed for you, and longed for your conversion; and now that he has gone to the world of praise, and holiness, and love, the history of his dying hours is a warning and an invitation to each of you. You see here that you are not too young to have the Holy Spirit striving with you. You are not too young to resist the Holy Ghost. You are not too young to be converted and brought to Christ. If you die without Christ, you will surely perish. The most of you are wicked, idle, profane, prayerless, ungodly children. Many of you are open Sabbath-breakers, liars, and swearers. If you die thus, you will have your part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. You will see this little boy, and others whom you know, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. Oh, repent and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out! You may die very soon. Oh that your latter end may be like his!

Parents also may learn from this to seek the salvation of their children. Alas! most parents in our day are like the cruel ostrich in the wilderness, "which leaveth her eggs in the earth, and warmeth them in the dust; and forgetteth that the foot may crush them, or that the wild beast may break them; she is hardened against her young ones as though they were not hers" (Job xxxix. 14–16). How many of you hold up your children before God and the congregation, and solemnly vow to bring them up for God, to pray for them and in your family with them, and then return to your house with the guilt of perjury upon your soul! Alas, are not the family altars of Scotland for the most part broken down, and lying desolate? Is not family government in most of your houses an empty name? Do not family quarrels, and unholy companies, and profane jests, and sordid worldliness, prevail in most of your tabernacles? What can you expect but that your children shall grow up in your image, formalists, sacrament-breakers, loose livers, fierce, incontinent, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God? Oh that God would touch your hearts by such a tale as this, that you may repent and turn to the Lord, and yearn over your children in the bowels of Jesus Christ! Would you not love to see them fall asleep in Jesus? Would you not love to meet them at the right hand of the Judge? Seek their conversion *now*, if you would meet them in glory *hereafter*. How will you bear to hear their young voices in the judgment, saying, "This father never prayed for me; this mother never warned me to flee from the wrath to come"?

Dear brethren in the ministry, and labourers in the Sabbath school, suffer the word of exhortation from one who is "your brother and companion in tribulation." May we not learn from this to be more earnest, both in prayers and labours, in seeking the salvation of little children? We have here one bright example more in addition to all those who have been recorded before, that God can convert and edify a child with the same ease with which He can change the heart of a grown man. I have with religious care refrained from embellishing, or in any way exaggerating, the simple record of God's dealings with this boy. We must not "speak wickedly for God, nor talk deceitfully for Him." All who knew him can bear witness that I have spoken "the words of truth and soberness." Indeed the half has not been told.

How evident is it, then, that God is willing and able to convert the young! How plain that if God give grace, they can understand and relish divine things as fully as those of mature age! A carnal mind of the first order will evermore despise and reject the way of salvation by Christ; but the mind of a child, quickened by the Holy Spirit, will evermore realise and delight in the rich and glorious mystery of the gospel. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Let us awake from an unbelieving dream. Let us no more be content to labour without fruit. Let us seek the *present* conversion to Christ of our little children. Jesus has reason to complain of us that He can do no mighty works in our Sabbath schools because of our unbelief.

"Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

THIS DO IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME.

The Lord's Supper is the sweetest of all ordinances: 1. *Because of the time when it was instituted.* "The Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread." It was the darkest night that ever was in this world, and yet the brightest—the night when His love to sinners was put to the severest test. How amazing that He should remember our comfort at such a time! 2. *Because it is the believer's ordinance.* It is the duty of all men to pray. God hears even the ravens when they cry, and so He often hears the prayers of unconverted men (Ps. cvii.; Acts viii. 22). It is the duty of all men to hear the preached gospel. "Unto you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." But the Lord's Supper is the children's bread; it is intended only for those who know and love the Lord Jesus. 3. *Because Christ is the beginning, middle, and end of it.* "This do in remembrance of Me." "Ye do show the Lord's death till He come." There are many sermons in which Christ is not from beginning to end; many books where you cannot find the fragrance of His name: but there cannot be a sacrament where Christ is not from beginning to end. Christ is the Alpha and Omega of the Lord's Supper; it is all Christ and Him crucified. These things give a peculiar sweetness to the broken bread and poured-out wine.

I fear the Lord's Supper is profaned in a dreadful manner among you. Many come who are living in positive sins, or in the neglect of positive duties. Many come who know that they were never converted; many who in their hearts ridicule the very thoughts of conversion. Unworthy communicating is a fearful sin; on account of it God is greatly provoked to withdraw His Spirit from you, to visit you with frowns of providence, and to seal you to the day of perdition. Am I become your enemy because I tell you the truth? Deal honestly with your soul, and pray over what I am now writing; and may He who opened the heart of Lydia open your heart while I explain.

THE ACTIONS OF THE COMMUNICANT.

I. *He takes the bread and the wine.*—When the minister offers the bread and wine to those at the table, this represents Christ freely offered to sinners, even the chief. The receiving of the bread and wine means—I do thankfully receive the broken, bleeding Saviour as my Surety. The act of taking that bread and wine is an appropriating act; it is saying before God, and angels, and men, and devils, "I do flee to the Lord Jesus Christ as my refuge." Noah entering into the ark was an appropriating act. Let others fly to the tops of their houses, to their castles and towers, to the rugged rocks, to the summits of the highest mountains,—as for me, I believe the word of God, and flee to the ark as my only refuge (Heb. xi. 7). When the manslayer fled into the city of refuge, it was an appropriating act. As he entered breathless at the gates of Hebron, his friends might cry to him, Flee unto the wilderness! or Flee beyond Jordan! But no, he would say, I believe the word of God, that I shall be safe only within these walls; this is my refuge city, here only will I hide! (Josh. xx.). When an Israelite brought an offering of the herd or of the flock, when the priest had bound it with cords to the horns of the altar, the offerer laid his hands upon the head of the lamb: this was an appropriating act, as much as to say, I take this lamb as dying for me. The world might say, How will this save you? mend your life, give alms to the poor. I believe the word of God, he would say; I do not wish to bear my own sins, I lay them on the Lamb of God (Lev. i. 4). When the woman, trembling, came behind Jesus and touched the hem of His garment, this also was an appropriating act. Her friends might say to her, Come and try some more physicians, or wait till you are somewhat better. No, said she, "If I may but touch His garment, I shall be made whole" (Mark v. 28). In the 42nd Psalm, David's enemies said to him continually, "Where is thy God?" This made tears his meat night and day. It was like a sword in his bones. But in the 43rd Psalm he gathers courage, and says, "I will go unto the altar of God," where the lamb was slain; and then he says, "Unto God, my exceeding joy." You say, I have no God: behold, I take this lamb as slain for me, and therefore God is my God. In the Song of Solomon, when the bride found Him whom her soul loved, she says, "I held Him, and would not let Him go." This was true appropriating faith. The world might say to her, "Come this way, and we will show thee other beloveds, fairer than thy beloved." Nay, saith she, "I held Him, and would not let Him go. This is my beloved, and this is my friend" (Song iii. 4).

Just such, beloved, is the meaning of receiving broken bread and poured-out wine at the Lord's table. It is the most solemn appropriating act of all your lives. It is declaring by signs, "I do enter into the ark; I flee into the city of refuge; I lay my hand on the head of the Lamb; I do touch the hem of His garment; I do take Jesus to be my Lord and my God; I hold Him, and by grace I will never let Him go." It is a deliberate closing with Christ, by means of signs, in the presence of witnesses. When the bride accepts the right hand in marriage before many witnesses, it is a solemn declaration to all the world that she does accept the bridegroom to be her only husband. So, in the Lord's Supper, when you receive that bread and wine, you solemnly declare that, forsaking all others, you heartily do receive the Lord Jesus as your only Lord and Saviour.

If these things be true, should not many stay away from this holy table? Many of you know that a work of grace has never been begun in your heart; you never were made to tremble for your soul; you never were made to pray, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" you never were brought to "rejoice, believing in God." Oh, beloved, let me say it with all tenderness, this table is not for you. Many of you know you are not in a state you would do to die in. You say, "I hope to turn yet before I die." Does not this show that your sins are not covered—that you are not born again—that you are not fled to the hope set before you? This table is not for you. Some of you know well that you have had convictions of sin, but they have passed away. The walls of the house of God have seen you trembling on the brink of eternity, but you were never brought to "peace in believing"—to "peace with God." You have drowned your anxieties in the whirl of business or of pleasure. You have drawn back. Your goodness is like the "morning cloud and early dew, it goeth away." This table is not for you. I speak to your sense of honour and common honesty. In worldly things, would you tell a lie either by word of mouth or by signs? And is it a light matter to tell a lie in eternal things? Will you deliberately declare, by taking the broken bread and poured-out wine, what you know to be a lie? Oh, pray over the story of Ananias and Sapphira, and tremble (Acts v. 1–11). May it not be said in heaven of many, "Thou hast not lied unto men, but unto God?"

A word to trembling, believing souls. This feast is spread for you. "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." If you have faith as a grain of mustard seed, come. If you are "weak in the faith," ministers are commanded to receive you. If on the morning of the communion Sabbath, even for the first time in your life, Christ appear full and free to you, so that you cannot but believe on Him, do not hesitate to come. Come to the table, leaning on the Beloved, and you will have John's place there. You will lean peacefully upon His breast.

II. *He eats the bread and drinks the wine.*—"Take, eat"—"Drink ye all of it." Eating and drinking in this ordinance imply feeding upon Christ. It is said of bread that it "strengtheneth man's heart," and of wine, that it "maketh glad the heart of man." Bread is the staff of life, and wine is very reviving to those who, like Timothy, have often infirmities. They are the greatest nutritive blessings which man possesses. To feed on them in the Lord's Supper is as much as to say, I do feed on Jesus, as my only strength; "in the Lord have I righteousness and strength." To take the bread into the hand is saying by signs, "He is made of God unto me righteousness." To feed upon it is saying, "He is made unto me sanctification."

When Israel fed on manna for forty years, and drank water from the rock, they were strengthened for their journey through the howling wilderness. This was a picture of believers journeying through this world. They feed every day on Christ their strength; He is their daily manna; He is the rock that follows them. When the bride sat under the shadow of the apple-tree, she says, "His fruit was sweet to my taste;" and again, "Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love." Believers, this is a picture of you. No sooner are you sheltered by the Saviour, than you are nourished and renewed by Him. He comforts your hearts, and stablishes you in every good word and work. In the 36th Psalm, when David speaks of men trusting under the wings of the Lord Jesus, he adds, "They shall be abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house, and Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures." Little children, you know by experience what this means. When you were brought to believe on the Son of God, you were adopted into His family, fed with the children's bread, and your heart filled with the holy pleasures of God. The same thing is represented in feeding on the bread and wine. It is a solemn declaration in the sight of the whole world, that you have been put into the clefts of the smitten rock, and that you are feeding on the honey treasured there. It is declaring that you have sat down under Christ's shadow, and that you are comforted and nourished by the fruit of that tree of life. It is saying, "I have come to trust under the shadow of His wings, and now I drink of the river of His pleasures." It is a sweet declaration of your own helplessness and weakness, and that Christ is all your strength—all your life.

If this be true, should not many stay away from the Lord's table? Many of you know that you were never really grafted into the true vine—that you never received any nourishment from Christ—that you never received the Holy Spirit. Many of you know that you are dead branches—that you only *seem* to be united to the vine—that you are the branches that bear no fruit, which He taketh away. Why should you feed on that bread and wine? Some of you may know that you are dead in sins, unconverted, unborn again — that you never experienced any change of heart like that spoken of in Ezek. xxxvi. 26. This bread and wine are not for you. Some of you know that you are living under the power of sins that you could name: some of you, perhaps, in secret profanation of the holy Sabbath, "doing your own ways, finding your own pleasures, speaking your own words." Some, perhaps, in secret swearing, or lying, or dishonesty, or drinking, or uncleanness! Ah! why should you feed on this bread and wine? It will do you no good. Can you for a moment doubt that you will eat and drink *unworthily?* Dare you do this? Pray over these awful words and tremble: "He that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself."

All who are really "looking unto Jesus" are invited to come to the Lord's table. Some feel like a sick person recovering from a fever: you are without strength, you cannot lift your hand or your head. Yet you look unto Jesus as your strength: He died for sinners, and He lives for them. You look to Him day by day. You say, He is my bread, He is my wine; I have no strength but what comes from Him. Come you and feed at the Lord's table, and welcome. Some feel like a traveller when he arrives at an inn, faint and weary: you have no strength to go farther, you cannot take another step; but you lean on Jesus as your strength; you believe that word: "Because I live, ye shall live also." Come you and feed on this bread and wine, with your staff in your hand and shoes on your feet, and you will "go on your way rejoicing." Feeble branches need most nourishment. The more you feel your weakness, the amazing depravity of your heart, the power of Satan, and the hatred of the world, the more need have you to lean on Jesus, to feed on this bread and wine—you are all the more welcome.

III. *He shares the bread and wine with others.*—The Lord's table is not a selfish, solitary meal. To eat bread and wine alone is not the Lord's Supper. It is a family meal of that family spoken of in Eph. iii. 15. You do not eat and drink alone by yourself; you share the bread and wine with all at the same table. Jesus said, "Drink ye all of it."

This expresses *love to the brethren*,—a sweet feeling of oneness with "all those who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity,"—a heart-filling desire that all should have the same peace, the same joy, the same spirit, the same holiness, the same heaven with yourself. You remember the golden candlestick in the temple, with its seven lamps. It was fed out of one golden bowl on the top of it, which was constantly full of oil. The oil ran down the shaft of the candlestick, and was distributed to each lamp by seven golden pipes or branches. All the lamps shared the same oil. It passed from branch to branch. None of the lamps kept the oil to itself; it was shared among them all. So it is in the vine-tree. The sap ascends from the root, and fills all the branches. When one branch is satisfied, it lets the stream pass on to the next; nay, it carries the rich juice to the smaller twigs and tendrils, that all may have their share—that all may bear their precious fruit. So it is with the body. The blood comes from the heart in full and nourishing streams,—it flows to all the members,—one member conducts it to another, that all may be kept alive, and all may grow.

So it is in the Lord's Supper. The bread and wine are passed from hand to hand, to show that we are members one of another. "For we being many, are one bread and one body, for we are all partakers of that one bread" (1 Cor. x. 17). It is a solemn declaration that you are one with all true Christians, one in peace, one in feeling, one in holiness; and that if one member suffer, you will suffer with it, or if one member be honoured, you will rejoice with it. You thereby declare that you are branches of the true Vine, and are vitally united to all the branches—that you wish the same Holy Spirit to pervade every bosom. You declare that you are lamps of the same golden candlestick, and that you wish the same golden oil to keep you and them burning and shining as lights in a dark world. Learn, once more, that most should stay away from this table. Some of you know that you have not a spark of love to the Christians. You persecute them, or despise them. Your tongue is like a sharp razor against them; you ridicule their notions of grace, and conversion, and the work of the Spirit. You hate their conversation; you call it cant and hypocrisy. When they are speaking on divine things with a full heart, and you come in, they are obliged to stop because you dislike it. Why should you come to this holy table? What is hypocrisy, if this is not? You put on a serious face and air; you press eagerly in to the table; you sit down, and look deeply solemnised; you take the bread into your hand, pretending to declare that you have been converted, and brought to accept of a crucified Christ. You then eat of the broken bread and drink of that cup with evident marks of emotion, pretending that you are one of those who live upon Jesus, who are filled with the Spirit. You then pass the bread and wine to others, pretending that you love the Christians,—that you wish all to be partakers with you in the grace of the Lord Jesus; and yet all the while you hate and detest them, their thoughts, their ways, their company. You would not for the world become a man of prayer. Beloved souls, what is hypocrisy, if this is not? I solemnly declare that I had rather see you "breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord," than come to be a wolf in sheep's clothing. Are you not afraid lest, while you are sitting at the table, you should hear the voice of the Lord Jesus saying, "Judas, betrayest thou the Son of man with a kiss?"

Dear believer, you "know that you are passed from death unto life, because you love the brethren." This pure and holy life is one of the first feelings in the converted bosom. It is divine and imperishable. You are a companion of all that fear God. It would be hell to you to spend eternity with wicked men. Come and show this love at the feast of love. The table in the upper room at Jerusalem was but a type and earnest of the table in the upper room of glory. Soon we shall exchange the table below for the table above, where we shall give full expression to our love to all eternity. There no betrayers can come—"no unclean thing can enter." Jesus shall be at the head of the table, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.

QUESTIONS ADDRESSED TO YOUNG COMMUNICANTS, TO BE ANSWERED IN SECRET TO GOD.

1. Is it to please your father or mother, or any one on earth, that you think of coming to the Lord's table?

2. Is it because it is the custom, and your friends and companions are coming?

3. Is it because you have come to a certain time of life?

4. What are your real motives for wishing to come to the Lord's table? Is it to thank God for saving your soul?—(Ps. cxvi. 12, 13); to remember Jesus?—(Luke xxii. 19); to get near to Christ?—(John xiii. 23); or is it for worldly character? to gain a name? to gain money?—(Matt. xxvi. 15).

5. Who do you think should come to the Lord's table? who should stay away?

6. Do you think any should come but those who are truly converted? and what is it to be converted?

7. Would you come if you knew yourself to be unconverted?

8. Should those come who have had deep concern about their soul, but are not come to Christ?

9. Do you think you have been awakened by the Holy Spirit? brought to Christ? born again? What makes you think so?

10. What is the meaning of the broken bread and poured-out wine?

11. What is the meaning of taking the bread and wine into your hand? Have you as truly received the Lord Jesus Christ?

12. What is the meaning of feeding upon them? Are you as truly living upon Christ?

13. What is the meaning of giving the bread and wine to those at the same table with you? Do you as truly love the brethren?

SCRIPTURES TO BE MEDITATED ON AT A COMMUNION SEASON.

Ex. xii.; Ps. xxii., li., lxix., cxvi.; Song of Sol.; Isa. liii.; Matt. xxii. 1–14; xxvi., xxvii.; Mark xiv., xv.; Luke xxii., xxiii.; John xiii., xiv., xv., xvi., xvii.; 1 Cor. xi. 23–34.

ST. PETER'S, DUNDEE, *October* 1841

THE ACCEPTABLE YEAR OF THE LORD.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God: to comfort all that mourn: to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness: that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified."—ISA. lxi. 1–3.

It is six years, this day, since I first preached to you, as your pastor, from these blessed words. These years have rolled past us like a mighty river. It is a solemn thing to look over them. In climbing a lofty mountain, it is pleasant to come every now and then to a resting-place, where you may stand and look back. You can thus see the progress you have made, and you can observe the prospect winding all around you. In like manner. in going up the hill of Zion, it is pleasant to come to such a resting-place as this day affords, that we may stand and see what progress we have made, and whether we have a wider, brighter prospect of eternal glory. How many have left our company since these six years began! They have gone to render their last account in the world where time is not measured by years. Of some I trust we can say, "Blessed are the dead, for they died in the Lord." Many, I trust, have been born again—passed from death unto life—begun a new life that shall never have an end. Some, I hope, have been brought to climb a step higher on Jacob's ladder—to get nearer the top of Pisgah, to see more of Canaan's happy land. Some, I fear, have gone back, and walk no more with Jesus. Ye did run well, who did hinder you? You did put your hand to the plough, but you have turned back, and are not fit for the kingdom of God. Some, I fear, are six years nearer to hell; your ear more deaf to the voice of the charmer; your heart more wedded to its idols—more dead to God. Let us solemnly look back this day, both minister and people, and, oh, let us take warning by the errors of the past, and begin a new and better course from this day.

I. *The anointing of the Holy Spirit makes a successful gospel minister.*—So it was in Christ's ministry. "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," etc. So it is in every ministry. The more anointing of the Holy Spirit, the more success will the minister have.

You remember the two olive-trees that grew close beside the golden candlestick, and emptied the golden oil out of themselves (Zech. iv. 12.) These represent successful ministers—"anointed ones that stand by the Lord of the whole earth." Oh, see what need there is that ministers be filled with the Spirit—that, like John, they be "in the Spirit on the Lord's day"—that Christ's people may be kept "like a lamp that burneth!" You remember John the Baptist. The angel said of him before he was born, "He shall be filled with the Holy Ghost, even from his mother's womb." What then will his success be? "And many of the children of Israel shall he turn to the Lord their God." Oh, learn what need there is that ministers be filled with the Holy Ghost, that they may be converting ministers—that, like John, they may "turn the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the disobedient to the wisdom of the just."

You remember the apostles. Before the day of Pentecost they were dry, sapless trees. They went over the cities of Israel, preaching the glad tidings of the kingdom, and yet it would seem they had little or no success. They could not number many spiritual children. But when the day of Pentecost was fully come—when the Spirit came on them like a mighty rushing wind—then behold what a change! Under the first sermon three thousand men were pricked in their heart, and said, "Men and brethren, what must we do?" Oh, see what need we have of a day of Pentecost to begin in the hearts of ministers, that our words may be like fire, and the hearts of the people like wood!

In looking back upon my ministry, I am persuaded that this has been the great thing wanting. We have not been like the green olive-trees; we have not been like John the Baptist, filled with the Holy Ghost; we have not been like the apostles on the day of Pentecost, filled as with a mighty rushing wind; we have not been able to say, like the Saviour, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," or you would not be as you are this day There would not be so many dead sinners amongst you—slumbering under the voice of gospel mercy, on the very brink of hell. There would not be so many labouring and heavy-laden souls going from mountain to hill, forgetting your resting-place. There would not be so many children of light, walking in darkness—dull, heavy, beclouded Christians. That is a piercing word: "If they had stood in my counsel, and had caused my people to hear my words, then they should have turned from their evil way, and from the evil of their doings" (Jer. xxiii. 22). Success is the rule under a living ministry. Want of success is the exception. Oh, pray that if God spare us another year, we may be more like the high priest, who first went into the holiest of all, and then came out and lifted up his hands and blessed the people! Pray that we may be more like the angels, who always behold the face of our Father, and therefore are like a flame of fire. "He maketh His angels spirits, His ministers a flame of fire." You know that a heated iron, though blunt, will pierce its way, even where a much sharper instrument, if it be cold, cannot penetrate. So, if only our ministers be filled with the Spirit, who is like fire, they will pierce into the hardest hearts, where the sharpest wits cannot find their way. It was thus with Whitfield: that great man lived so near to God, he was so full of heavenly joy and of the Spirit of God, that souls were melted under him like snow in thaw-time. John Newton mentions it as a fact, that, in a single week, Whitfield received no fewer than a thousand letters from persons distressed in conscience under his preaching. Oh, pray that we may not be "clouds without water," which indeed have all the appearance of clouds, but have no rain in them! Pray that we may come to you as Paul came to the Corinthians, "in weakness and in fear, and in much trembling; and that our speech and our preaching may not be with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power" (1 Cor. ii. 2–4).

II. *The subject-matter of all faithful preaching.*

(1) *A faithful minister preaches good tidings to all distressed consciences.*— This was one great object of Christ's ministry. "The Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek," etc. Jesus came to be a Saviour *to the meek*—not the naturally gentle and sweet-tempered, but those who are concerned about their souls. Men naturally say, "I am rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing;" therefore they are proud, and their tongue walketh through the earth. But when God begins a work of grace in their heart, He convinces of sin, He humbles them to the dust, and makes them feel "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked." Jesus always offered Himself as a Saviour to such. One poor leper said, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Jesus said, "I will, be thou clean." Nay, He left an invitation which will be precious to burdened souls even to the end of the world:

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28).

Jesus came "*to bind up the broken-hearted.*" There is many a wounded heart that is not broken. The broken-hearted are those who have lost all hope of saving themselves by their own righteousness. As long as a person has hope, the heart remains whole and unbroken. As long as a sailor's wife has hope that her husband's vessel may outride the storm, her heart is calm within her; but when the fatal news comes—when an eye-witness tells that he saw the lifeless body sinking in the waves—the thread of hope is cut asunder, her heart dies within her, she droops, she sits down broken-hearted. As long as an awakened sinner has hope of saving himself—as long as he thinks that self-reformation, weeping over past sins, and resolving against future ones, will clear him before God—so long his heart is calm; but when the fatal news comes, that all he does is done out of a sinful heart, that even "his righteousnesses are as filthy rags," that "by the deeds of the law no flesh can be justified,' then does the heart of the sinner die within him; he says, "It is done now, it is all done now, I never can do anything to justify myself." Is this the state of your soul? This is a case for Christ. He justifieth the ungodly; He imputes righteousness without works; His blood and righteousness are ready for poor broken-hearted sinners. They are the very souls that answer Him; He is the very Saviour that answers them. Once a broken-hearted woman, who had spent her all upon physicians, and was nothing better, but rather worse, came behind Jesus, and touched the hem of His garment. Did He show Himself the Saviour of the broken-hearted? Yes; He said, "Daughter, be of good comfort; thy faith hath made thee whole."

Jesus came "*to proclaim liberty to the captives.*" All natural men are slaves. Some are bound, and know it not, like the slave in the West Indies, who could not comprehend what liberty meant. They are corded by their sins, yet say, I am free. Some are bound and know it. They are awakened to feel the galling chains of lust; they feel their feet sinking in miry clay. Some of you know what it is to sin and weep, and sin and weep again. "The way of transgressors is hard." Jesus came to be a Saviour to such. He came not only to be our righteousness, but to be a fountain of life. "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." Once there was a man possessed by a legion of devils, exceeding fierce, who wore no clothes, and dwelt among the tombs. But Jesus commanded the unclean spirit to go out of him, and "he sat down at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind."

One great object of our ministry among you has been to bring good tidings to distressed consciences. Blessed be God, there have always been some distressed consciences among you from the first day until now. In almost all our parishes, in these remarkable times, there are many souls under conviction of sin. There are always some who feel uneasy under the word—who feel that their heart is not right with God, that they are slaves of sin, and who go on from day to day carrying a heavy burden. I have always tried to speak to such souls. I have shown you plainly that you are not safe because you are anxious; that you need to be *in* Christ Jesus; that these convictions may die away. I have tried to let down the gospel cord within your reach. I have showed you that Christ offers Himself in a peculiar manner to such as you. "The whole have no need of a physician, but they who are sick." How often Brainerd records it in his journal, that a heavy laden soul was brought to true and solid comfort in Christ this day! Why have I so seldom to record the same thing of weary souls among you? For years I have gone among you, preaching the only foundation of a sinner's peace. Yet how few have had a lively and soul-refreshing view of Christ! How few can say, "What things were gain to me, these I count loss for Christ!" Ah! my friends, the fault lies with you or with me, for God has no pleasure in a burdened soul. "Oh that ye had hearkened to my commandments, for then had your peace been like a river, and your righteousness like the waves of the sea!"

(2) *A faithful pastor comforts mourners in Zion.*—This was another great object of Christ's ministry—"to comfort all that mourn," etc. There are many things to bring a cloud over the brow of a Christian. There are outward troubles. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous." Persecutions will come: "a man's foes shall be they of his own household." Temptations will come; they are common to man. Sloth and want of watchfulness often bring into darkness (Song v. 2–8). The body of sin often makes us cry, "O wretched man!" But the Lord Jesus has the tongue of the learned, to speak a word in season to them that are weary. The religion of Jesus is eminently the religion of joy. He does not love to see His Church sitting in ashes, mourning, and heavy with sorrow. He loves to

see her putting on His beautiful righteousness, filled with the Holy Spirit of joy, and covered with the garment of praise, waving like green trees of righteousness to His glory.

Once "Peter walked on the water to go to Jesus; but when he saw the wind boisterous, he began to sink, and cried, Lord, save me. And immediately Jesus stretched forth His hand and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" Christ has an almighty arm for sinking disciples to cling to. Once two disciples were walking towards a village north of Jerusalem. They talked earnestly together to beguile the way, and they were sad. A stranger drew near, and went with them; and as He went He expounded to them, in all the Scriptures, the things concerning Jesus. In breaking of bread He was revealed to them, and left them exclaiming, "Did not our hearts burn within us?" So Jesus reveals Himself to His own to this day, and makes the sad bosom burn with holy joy.

This has been one of the chief objects of my ministry among you. That Scripture has been for some time deeply engraved upon my memory and heart: "He gave some pastors and teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Eph. iv. 11, 12); and, accordingly, it has been my endeavour to lead mourners in Zion to a meeting with Christ, who alone can restore comfort to them. What has been our success? I fear there are not many of you as happy as you might be. Are not most, like Peter, sinking; or sad, like the two going to Emmaus? Are not most in all our parishes rather seeking than finding rest? How little is there among you of the "beauty—the oil of joy, and the garment of praise!" How few can truly sing the 103rd Psalm; how few feel their sins removed as far as east is from the west; how few keep themselves in the love of God; how few have Christ dwelling in their hearts by faith; how few are filled with all the fulness of God, and rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory!

How often Brainerd mentions in his journal: "Numbers wept affectionately, and to appearance unfeignedly, so that the Spirit of God seemed to be moving on the face of the assembly;" and again: "They seemed willing to have their ears bored to the door-posts of God's house, and to be His servants for ever!" How little is there of this divine presence and holy impression in our assemblies! How many a meeting for prayer has lost the fervency which once it had! Ah! surely the fault lies with you or with me. Immanuel is still in the midst of us. He is still "full of grace and truth;" He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Oh that the little flock in this place were covered with His beauty, filled with His holy joy, and clothed with His garment of praise!

(3) *A faithful watchman preaches a free Saviour to all the world.*— This was the great object of Christ's ministry—"To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord." "Unto you, O men, I call," was the very motto of his life. On the year of jubilee the silver trumpet was made to sound throughout the whole land. Every man might return to his possession; every slave might go free. Christ felt that the trumpet of the true jubilee was committed to Him; and therefore His feet were beautiful upon the mountains, and He went about continually publishing glad tidings of peace. Once He stood among a crowd of unbelieving Jews. His word was, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out;" and again, to a similar crowd He said, "I am the door; by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." When He died upon the cross, the priests scoffed at Him, the people wagged their heads at Him, the soldiers cast lots for His garment; but "the veil of the temple was rent from the top to the bottom,"—this signifying that the way into the holiest was now made manifest, that any sinner might enter in and be saved. When He arose from the dead, there were but five hundred brethren who believed on His name: the whole world was lying in the wicked one; every creature under the frown of an angry God. "Go ye," said He, "into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." When Laodicea became a dead and lukewarm church, fit only to be spued out of Christ's mouth, you would have expected a message of judgment. No, He sends one of free, boundless, glorious grace. "If any man will hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to Him."

This has been the great object of our ministry. In all our parishes, at the present day, the great mass of the people are living without Christ, and without God, and without hope in the world. The most, even of church-going people, it is to be feared, are "dead in trespasses and sins." Ever since coming among you, our great object has been to awaken such. We have proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God. We have told you that Christ is freely offered to you in your present condition. whatever that may be; that though you have lived in sin, and are now living in sin, and God is angry with you every day, still Christ is free to you every day. We have told you that though you do not care for your soul, still Christ cares for it; though you are lost, still Christ is seeking the lost; though you are loving your simplicity, delighting in scorning, and hating knowledge, still Christ is crying after you; that before you repent, and before you believe, Christ is freely offered unto you: "All day long have I stretched out my hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people."

What has been our success? Blessed be God, there are some of you who have fled for refuge to the hope set before you; but the most sleep on. Six acceptable years have passed over you. A year of gospel preaching is an acceptable year; a year of revival, when many have been pressing into the kingdom of God, is still more an acceptable year: both these have passed over you. The door has stood open all this time, and any sinner among you might have entered in. Bibles, ministers, providence, the Spirit striving—all have been pressing you to enter in. But you are still without—Christless, unpardoned, unborn again, unsaved. What can you look for but "the day of vengeance"? *A year* of mercy is past, *a day* of vengeance is coming. God pleads long, but judgment will be the work of a day. How many among you will never see such another season of grace as that which lately passed over you! You will probably never again have such an opportunity to be saved. "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and you are not saved." Many of you will one day wish you had never heard of the acceptable year; many of you will wish that you had never heard the preached gospel,—that you had perished before the glorious work of God began. "Oh that ye were wise, that ye understood this; that ye would consider your latter end."

ST. PETER'S, DUNDEE, *November* 27, 1842.

REASONS WHY CHILDREN SHOULD FLY TO CHRIST WITHOUT DELAY.

"O satisfy us early with thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days."—Ps. xc. 14.

THE late Countess of Huntingdon was not only rich in this world, but rich in faith, and an heir of the kingdom. When she was about nine years of age she saw the dead body of a little child of her own age carried to the grave. She followed the funeral; and it was there that the Holy Spirit first opened her heart to convince her that she needed a Saviour. My dear little children, when you look upon the year that has come to an end, may the Holy Spirit bring you to the same conviction; may the still small voice say in your heart, Flee now from the wrath to come. Fly to the Lord Jesus without delay. "Escape for thy life: look not behind thee."

I. *Because life is very short.*—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Even those who live longest, when they come to die, look back on their life as upon a dream. It is "like a sleep." The hours pass rapidly away during sleep; and when you awake, you hardly know that any time is passed. Such is life. It is like "a tale that is told." When you are listening to an entertaining tale, it fills up the time, and makes the hours steal swiftly by. Even so "we spend our years as a tale that is told."

You have seen a ship upon the river, when the sailors were all on board, the anchor heaved, and the sails spread to the wind, how it glided swiftly past, bounding over the billows; so is it with your days: "They are passed away as the swift ships." Or perhaps you have seen an eagle, when from its nest in the top of the rocks it darts down with quivering wing to seize upon some smaller bird, how swiftly it flies; so is it with your life: it flies "as the eagle hasteth to the prey." You have noticed the mist on the brow of the mountain early in the morning, and you have seen, when the sun rose with his warm, cheering beams, how soon the mist melted away. And "what is your life? It is even a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

Some of you may have seen how short life is in those around you. "Your fathers, where are they? And the prophets, do they live for ever?" How many friends have you lying in the grave! Some of you have more friends in the grave than in this world. They were carried away "as with a flood," and we are fast hastening after them. In a little while the church where you sit will be filled with new worshippers—a new voice will lead the psalm—a new man of God fill the pulpit. It is an absolute certainty that, in a few years, all of you who read this will be lying in the grave. Oh, what need, then, to fly to Christ without delay! How great a work you have to do! How short the time you have to do it in! You have to flee from wrath, to come to Christ, to be born again, to receive the Holy Spirit, to be made meet for glory. It is high time that you seek the Lord. The longest lifetime is short enough. Seek conviction of sin and an interest in Christ. "Oh, satisfy me early with Thy mercy, that I may rejoice and be glad all my days."

II. *Because life is very uncertain.*—Men are like grass: "In the morning, it groweth up and flourisheth: in the evening, it is cut down and withereth." Most men are cut down while they are green. More than one-half of the human race die before they reach manhood. In the city of Glasgow alone, more than one-half of the people die before the age of twenty. Of most men it may be said, "He cometh forth as a flower, and is cut down." Death is very certain, but the time is very uncertain. Some may think they shall not die because they are in good health; but you forget that many die in good health by accidents and other causes. Again, riches and ease and comforts, good food and good clothing, are no safeguards against dying. It is written, "The rich man also died, and was buried." Kind physicians and kind friends cannot keep you from dying. When death comes, he laughs at the efforts of physicians—he tears you from the tenderest arms. Some think they shall not die because they are not prepared to die; but you forget that most people die unprepared, unconverted, unsaved. You forget that it is written of the strait gate, "Few there be that find it." Most people lie down in a dark grave, and a darker eternity. Some of you may think you shall not die because you are young. You forget that one-half of the human race die before they reach manhood. The half of the inhabitants of this town die before they are twenty. Oh, if you had to stand as often as I have beside the dying bed of little children—to see their wild looks and outstretched hands, and to hear their dying cries—you would see how needful it is to fly to Christ now. It may be your turn next. Are you prepared to die? Have you fled for refuge to Jesus? Have you found forgiveness? "Boast not thyself of to-morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth."

III. *Most that are ever saved fly to Christ when young.*—It was so in the days of our blessed Saviour. Those that were come to years were too wise and prudent to be saved by the blood of the Son of God, and He revealed it to those that were younger and had less wisdom. "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." "He gathers the lambs with His arm, and carries them in His bosom." So it has been in almost all times of the revival of religion. If you ask aged Christians, the most of them will tell you that they were made anxious about their souls when young.

Oh, what a reason is here for seeking an early inbringing to Christ! If you are not saved in youth, it is likely you never will. There is a tide in the affairs of souls. There are times which may be called converting times. All holy times are peculiarly converting times. The Sabbath is the great day for gathering in souls—it is Christ's market-day. It is the great harvest-day of souls. I know there is a generation rising up that would fain trample the Sabbath beneath their feet; but prize you the Sabbath-day. The time of affliction is converting time. When God takes away those you love best, and you say, "This is the finger of God," remember it is Christ wanting to get in to save you: open the door and let Him in. The time of the striving of the Holy Spirit is converting time. If you feel your heart pricked in reading the Bible, or in hearing your teacher, "quench not the Spirit;" "resist not the Holy Ghost;" "grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." Youth is converting time. "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Oh, you that are lambs, seek to be gathered with the arm of the Saviour, and carried in His gentle bosom. Come to trust under the Saviour's wings. "Yet there is room."

IV. *Because it is happier to be in Christ than out of Christ.*—Many that read these words are saying in their heart, It is a dull thing to be religious. Youth is the time for pleasure—the time to eat, drink, and be merry; to rise up to play. Now, I know that youth is the time for pleasure; the foot is more elastic then—the eye more full of life—the heart more full of gladness. But that is the very reason why I say youth is the time to fly to Christ. It is far happier to be in Christ than to be out of Christ.

It satisfies the heart.—I never will deny that there are pleasures to be found out of Christ. The song and the dance, and the exciting game, are most engaging to young hearts. But ah! think a moment. Is it not an awful thing to be happy when you are unsaved? Would it not be dreadful to see a man sleeping in a house all on fire? And is it not enough to make one shudder to see you dancing and making merry when God is angry with you every day?

Think again. Are there not infinitely sweeter pleasures to be had in Christ? "Whoso drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whoso drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst." "In Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand are pleasures for evermore." To be forgiven, to be at peace with God, to have Him for a father, to have Him loving us and smiling on us, to have the Holy Spirit coming into our hearts, and making us holy, this is worth a whole eternity of your pleasures. "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand." Oh to be "satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord!" Your daily bread becomes sweeter. You eat your meat "with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God." Your foot is more light and bounding, for it bears a ransomed body. Your sleep is sweeter at night, for "so He giveth His beloved sleep." The sun shines more lovingly, and the earth wears a pleasanter smile, because you can say, "My Father made them all."

(2) *It makes you glad all your days.*—The pleasures of sin are only "for a season;" they do not last. But to be brought to Christ is like the dawning of an eternal day; it spreads the serenity of heaven over all the days of our pilgrimage. In suffering days, what will the world do for you? "Like vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart." Believe me there are days at hand when you will "say of laughter, It is mad; and of mirth, What doth it?" But if you fly to Jesus Christ now, He will cheer you in the days of darkness. When the winds are contrary and the waves are high, Jesus will draw near, and say, "Be not afraid; it is I." That voice stills the heart in the stormiest hour. When the world reproaches you, and casts out your name as evil—when the doors are shut—Jesus will come in, and say, "Peace be unto you." Who can tell the sweetness and the peace which Jesus gives in such an hour? One little girl that was early brought to Christ felt this when long confined to a sick-bed. "I am not weary of my bed," she said, "for my bed is green, and all that I meet with is perfumed with love to me. The time, night and day, is made sweet to me by the Lord. When it is evening, it is pleasant; and when it is morning, I am refreshed."

Last of all, in a dying day, what will the world do for you? The dance and the song, and the merry companion, will then lose all their power to cheer you. Not one jest more; not one smile more. "Oh that you were wise, that you would understand this, and consider your latter end!" But that is the very time when the soul of one in Christ rejoices with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. "Jesus can make a dying bed softer than downy pillows are." You remember, when Stephen came to die, they battered his gentle breast with cruel stones; but he kneeled down and said, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." John Newton tells us of a Christian girl who, on her dying day, said, "If this be dying, it is a pleasant thing to die." Another little Christian, of eight years of age, came home ill of the malady of which he died. His mother asked him if he were afraid to die. "No, said he, "I wish to die, if it be God's will: that sweet word, Sleep in Jesus, makes me happy when I think on the grave."

"My little children, of whom I travail in birth again till Christ be formed in you," if you would live happy and die happy, come now to a Saviour. The door of the ark is wide open. Enter now or it may be never.

WHY IS GOD A STRANGER IN THE LAND?[1]

> "O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldest Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night? Why shouldest Thou be as a man astonished, as a mighty man that cannot save? Yet Thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by Thy name; leave us not."—JER. xiv. 8, 9.

IN many parts of Scotland there is good reason to think that God is not a stranger, but that the Lord Jesus has been making Himself known, and that the Holy Spirit has been quickening whom He will. Still, in most parts of our land, it is to be feared that God is a stranger, and like a wayfaring man who turneth aside to tarry for a night.

(1) How few conversions are there in the midst of us! When God is present with power in any land, then there are always many awakened to a sense of sin, and flocking to Christ. One godly minister, speaking of such a time, says, "There were tokens of God's presence in almost every house. It was a time of joy in families, on account of salvation being brought unto them. Parents were rejoicing over their children as new-born, husbands

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[1] Inserted by permission of Messrs. Gall & Inglis, Edinburgh, the publishers.

over their wives, and wives over their husbands. The town seemed to be full of the presence of God. It never was so full of love nor of joy, and yet never so full of distress, as it was then." We have nothing of the kind amongst us. Alas! what a dismal contrast do most of our families present! How many families where there is not one living soul!

(2) How much deadness there is among true Christians! In times of reviving, when God is present with power in any land, not only are unconverted persons awakened and made to flee to Christ, but those who were in Christ before receive new measures of the Spirit; they undergo, as it were, a second new birth; they are brought into the palace of the King, and say, "Let Him kiss me with the kisses of His mouth, for Thy love is better than wine." A dear Christian in such a time says, "My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable—like an infinite deluge, or mountains over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. Very often these expressions are in my mind, and in my mouth—infinite upon infinite, infinite upon infinite." How little of this feeling is there amongst us! How few seem to feel sin as an infinite evil! How plain that God is a stranger in the land!

(3) How great is the boldness of sinners in sin! As in Jeremiah's day, so in ours, many seem as if "their neck were an iron sinew, and their brow brass." When God is present with power, then open sinners, though they may remain unconverted, are often much restrained. There is an awe of God upon their spirits. Alas! it is not so amongst us. The flood-gates of sin are opened. "They declare their sin as Sodom, they hide it not." Is it not, then, a time to cry, "O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof," etc.?

Should we not solemnly ask this question, What are the reasons why God is such a stranger in this land?

I. *In ministers.*—Let us begin with those who bear the vessels of the sanctuary.

(1) It is to be feared *there is much unfaithful preaching to the unconverted.* Jeremiah complained of this in his day: "They have healed the hurt of the daughter of my people slightly, saying, Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Is there no reason for the same complaint in our own day? The great part of all our congregations are out of Christ, and lying night and day under

the wrath of the Lord God Almighty; and yet it is to be feared that the most of the minister's anxiety and painstaking is *not* taken up about them, that his sermons are *not* chiefly occupied with their case. All the words of men and angels cannot describe the dreadfulness of being Christless; and yet, it is to be feared, we do not speak to those who are so with anything like sufficient plainness, frequency, and urgency. Alas! how few ministers are like the angels at Sodom, mercifully bold to lay hands on lingering sinners! How few obey that word of Jude: "Save with fear, pulling them out of the fire!"

Many of those who deal faithfully, yet do not deal tenderly. We have more of the bitterness of man than of the tenderness of God. We do not *yearn over* men in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Paul wrote of "the enemies of the cross of Christ" with tears in his eyes! There is little of his weeping among ministers now. "Knowing the terrors of the Lord," Paul persuaded men. There is little of this persuading spirit among ministers now. How can we wonder that the dry bones are very, very dry—that God is a stranger in the land?

(2) It is to be feared *there is much unfaithfulness in setting forth Christ as a refuge for sinners.* When a sinner is newly converted he would fain persuade every one to come to Christ,—the way is so plain, so easy, so precious. He thinks, Oh, if I were but a minister, how I would persuade men! This is a true feeling and a right feeling. But oh, how little is there of this among ministers! David said, "I believed, therefore have I spoken." Few are like David in this. Paul said he was "determined to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Few are like Paul in this. Many do not make it the end of their ministry to testify of Jesus as the hiding-place for sinners. It is to be feared that many are like the scribes and Pharisees, they hold the door in their hand; they enter not in themselves, and them that are entering in they hinder. Some set forth Christ plainly and faithfully, but where is Paul's *beseeching* men to be reconciled? We do not invite sinners tenderly; we do not gently woo them to Christ; we do not authoritatively bid them to the marriage; we do not *compel* them to come in; we do not travail in birth till Christ be formed in them the hope of glory. Oh, who can wonder that God is such a stranger in the land?

II. *In Christian people.*

(1) In regard to the word of God. There seems *little thirst*

for hearing the word of God among Christians now. As a delicate stomach makes a man eat sparingly, so most Christians seem sparing in their diet in our day. Many Christians seem to mingle pride with the hearing of the word. They come rather as judges than as children. Few behave themselves as a weaned child. Most seem to prefer the seat of Moses to the seat of Mary at the feet of Christ. Many come to hear the word of a man that shall die, and not the word of the living God. Oh, should not Christians be taught this prayer: "O the hope of Israel," etc.?

(2) In regard to prayer. There is much ploughing and much sowing, but *very little harrowing in of the seed by prayer.* God and your conscience are witnesses how little you pray. You know you would be men of power if you were men of prayer, and yet ye will not pray. Unstable as water, you do not excel. Luther set apart his three best hours for prayer. How few Luthers we have now! John Welsh spent seven hours a day in prayer. How few Welshes we have now!

It is to be feared *there is little intercession among Christians now.* The high priest carried the names of the children of Israel upon his shoulders and breast when he drew near to God—a picture of what Christ now does, and all Christians should do. God and your conscience are witnesses how little you intercede for your children, your servants, your neighbours, the Church of your fathers, and the wicked on every side of you,—how little you pray for ministers, for the gift of the Spirit, for the conversion of the world,—how selfish you are even in your prayers!

It is to be feared *there is little union in prayer.* Christians are ashamed to meet together to pray. Christ has promised, "If two of you shall *agree* on earth, touching something that ye shall ask, it shall be done for you of my Father." Many Christians neglect this promise. In the Acts, we find that when the apostles and disciples were praying together, "the place was shaken where they were assembled *together*, and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness." Oh, how often and how long have we despised this way of obtaining the outpouring of the Spirit! Do not some persons speak slightingly of united prayer? Here is one reason why God commands the clouds that they rain no rain on us. He waits till we seek Him *together*, and *then* He will open the windows of heaven and pour down a blessing. Oh that all Christians would lift up the cry, "O the hope of Israel!"

III. *In unconverted souls.*—There is much to blame in ministers, and much in the people of God, but most of all to blame in unconverted souls.

(1) *Sinners in our day have great insensibility as to their lost condition.* Many know that they never believed on the Son of God, and yet they are smiling and happy. Many know that they were never born again, and that the Bible says they cannot see the kingdom of God; and yet their step is as light, and their laugh as loud, as if they were heirs of the kingdom of God, instead of heirs of hell! It is this that keeps God away and makes Him a stranger in the land.

(2) *Sinners in our day have great insensibility as to their need of Jesus Christ.* The Bible declares Him to be the Friend of sinners! yet how many read this who are contented to live without knowing Him! Though Christians are always speaking of the excellency of Christ—that He is the chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely; yet most see no form nor comeliness in Christ, no beauty that they should desire Him. They are willing to hear of heaven or hell rather than of Christ. Ah! this is the crowning sin of Scotland, contempt of Christ, rejection of a freely-offered Saviour! Oh, ye deaf adders, that will not hear the voice of the charmers, it is *you* that make God a stranger in the land, and like a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night!

(3) *There has been much resisting of the Spirit in our day.* In some parts of Scotland this is eminently true. Many have been pricked to the heart, and yet have smothered their convictions. Some have been brought to intense anxiety about their souls, but have looked back, like Lot's wife, and become pillars of salt! Oh, it is this keeps God away!

Dear unconverted sinners, ye little know how much *you* are interested in that this should be a time of reviving from the presence of the Lord. It is not our part to tell of coming judgments, of fire from heaven or fire from hell; but this we can plainly see, that unless the Spirit of God shall come down on our parishes like rain on the mown grass, many souls that are now in the land of peace shall soon be in the world of tossing and anguish! There may be no sudden judgments; hell may not be rained down from heaven, as upon Sodom; the earth may not yawn to receive her pray, as in the camp of Israel; but Sabbath-breakers, liars, swearers, drunkards, unclean persons, formalists, worldlings, and hypocrites, yea, all Christless souls, will quietly slip away, one by one, into an undone eternity! Come, then, and let every believer, and, above all, every minister, stir up his heart to lay hold on God and cry, "O the hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, *why* shouldst Thou be as a stranger in the land, and as a wayfaring man that turneth aside to tarry for a night?"

It has been the practice of many ministers in England and Scotland to hold a concert for prayer every Saturday morning, from seven to eight o'clock. Several ministers of our own church have been in use to meet at the throne of grace on Saturday evening, at seven o'clock. Many congregations in different parts of Scotland have agreed to a concert for prayer in secret, and in the family, from eight to nine on Sabbath mornings.

Might not the Christian ministers and people of Scotland, while separated in body, in this manner maintain union in prayer, and so the cloud of blessing, that is now like a man's hand, might spread over the whole sky, and bring times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord?

I LOVE THE LORD'S DAY.

"The Sabbath was made for man."

Dear Fellow-Countrymen,—As a servant of God in this dark and cloudy day, I feel constrained to lift up my voice in behalf of the entire sanctification of the Lord's day. The daring attack that is now made by some of the directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway on the law of God and the peace of our Scottish Sabbath—the blasphemous motion which they mean to propose to the shareholders in February next—and the wicked pamphlets which are now being circulated in thousands, full of all manner of lies and impieties—call loudly for the calm, deliberate testimony of all faithful ministers and private Christians in behalf of God's holy day. In the name of all God's people in this town and in this land, I commend to your dispassionate consideration the following

REASONS WHY WE LOVE THE LORD'S DAY.

(1) *Because it is the Lord's day.*—"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice, and be glad in it" (Ps.

cxviii. 24). "I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day" (Rev. i. 10). It is His, by example. It is the day on which He rested from His amazing work of redemption. Just as God rested on the seventh day from all His works, wherefore God blessed the Sabbath day, and hallowed it; so the Lord Jesus rested on this day from all His agony, and pain, and humiliation. "There remaineth therefore the keeping of a Sabbath to the people of God" (Heb. iv. 9). The Lord's day is His property, just as the Lord's Supper is the supper belonging to Christ. It is His table. He is the bread. He is the wine. He invites the guests. He fills them with joy and with the Holy Ghost. So it is with the Lord's day. All days of the year are Christ's, but He hath marked out one in seven as peculiarly His own. "He hath made it," or marked it out. Just as He planted a garden in Eden, so He hath fenced about this day and made it His own.

This is the reason why we love it, and would keep it entire. We love everything that is Christ's. We love *His word.* It is better to us than thousands of gold and silver. "O how we love His law! it is our study all the day." We love *His house.* It is our trysting-place with Christ, where He meets with us and communes with us from off the mercy-seat. We love *His table.* It is His banqueting-house, where His banner over us is love—where He looses our bonds, and anoints our eyes, and makes our hearts burn with holy joy. We love *His people,* because they are His, members of His body, washed in His blood, filled with His Spirit, our brothers and sisters for eternity. And we love the *Lord's day,* because it is His. Every hour of it is dear to us—sweeter than honey, more precious than gold. It is the day He rose for our justification. It reminds us of His love, and His finished work, and His rest. And we may boldly say that that man does not love the Lord Jesus Christ who does not love the entire Lord's day.

Oh, Sabbath-breaker, whoever you be, you are a sacrilegious robber! When you steal the hours of the Lord's day for business or for pleasure, you are robbing Christ of the precious hours which He claims as His own. Would you not be shocked if a plan were deliberately proposed for breaking through the fence of the Lord's table, and turning it into a common meal, or a feast for the profligate and the drunkard? Would not your best feelings be harrowed to see the silver cup of communion made a cup of revelry in the hand of the drunkard? And yet what better is the proposal of our railway directors? "*The*

Lord's day" is as much His day as "the Lord's table" is His table. Surely we may well say, in the words of Dr. Love, that eminent servant of Christ, now gone to the Sabbath above: "Cursed is that gain, cursed is that recreation, cursed is that health, which is gained by criminal encroachments on this sacred day."

II. *Because it is a relic of Paradise and type of Heaven.*—The first Sabbath dawned on the bowers of a sinless paradise. When Adam was created in the image of his Maker, he was put into the garden to dress it and to keep it. No doubt this called forth all his energies. To train the luxuriant vine, to gather the fruit of the fig-tree and palm, to conduct the water to the fruit-trees and flowers, required all his time and all his skill. Man was never made to be idle. Still when the Sabbath-day came round, his rural implements were all laid aside; the garden no longer was his care. His calm, pure mind looked beyond things seen into the world of eternal realities. He walked with God in the garden, seeking deeper knowledge of Jehovah and His ways, his heart burning more and more with holy love, and his lips overflowing with seraphic praise. *Even in Paradise man needed a Sabbath.* Without it Eden itself would have been incomplete. How little they know the joys of Eden, the delight of a close and holy walk with God, who would wrest from Scotland this relic of a sinless world!

It is also the type of heaven. When a believer lays aside his pen or loom, brushes aside his worldly cares, leaving them behind him with his week-day clothes, and comes up to the house of God, it is like the morning of the resurrection, the day when we shall come out of great tribulation into the presence of God and the Lamb. When he sits under the preached word, and hears the voice of the shepherd leading and feeding his soul, it reminds him of the day when the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed him and lead him to living fountains of waters. When he joins in the psalm of praise, it reminds him of the day when his hands shall strike the harp of God—

Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.

When he retires, and meets with God in secret in his closet, or, like Isaac, in some favourite spot near his dwelling, it reminds him of the day when "he shall be a pillar in the house of our God, and go no more out."

This is the reason why we love the Lord's day. This is the reason why we "call the Sabbath a delight." A well-spent Sabbath we feel to be a day of heaven upon earth. For this reason we wish our Sabbaths to be wholly given to God. We love to spend the whole time in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is taken up in the works of necessity and mercy. We love to rise early on that morning, and to sit up late, that we may have a long day with God.

How many may know from this that they will never be in heaven! A straw on the surface can tell which way the stream is flowing. Do you abhor a holy Sabbath? Is it a kind of hell to you to be with those who are strict in keeping the Lord's day? The writer of these lines once felt as you do. You are restless and uneasy. You say, "Behold what a weariness is it!" "When will the Sabbath be gone, that we may sell corn?" Ah! soon, very soon, and you will be in hell. Hell is the only place for you. Heaven is one long, never-ending, holy Sabbath-day There are no Sabbaths in hell.

III. *Because it is a day of blessings.*—When God instituted the Sabbath in paradise, it is said, "God blessed the Sabbath day and sanctified it" (Gen. ii. 3). He not only set it apart as a sacred day, but made it a day of blessing. Again, when the Lord Jesus rose from the dead on the first day of the week before dawn, He revealed Himself the same day to two disciples going to Emmaus, and made their hearts burn within them (Luke xxiv. 13). The same evening He came and stood in the midst of the disciples, and said, "Peace be unto you;" and He breathed on them and said, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost" (John xx. 19). Again, after eight days,—that is, *the next Lord's day,*—Jesus came and stood in the midst, and revealed Himself with unspeakable grace to unbelieving Thomas (John xx. 26). It was on the Lord's day also that the Holy Spirit was poured out at Pentecost (Acts ii. 1; compare Lev. xxiii. 15, 16). That beginning of all spiritual blessings, that first revival of the Christian Church, was on the Lord's day. It was on the same day that the beloved John, an exile on the sea-girt isle of Patmos, far away from the assembly of the saints, was filled with the Holy Spirit, and received his heavenly revelation. So that in all ages, from the beginning of the world, and in every place where there is a believer, the Sabbath has been a day of double blessing. It is so still, and will be, though all God's enemies should gnash their teeth at it. True, God is a God of free grace, and confines His working to no time or place; but it is equally true, and all the scoffs of the infidel cannot alter it, that it pleases Him to bless His word most on the Lord's day. All God's faithful ministers in every land can bear witness that sinners are converted most frequently on the Lord's day—that Jesus comes in and shows Himself through the lattice of ordinances oftenest on His own day. Saints, like John, are filled with the Spirit on the Lord's day, and enjoy their calmest, deepest views into the eternal world.

Unhappy men, who are striving to rob our beloved Scotland of this day of double blessing, "ye know not what you do." You would wrest from our dear countrymen the day when God opens the windows of heaven and pours down a blessing. You want to make the heavens over Scotland like brass, and the hearts of our people like iron. Is it the sound of the golden bells of our ever-living High Priest on the mountains of our land, and the breathing of His Holy Spirit over so many of our parishes, that has roused up your satanic exertions to drown the sweet sound of mercy by the deafening roar of railway carriages? Is it the returning vigour of the revived and chastened Church of Scotland that has opened the torrents of blasphemy which you pour forth against the Lord of the Sabbath? Have your own withered souls no need of a drop from heaven? May it not be the case that some of you are blaspheming the very day on which your own soul might have been saved? Is it not possible that some of you may remember, with tears of anguish in hell, the exertions which you are now making, against light and against warning, to bring down a withering blight on your own souls and on the religion of Scotland?

To those who are God's children in this land, I would now, in the name of our common Saviour, who is the Lord of the Sabbath day, address

A WORD OF EXHORTATION.

1. Prize the Lord's day.—The more that others despise and trample on it, love you it all the more. The louder the storm of blasphemy howls around you, sit the closer at the feet of Jesus. "He must reign till He has put all enemies under His feet." Diligently improve all holy time. It should be the busiest day of the seven; but only in the business of eternity. Avoid sin on that holy day. God's children should avoid sin every day, but most of all on the Lord's day. It is a day of double cursing as well as of double blessing. The world will have

to answer dreadfully for sins committed in holy time. Spend the Lord's day in the Lord's presence. Spend it as a day in heaven. Spend much of it in praise and in works of mercy, as Jesus did.

II. Defend the Lord's day.—Lift up a calm, undaunted testimony against all the profanations of the Lord's day. Use all your influence, whether as a statesman, a magistrate, a master, a father, or a friend, both publicly and privately, to defend the entire Lord's day. This duty is laid upon you in the Fourth Commandment. Never see the Sabbath broken without reproving the breaker of it. Even worldly men, with all their pride and contempt for us, cannot endure to be convicted of Sabbath-breaking. Always remember God and the Bible are on your side, and that you will soon see these men cursing their own sin and folly when too late. Let all God's children in Scotland lift up a united testimony especially against these three public profanations of the Lord's day:—

(1) *The keeping open of Reading-Rooms.*—In this town, and in all the large towns of Scotland, I am told, you may find in the public reading-rooms many of our men of business turning over the newspapers and magazines at all hours of the Lord's day; and especially on Sabbath evenings, many of these places are filled like a little church. Ah, guilty men! how plainly you show that you are on the broad road that leadeth to destruction. If you were a murderer or an adulterer, perhaps you would not dare to deny this. Do you not know—and all the sophistry of hell cannot disprove it—that the same God who said, "Thou shalt not kill," said also, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy?" The murderer who is dragged to the gibbet, and the polished Sabbath-breaker are one in the sight of God.

(2) *The keeping open Public-Houses.*—Public-houses are the curse of Scotland. I never see a sign, "Licensed to sell spirits," without thinking that it is a licence to ruin souls. They are the yawning avenues to poverty and rags in this life, and, as another has said, "*the short cut to hell.*" Is it to be tamely borne in this land of light and reformation, that these pest-houses and dens of iniquity—these man-traps for precious souls—shall be open on the Sabbath, nay, that they shall be enriched and kept afloat by this unholy traffic, many of them declaring that they could not keep up their shop if it were not for the Sabbath market-day? Surely we may well say, "Cursed is the gain made on that day." Poor wretched men! Do you not know that every penny that rings upon your counter on that day will yet

eat your flesh as if it were fire—that every drop of liquid poison swallowed in your gaslit palaces will only serve to kindle up the flame of "the fire that is not quenched"?

(3) *Sunday Trains upon the Railway.*—A majority of the directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway have shown their determination, in a manner that has shocked all good men, to open the railway on the Lord's day. The sluices of infidelity have been opened at the same time, and floods of blasphemous tracts are pouring over the land, decrying the holy day of the blessed God, as if there was no eye in heaven, no King on Zion Hill, no day of reckoning.

Christian countrymen, awake! and, filled by the same spirit that delivered our country from the dark superstitions of Rome, let us beat back the incoming tide of infidelity and enmity to the Sabbath.

Guilty men! who, under Satan, are leading on the deep, dark phalanx of Sabbath-breakers, yours is a solemn position. You are *robbers.* You rob God of His holy day. You are *murderers.* You murder the souls of your servants. God said, "Thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy servant;" but you compel your servants to break God's law, and to sell their souls for gain. You are *sinners against light.* Your Bible and your catechism, the words of godly parents, perhaps now in the Sabbath above, and the loud remonstrances of God-fearing men, are ringing in your ears, while you perpetrate this deed of shame, and glory in it. You are *traitors to your country.* The law of your country declares that you should "observe a holy rest all that day from your own words, works, and thoughts;" and yet you scout it as an antiquated superstition. Was it not Sabbath-breaking that made God cast away Israel? And yet you would bring the same curse on Scotland now. You are *moral suicides,* stabbing your own souls, proclaiming to the world that you are not the Lord's people, and hurrying on your souls to meet the Sabbath-breaker's doom.

In conclusion, I propose, for the calm consideration of all sober-minded men, the following

SERIOUS QUESTIONS.

(1) Can you name one godly minister, of any denomination in all Scotland, who does not hold the duty of the entire sanctification of the Lord's day?

(2) Did you ever meet with a lively believer in any country under heaven—one who loved Christ, and lived a holy life—who did not delight in keeping holy to God the entire Lord's day ?

(3) Is it wise to take the interpretation of God's will concerning the Lord's day from "men of the world," from infidels, scoffers, men of unholy lives, men who are sand-blind in all divine things, men who are the enemies of all righteousness, who quote Scripture freely, as Satan did, to deceive and betray ?

(4) If, in opposition to the uniform testimony of God's wisest and holiest servants—against the plain warnings of God's word, against the very words of your catechism, learned beside your mother's knee, and against the voice of your outraged conscience—you join the ranks of the Sabbath-breakers, will not this be *a sin against light*, will it not lie heavy on your soul upon your death-bed, will it not meet you in the judgment-day ?

Praying that these words of truth and soberness may be owned of God, and carried home to your hearts with divine power—I remain, dear fellow-countrymen, your soul's well-wisher, etc.

December 18, 1841.

SCRIPTURES TO BE MEDITATED ON.

1. *Sabbath commanded.*—Ex. xvi. 22–30 ; xx. 8–11 ; xxxv. 1–3. Lev. xix. 3–30. Deut. v. 12–15. Neh. ix. 14.

2. *A sign of God's people.*—Ex. xxxi. 12–17. 2 Kings iv. 23. Ezek. xx. 12. Lam. i. 7. Heb. iv. 9.

3. *Sabbath-breaking punished.*—Num. xv. 32–36. Lev. xxvi. 33–35. 2 Chron. xxxvi. 21. Jer. xvii. 19–end. Lam. ii. 6. Ezek. xx. 12–26. Amos. viii. 4–14.

4. *Day of blessing.*—Gen. ii. 2, 3. Ex. xvi. 24. Lev. xxiv. 8. Num. xxviii. 9, 10. Isa. lvi. 1–8 ; lviii. 13, 14. John xx. 1, 19, 26. Acts ii. 1, with Lev. xxiii. 15. Rev. i. 10.

5. *Rulers should guard the Sabbath.*—Ex. xx. 10. Neh. xiii. 15–22.

6. *Sabbath in gospel times.*—Psalm cxviii. 24. Isa. lxvi. 23. Ezek. xlvi. 1. Mark ii. 27, 28. Acts ii. 1 ; xx. 6, 7. 1 Cor xvi. 2. Rev. i. 10.

LETTER ON SABBATH RAILWAYS.

TO ALEXANDER M'NEILL, ESQ., ADVOCATE.

Sir,—I have read the report of your speech at the meeting of directors of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, on Tuesday, 16th November last, and also the motion which you propose to lay before the shareholders on the 24th February. As a Christian minister, and a free British subject, I take leave to express in this manner the deep feelings of righteous indignation which these have awakened, not in my breast only, but in the breast of every believing man whom I know.

You candidly acknowledge that in the ranks of your opponents are to be found "men of lofty intellect, of great learning and piety, and unbounded benevolence," and yet, in the same breath, you say, "You must judge for yourself, according to the reason and plain sense of the matter." That is to say, that the host of intellectual and pious men who are arrayed against you do not judge according to reason or plain sense in this matter, but by some airy superhuman notions, which a man of sense may brush aside as so many cobwebs. Ah! sir, speak out your mind. Tell what it is that lies at the bottom of your enmity to the entire preservation of the Lord's day. It is the concealment of your sentiments that is the darkest part of your whole address. You are an utter stranger to me, and I dare not judge as to your true motives. But every thinking man cannot but form this opinion in his own mind, that the reason why you despise the lessons of all God's holiest and wisest servants in this land, is not that you think little of the resolutions of popular assemblies (that is a miserable subterfuge, unworthy of any but a mere debater), but that you despise and trample under foot the divine message which they bring. You say you are threatened to be overwhelmed with a flood of obloquy. Do not be afraid. You are on the world's side—"the world cannot hate you." There are not many to lift up their voices in behalf of the holy Sabbath. Those who do, are the followers of One who bade us bless and curse not. You say "you do not court approbation, and you care nothing for condemnation." This may be a brave speech; few will regard it as a wise one. If you mean that you do not care for the condemnation of worldly men, there would be something right in that, for in doing our duty we must expect that the world which crucified our Lord will not spare His servants; but if you mean that you do not care for the condemnation of God's people, and of the word of God, and of the Lord Jesus, who is to be your Judge, then will you soon repent your words with bitter tears. Why, sir, what are you, that you should say, "I care nothing for condemnation?" "Can thine heart endure, or can thine hands be strong in the day that I shall deal with thee?" "Hast thou an arm like God, or canst thou thunder with a voice like Him?" If the condemnation of your words, which God's people are now testifying in every part of the land, be *righteous* condemnation—if it be in accordance with the word of God and the mind of Christ—is it the part of a wise man to say, "*I care not for it*"? You may say so now in the blindness of your heart, but the day is at hand when you will *feel* the reverse.

And now one word as to your proposed motion. It runs as follows:—"Whereas it is the duty of the directors of the company to give *implicit obedience to the law of God*, etc.,—This meeting resolves that it is not inconsistent with the duty of the directors as aforesaid, and they are *hereby enjoined to provide trains to be run from the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow respectively, in the morning and in the evening of Sunday*," etc.

I do not know whether this motion has come entirely from your own mind, or whether several have agreed with you in it; but I here freely state my conviction, formed upon the calm and deliberate study of the motion, and without the slightest desire to use a harsh or improper term, that THE MOTION IS BLASPHEMOUS. You say, first, that it is your duty to give implicit obedience to the law of God. What is the law of God? "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbath-day, and hallowed it" (Ex. xx. 8–11). Now, sir, if, as I presume, you spent your early years in Scotland, trained up, perhaps, under the watchful eye of one who prayed for her child that he might walk in wisdom's ways, you cannot be ignorant of the explanation given of this commandment in the Shorter Catechism (*Qu.* 60). "The Sabbath is to be sanctified by a holy resting all that day, even from such worldly employments and recreations as are lawful on other days, spending *the whole time* in the public and private exercises of God's worship, except so much as is to be taken up in the works of necessity and mercy." This is the law of God, and this is the received interpretation of it, both of which were, no doubt, in your eye when you penned that memorable sentence: "It is the duty of the directors to give implicit obedience to the law of God." And yet, before the ink was dry, you write down: "The directors are enjoined to provide trains to be run in the morning and evening of Sunday." In other words, you hold in your hand the two Tables of Stone, written with God's finger, and you say we should obey this; and then you dash them on the ground, and say it is our duty, notwithstanding, to trample on and defy them. Ah! sir, you may call this reason and plain sense, but simpler men can see that it is open mockery of God's holy law, and of Him on whose heart it was graven from eternity. Such lip-acknowledgment of God and His law God hates and despises. I solemnly declare, and it is the feeling of many besides me, that I would have been less shocked if you had written down, "It is the duty of the directors to break God's law." That would have been honest and downright, and thousands would have applauded you. But when you set out with the hypocritical declaration that it is your duty to give *implicit obedience* to the law of God, and then conclude by declaring your resolution to break it, I believe in my heart that not only will God's children abhor the blasphemy, but honest, worldly men will despise your cowardice. And now, sir, I have done. You little know the feelings of deep compassion with which you, and the unhappy men who voted with you, are regarded by many an humble and holy believer, who loves, because he knows, the preciousness of an unbroken Sabbath-day. Never in all my experience did I meet with a child of God who did not prize, above all other earthly things, the privilege of devoting to his God *the seventh part of his time.* It is still a sign between God and His Israel. It is this simple fact, sir, that affords me ground to fear that, with all your talents, with all your reason and plain sense, you are yet an utter stranger to the peculiar tastes and joys and hopes of those who love the Lord. You proclaim your own shame. You prove, even to the blind world, that you are not journeying toward the Sabbath above, where the Sabbath-breaker cannot come. If you shall really carry your motion, against the prayers and longings of

God's people in this land, then, sir, you will triumph for a little while; but Scotland's sin, committed against light and against solemn warning, will not pass unavenged.—I am, sir, etc.

P.S.—As an advocate learned in the law, you must be well aware that the law of God, as expounded by the Confession of Faith of the Established Church of Scotland (and which is subscribed by every denomination of orthodox dissenters in Scotland), is also the law of the land, as ratified and enacted by the Act 1690 of the Parliament of Scotland, in the two following clauses:—

"As it is the law of nature, that, in general, a due proportion of time be set apart for the worship of God, so in His word, by a positive, moral, and perpetual commandment, binding all men in all ages, He hath particularly appointed one day in seven for a Sabbath, to be kept holy unto Him; which, from the beginning of the world to the resurrection of Christ, was the last day of the week; and from the resurrection of Christ, was changed into the first day of the week, which in Scripture is called the Lord's day, and is to be continued to the end of the world, as the Christian Sabbath.

"This Sabbath is then kept holy unto the Lord, when men, after a due preparing of their hearts, and ordering of their common affairs beforehand, do not only observe an holy rest all the day from their own works, words, and thoughts about their worldly employments and recreations, but also are taken up the whole time in the public and private exercises of His worship, and in the duties of necessity and mercy."

If this be true, which you know it is, then you stand convicted before the British public as one who proclaimed it to be the duty of the directors to break both the law of God and the law of the land.

St. Peter's, Dundee, *December* 1, 1841.

COMMUNION WITH BRETHREN OF OTHER DENOMINATIONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "DUNDEE WARDER."

Dear Sir,—Allow me, for the first time in my life, to ask a place in your columns. My object in doing so is not to defend myself, which we are all perhaps too ready to do, but to state simply and calmly what appear to me to be the scriptural grounds of Free Ministerial Communion among all who are faithful ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whatever name known among men. These views I have long held: they were maintained by the early Reformers, and by the Church of Scotland in her best days; and I bless God that, by the decision of the last General Assembly, they are once more declared to be the principles of our beloved Church. I am anxious to do this, because the question is one of great difficulty, requiring deeper thought than most have bestowed upon it; and it is of vast importance, in this day of conflicting opinions, to be firmly grounded on the Lord's side.

Of the respectable ministers, who so lately officiated for me during my illness, I shall say nothing, except that they agreed to assist me in a time of need in the kindest manner, and that, however much I differ from them on several points of deepest interest, I, along with many in the Church, do regard them as faithful ministers of Christ; and I trust they will utterly disregard the poor insinuations as to their motives (contained in the letters of your correspondents) which, I regret to say, disfigure your last paper.

In order to clear our way in this subject, allow me to open up, first, the subject of Free Communion among private Christians, and then that of Free Communion among Christian ministers.

(1) I believe it to be the mind of Christ, that all who are vitally united to Him, should love one another, exhort one another daily, communicate freely of their substance to one another when poor, pray with and for one another, and sit down together at the Lord's table. Each of these positions may be proved by the word of God. It is quite true that we may be frequently deceived in deciding upon the real godliness of those with whom we are brought into contact. The apostles themselves were deceived, and we must not expect to do the work of the ministry with fewer difficulties than they had to encounter. Still I have no doubt from Scripture that, where we have good reason for regarding a man as a child of God, we are permitted and commanded to treat him as a brother; and, as the most sacred pledge of heavenly friendship, to sit down freely at the table of our common Lord, to eat bread and drink wine together in remembrance of Christ. The reason of this rule is plain. If we have solid ground to believe that a fellow-sinner has been, by the Holy Spirit, grafted into the true vine, then we

have ground to believe that we are vitally united to one another for eternity. The same blood has washed us, the same Spirit has quickened us, we lean upon the same pierced breast, we love the same law, we are guided by the same sleepless eye, we are to stand at the right hand of the same throne, we shall blend our voices eternally in singing the same song: "Worthy is the Lamb!" Is it not reasonable, then, that we should own one another on earth as fellow-travellers to our Father's house, and fellow-heirs of the incorruptible crown? Upon this I have always acted, both in sitting down at the Lord's table and in admitting others to that blessed privilege. I was once permitted to unite in celebrating the Lord's Supper in an upper room in Jerusalem. There were fourteen present, the most of whom, I had good reason to believe, knew and loved the Lord Jesus Christ. Several were godly Episcopalians, two were converted Jews, and one a Christian from Nazareth, converted under the American missionaries. The bread and wine were dispensed in the Episcopal manner, and most were kneeling as they received them. Perhaps your correspondents would have shrunk back with horror, and called this the confusion of Babel. We felt it to be sweet fellowship with Christ and with the brethren; and as we left the upper room, and looked out upon the Mount of Olives, we remembered with calm joy the prayer of our Lord that ascended from one of its shady ravines, after the first Lord's Supper: "Neither pray I for these alone, but for them also which shall believe in Me through their word, that they all may be ONE."

The table of Christ is a family table spread in this wilderness, and none of the true children should be absent from it, or be separated while sitting at it. We are told of Rowland Hill that, upon one occasion, "when he had preached in a chapel where none but baptized adults were admitted to the sacrament, he wished to have communicated with them, but was told respectfully, You cannot sit down at *our* table. He only calmly replied, "I thought it was the *Lord's* table."

The early Reformers held the same view. Calvin wrote to Cranmer that he would cross ten seas to bring it about. Baxter, Owen, and Howe, in a later generation, pleaded for it; and the Westminster Divines laid down the same principle in few but solemn words: "Saints, by profession, are bound to maintain an holy fellowship and communion in the worship of God—which communion, as God offereth opportunity, is to be extended unto all those who in every place call upon the name of the Lord

Jesus." These words, embodied in our standards, show clearly that the views maintained above are the very principles of the Church of Scotland.

(2) The second scriptural communion is Ministerial Communion. Here also I believe it to be the mind of Christ, that all who are true servants of the Lord Jesus Christ, sound in the faith, called to the ministry, and owned of God therein, should love one another, pray one for another, bid one another God-speed, own one another as fellow-soldiers, fellow-servants, and fellow-labourers in the vineyard, and, so far as God offereth opportunity, help one another in the work of the ministry. Each of these positions also may be proved by the word of God. I am aware that, practically, it is a point of far greater difficulty and delicacy than the communion of private Christians, because I can own many a one as a fellow-Christian, and can joyfully sit down with him at the Lord's table, while I may think many of his views of divine truth defective, and could not receive him as a sound teacher. But although caution and sound discretion are no doubt to be used in applying this or any other Scripture rule, yet the rule itself appears to be simple enough—that, where any minister of any denomination holds the Head, is sound in doctrine and blameless in life, preaches Christ and Him crucified as the only way of pardon, and the only source of holiness, especially if he has been owned of God in the conversion of souls and upbuilding of saints, we are bound to hold ministerial communion with him, whenever Providence opens the way. What are we that we should shut our pulpits against such a man? True, he may hold that Prelacy is the scriptural form of church government; he may have signed the 37th Article of the Church of England, giving the Queen the chief power in all causes, whether ecclesiastical or civil: still, if he be a Berridge or a Rowland Hill, he is an honoured servant of Christ. True, he may hold Establishments to be unscriptural—he may not see, as I do, that the Queen is the minister of God, and ought to use all her authority in extending, defending, and maintaining the Church of Christ: still, if he be like some I could name, he is a faithful servant of Christ. True, he may have inconsistencies of mind which we cannot account for—he may have prejudices of sect and education which destroy much of our comfort in meeting him (and can we plead exemption from these?)—he may sometimes have spoken rashly and uncharitably (I also have done the same): still, I cannot but own him as a servant of Christ. If

the Master owns him in his work, shall the sinful fellow-servant disown him? Shall we be more cautious than our Lord? True, he may have much imperfection in his views; so had Apollos. He may be to be blamed in some things, and withstood to the face; so it was with Peter. He may have acted a cowardly part at one time; so did John Mark. Still I maintain that unless he has shown himself a Demas, "a lover of this present world," or one of those who have a "form of godliness, denying the power thereof," we are not allowed to turn away from him, nor to treat him as an adversary.

Such were the principles of the Reformers. Calvin says of Luther, when he was loading him with abuse, "Let him call me a dog or a devil, I will acknowledge him as a servant of Christ." The devoted Usher preached in the pulpit of Samuel Rutherford; and at a later date, before the unscriptural Act of 1799 was passed, to hinder faithful English ministers from carrying the light of divine truth into the death-like gloom of our Scottish parishes, a minister of the Synod of Glasgow defended himself for admitting Whitfield into his pulpit in these memorable words:—"There is no law of Christ, no Act of Assembly, prohibiting me to give my pulpit to an Episcopal, Independent, or Baptist minister, *if of sound principles in the fundamentals of religion, and of sober life.*"[1] The same truth is clearly to be deduced from the 25th chapter of the Confession of Faith, where it is declared that "the visible Church consists of all those throughout the world that profess the true religion, together with their children." And then it is added, "Unto this catholic, visible Church, Christ hath given the ministry," etc. From which it plainly follows, that faithful ministers belonging to all parts of the visible Church are to be recognised *as ministers whom Christ hath given.* Such I believe to be the principles of God's word; such are clearly the views of the standards of our Church; and I do hail it as a token that the Spirit of God was really poured down upon the last General Assembly, that they so calmly and deliberately swept away the unchristian Act of 1799 from the statute-book, and returned to the good old way.

It has often been my prayer that no unfaithful minister might ever be heard within the walls of St. Peter's. My elders and people can bear witness that they have seldom heard any voice from its pulpit that did not proclaim "ruin by the Fall, righteousness by Christ, and regeneration by the Spirit." Difficult as it is in these days to find supply, I had rather that no voice should be heard there at all than "the voice of strangers," from whom Christ's sheep will flee. Silence in the pulpit does not edify souls, but it does not ruin them. But the living servant of Christ is dear to my heart, and welcome to address my flock, let him come from whatever quarter of the earth he may. I have sat with delight under the burning words of a faithful Lutheran pastor. I have been fed by the ministrations of American Congregationalists and devoted Episcopalians, and all of my flock who know and love Christ would have loved to hear them too. If dear Martin Boos were alive, pastor of the Church of Rome though he was, he would have been welcome too; and who that knows the value of souls and the value of a living testimony would say it was wrong?

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[1] See *Presbyterian Review* for January 1839, where most of the above facts are more fully stated, and similar views ably advanced, by a dear fellow-labourer in the ministry.

Had I admitted to my pulpit some frigid Evangelical of our own Church—(I allude to no individual, but I fear it is a common case)—one whose head is sound in all the stirring questions of the day, but whose heart is cold in seeking the salvation of sinners, would any watchful brother of sinners have sounded an alarm in the next day's gazette to warn me and my flock of the sin and danger? I fear not. And yet Baxter says of such a man, "Nothing can be more indecent than to hear a dead preacher speaking to dead sinners the living truth of the living God." With such ministers I have no communion. "O my soul, come not thou into their secret; unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united."

In conclusion, let me notice the effect of this Free Ministerial Communion upon our glorious struggle for Christ's kingly office in Scotland. I believe, with many of my brethren, that the Church of Scotland is at this moment a city set upon a hill that cannot be hid. I believe she is a spectacle to men and to angels, contending in the sight of the universe for Christ's twofold crown —His crown over nations, and His crown over the visible Catholic Church. She stands between the Voluntary on the one side, and the Erastian on the other, and with one hand on the word of God, and the other lifted up to heaven, implores her adorable Head to uphold her as a faithful witness unto death, in a day of trouble, and rebuke, and blasphemy. In generations past this cause has been maintained in Scotland at all hands, and against all enemies; and if God calls us to put our feet in the blood-stained footsteps of the Scottish worthies, I dare not boast, but I will pray that the calm faith of Hugh Mackail, and the cheerful courage of Donald Cargill, may be given me. But is this a reason why we should not live up to the spirit of the New Testament, in our dealing with Christians and Christian ministers of other denominations? Is this a reason why we should not wipe off every stain from the garments of our beloved Church? Is it not the very thing that demands that each member of our Church should set his house in order, purging out all the old leaven of carnal division, reforming his own spirit and family, according to the rule of God's word; that elders and ministers should seek revival and reformation in their private and public walk, and pant after more of the spirit of our suffering Head and Elder Brother? If a faithful Episcopal minister be wrong in his views of church government, as I believe he is; if many of our faithful Dissenting brethren are wrong in opposing Christ's headship over nations, as I believe they are, what is the scriptural mode of seeking to set them right? Is it to set up unscriptural barriers between us and them? Is it to count them as enemies, however much Christ acknowledges them as good and faithful servants? Is it to call them by opprobrious epithets, to impute mean and wicked motives for their undertaking the holiest services, to rake among the ashes for their hard sayings? I think not. Christ's way is a more excellent way, however unpleasant to the proud, carnal heart. "Let us, therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded; and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you." I have looked at this question from the brink of eternity, and in such a light, I can assure your correspondents that, if they know the Lord, they will regret, as I have done, the want of more caution in speaking of the doings and motives of other men. Let us do our part towards our Dissenting brethren according to the Scriptures, however they may treat us. We shall be no losers. Perhaps we may gain those who are brethren indeed to think more as we do. At least they will love us, and cease to speak evil of us.

If our Church is to fall under the iron foot of despotism, God grant that it may fall reformed and purified; pure in its doctrine, government, discipline, and worship; scriptural in its spirit; missionary in its aim, and holy in its practice; a truly golden candlestick; a pleasant vine. If the daughter of Zion must be made a widow, and sit desolate on the ground, grant her latest cry may be that of her once suffering, now exalted Head: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."—I remain, dear sir, yours, etc.

St. Peter's, Dundee, *July* 6, 1842.

TO THE LAMBS OF THE FLOCK.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd; He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom."—Isaiah xl. 11.

Beloved Children,—Jesus is the Good Shepherd. His arm was stretched out on the cross, and His bosom was pierced with the spear. That arm is able to gather you, and that bosom is open to receive you. I pray for you every day that you may be saved by Christ. He said to me, "Feed My lambs," and I daily return the words to Him, "Lord, feed my lambs." In the bowels of Jesus Christ, I long after you all. I believe Christ has gathered some of you. But are no more to be gathered? Are no more green brands to be plucked from the burning? Will no more of you hide beneath the white robe of Jesus? Oh, come! for "yet there is room." Lift up your hearts to God while I tell you something more of the Good Shepherd.

I. JESUS HAS A FLOCK.

"He shall feed His flock like a shepherd." Every shepherd must have a flock, and so has Christ. I once saw a flock in a valley near Jerusalem; and the shepherd went before them and called the sheep, and they knew his voice and followed him. I said, This is the way Jesus leads His sheep. Oh that I may be one of them!

(1) *Christ's flock is a little flock.*—Hear what Jesus says: "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" (Luke xii. 32). Pray to be among the little flock. Look at the world—eight hundred millions of men, women, and children, of different countries, colour, and language, all journeying to the judgment-seat! Is this Christ's flock? Ah, no! Five hundred millions never heard the sweet name of Jesus, and of the rest the most see no beauty in the Rose of Sharon. Christ's is a little flock. Look at this town. What crowds press along the streets on a market-day! What a large flock is here! Is this the flock of Christ? No. It is to be

feared that most of these are not the brothers and sisters of Christ; they do not bear His likeness; they do not follow the Lamb now, and will not follow Him in eternity. Look round the Sabbath schools. What a number of young faces are there! How many beaming eyes! How many precious souls! Is this the flock of Christ? No, no. The most of you have hard and stony hearts; the most of you love pleasure more than God; the most of you love sin, and lightly esteem Christ. "What a pity it is that they do not a' come to Christ, for they would be sic happy!" said one of yourselves. I could weep when I think how many of you will live lives of sin, and die deaths of horror, and spend an eternity in hell. Beloved children, pray that you may be like the one lily among many thorns—that you may be the few lambs in the midst of a world of wolves.

(2) *Christ's sheep are marked sheep.*—In almost every flock the sheep are all marked in order that the shepherd may know them. The mark is often made with tar on the woolly back of the sheep. Sometimes it is the first letter of the owner's name. The use of the mark is, that they may not be lost when they wander among other sheep. So it is with the flock of Jesus. Every sheep of His has two marks. *One mark is made with the blood of Jesus.* Every sheep and lamb in Christ's flock was once guilty and defiled with sin, altogether become filthy. But every one of them has been drawn to the blood of Jesus and washed there. They are all like sheep "come up from the washing." They can all say, "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood" (Rev. i. 5). Have you this mark? Look and see. You can never be in heaven unless you have it. Every one there has washed his robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb (Rev. vii. 14). *Another mark is made by the Holy Spirit.* This is not a mark which you can see outside, like the mark on the white wool of the sheep. It is deep, deep in the bosom, where the eye of man cannot look. It is A NEW HEART. "A new heart also will I give you" (Ezek. xxxvi. 26). This is the seal of the Holy Spirit, which He gives to all them that believe. With infinite power He puts forth His unseen hand, and silently changes the heart of all that are truly Christ's. Have you got the new heart? You never will go to heaven without it. "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." Beloved children, pray for these two marks of the sheep of Jesus—forgiveness through blood and a new heart. Oh, be in earnest to get them,

and to get them *now.* Soon the Chief Shepherd will come, and set the sheep on His right hand, and the goats on His left. Where will you be in that day?

(3) *Christ's sheep all flock together.*—Sheep love to go together. A sheep never goes with a wolf or with a dog, but always with the flock. Especially when a storm is coming down, they keep near one another. When the sky turns dark with clouds, and the first drops of a thunder-shower are coming on, the shepherds say that you will see the sheep flocking down from the hills, and all meeting together in some sheltered valley. They love to keep together. So it is with the flock of Jesus. They do not love to go with the world, but always one with another. Christian loves Christian. They have the same peace, the same Spirit, the same Shepherd, the same fold on the hills of immortality. Especially in the dark and cloudy day, such as our day is likely to be, the sheep of Christ are driven together, to weep together. They love to pray together, to sing praise together, to hide in Christ together.

"Little children, love one another." Make companions of those that fear God. Flee from all others. Who can take fire into their bosom, and not be burned? I remember of one little boy who was indeed a lamb of Christ's fold. He could not bear a lie; and whenever he found any of his companions telling a falsehood, he left their company altogether. There was one boy with whom he was very intimate. This boy one day began to boast of something he had done, which boast our little Christian saw at once to be a lie. Upon this he told him that he must never again come to his house, and that he would have nothing more to do with him till he was a better boy. His mother asked him how he would soon know when he was a better boy. He said that he would see some marks which would show him that he was better. "And what marks will you know it by?" "I think," said he, "the biggest mark will be that he loves God."

II. WHAT JESUS DOES FOR HIS FLOCK.

(1) *He died for them.*—"I am the Good Shepherd: the Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." This is the chief beauty in Christ. The wounds that marred His fair body make Him altogether lovely in a needy sinner's eye. All that are now and ever shall be the sheep of Christ, were once condemned to die. The wrath of God abode upon them. They were ready to

drop into the burning lake. Jesus had compassion upon them, left His Father's bosom, emptied Himself, became a worm and no man, and died under the sins of many. "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us." This is the grace of the Lord Jesus. Every one in the flock can say, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me."

(2) *He seeks and finds them.*—We would never seek Christ, if He did not seek us first. We would never find Christ if He did not find us. "The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." I once asked a shepherd, "How do you find sheep that are lost in the snow?" "Oh," he said, "we go down into the deep ravines, where the sheep go in storms; there we find the sheep huddled together beneath the snow." "And are they able to come out when you take away the snow?" "Oh no; if they had to take a single step to save their lives, they could not do it. So we just go in and carry them out." Ah, this is the very way Jesus saves lost sheep. He finds us frozen and dead in the deep pit of sin. If we had to take a single step to save our souls, we could not do it; but He reaches down His arm and carries us out. This He does for every sheep He saves. Glory, glory, glory be to Jesus, the Shepherd of our souls. Oh, children, let Jesus gather you. Feel your helpless condition, and look up and say, Lord, help me.

(3) *He feeds them.*—"By me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out and find pasture." If Jesus has saved, you, He will feed you. He will feed your body. "I have been young, and now am old; yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread."

> The birds without barn or storehouse are fed;
> From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
> His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
> So long as 'tis written—The Lord will provide.

He will feed your soul. He that feeds the little flower in the cleft of the craggy precipice, where no hand of man can reach it, will feed your soul with silent drops of heavenly dew. I shall never forget the story of a little girl in Belfast, in Ireland. She was at a Sabbath school, and gained a Bible as a prize for her good conduct. It became to her a treasure indeed. *She was fed out of it.* Her parents were wicked. She often read to them, but they became worse and worse. This broke Eliza's heart. She took to her bed and never rose again. She desired to see her teacher. When he came, he said, "You are not without a companion, my dear child," taking up her Bible. "No," she replied—

"Precious Bible? what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.
Let the world account me poor,
Having this, I ask no more."

She had scarcely repeated the lines when she hung back her head and died. Beloved children, this is the way Jesus feeds his flock. He is a tender, constant, almighty Shepherd. If you become His flock, He will feed you all the way to glory.

III. JESUS CARES FOR LAMBS.

"He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom." Every careful shepherd deals gently with the lambs of the flock. When the flocks are travelling, the lambs are not able to go far: they often grow weary and lie down. Now, a kind shepherd stoops down and puts his gentle arm beneath them, and lays them in his bosom. Such a shepherd is the Lord Jesus, and saved children are His lambs. He gathers them with His arm, and carries them in His bosom. Many a guilty lamb He has gathered and carried to His Father's house. Some He has gathered out of this place whom you and I once knew well.

Before He came into the world, Jesus cared for lambs. Samuel was a very little child, no bigger than the least of you, when he was converted. He was girded with a linen ephod, and his mother made him a little coat, and brought it to him every year. One night as he slept in the holy place, near where the Ark of God was kept, he heard a voice cry, "Samuel!" He started up and ran to old Eli, whose eyes were dim, and said, "Here am I; for thou calledst me." And Eli said, "I called not; lie down again." He went and lay down, but a second time the voice cried, "Samuel!" He rose and went to Eli, saying, "Here am I; for thou didst call me." And Eli said, "I called not, my son; lie down again." A third time the holy voice cried, "Samuel!" And he arose and went to Eli with the same words. Then Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child; therefore Eli said, "Go, lie down; and it shall be if He call thee, thou shalt say, Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth!" So he went and lay down. A fourth time (how often Christ will call on little children!) the voice cried, "Samuel! Samuel!" Then Samuel answered, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth!" Thus did Jesus gather this lamb with His arm and carried him in His bosom. For "Samuel grew, and the Lord was with him; and the Lord revealed Himself to Samuel in Shiloh" (1 Sam. iii.).

Little children, of whom I travail in birth till Christ be formed in you, pray that the same Lord would reveal Himself to you. Some people say, you are too young to be converted and saved. But Samuel was not too young. Christ can open the eyes of a child as easily as of an old man. Yea, youth is the best time to be saved in. You are not too young to die, not too young to be judged, and therefore not too young to be brought to Christ. Do not be contented to hear about Christ from your teachers; pray that He would *reveal Himself* to you. God grant there may be many little Samuels amongst you.

Jesus cares for lambs still. The late Duke of Hamilton had two sons. The eldest fell into consumption when a boy, which ended in his death. Two ministers went to see him at the family seat, near Glasgow, where he lay. After prayer, the youth took his Bible from under his pillow, and turned up to 2 Tim. iv. 7: "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness;" and added, "This, sirs, is all my comfort!" When his death approached, he called his younger brother to his bed, and spoke to him with great affection. He ended with these remarkable words: "And now, Douglas, in a little time you will be a duke, but I *shall be a king*."

Let me tell you a word of another gentle lamb, whom Jesus gathered, and whom I saw on her way from grace to glory. She was early brought to Christ, and early taken to be with Him where He is. She told her companions that she generally fell asleep on these words, "His left hand is under my head, and His right hand doth embrace me;" and sometimes on these, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." She said she did not know how it was, but somehow she felt that Christ was always near her. Another time she said, "I think it's the best way to make myself as loathsome as I can before Him, and then to look to Jesus." When seized with her last illness, and told that the doctors thought she would not live long, she looked quite composed, and said, "I am very happy at that." She said she could not love Jesus enough here; that she would like to be with Him, and then she would love Him as she ought. To her tender, watchful relative she said, "I wonder at your often looking so grave. I'm surprised at it, for I think I am the happiest person in the house. I have every temporal comfort, and then I am going to Jesus." After a companion had been with her, she said, "Margaret quite entered into my happiness; she did not look grave, but smiled; that showed how much she loves me." When sitting one evening, her head resting on a pillow, she was asked, "Is there anything the matter, my darling!" "Oh," she said, "I am only weak. I am quite happy. Jesus has said, 'Thou art mine.'" Another day, when near her last, one said to her, "Have you been praying much to-day?" "Yes," she replied, "and I have been trying to praise too." "And what have you been praising for?" "I praise God," she said, "for all the comforts I have. I praise Him for many kind friends,—you know He is the foundation of *all;* and I praise Him for taking a sinner to glory."

These are a few of the many golden sayings of this lamb of Christ, now, I trust, safe in the fold above. Would you wish to be gathered thus? Go now to some lonely place—kneel down, and call upon the Lord Jesus. Do not leave your knees until you find Him. Pray to be gathered with His arm, and carried in His bosom. Take hold of the hem of His garment, and say, "I must—I dare not—I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me."

O seek Him in earnest, and seek Him in time,
  For they that seek early shall find;
While they that neglect Him are hardened in crime,
And never can come to this pure blessed clime—
  They perish in anguish of mind.

DAILY BREAD.

BEING A CALENDAR FOR READING THROUGH THE WORD OF GOD IN A YEAR.

"Thy word is very pure; therefore Thy servant loveth it."

My dear Flock,—The approach of another year stirs up within me new desires for your salvation, and for the growth of those of you who are saved. "God is my record how greatly I long after you all in the bowels of Jesus Christ." What the coming year is to bring forth, who can tell? There is plainly a weight lying on the spirits of all good men, and a looking for some strange work of judgment coming upon this land. There is need now to ask that solemn question: "If in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

Those believers will stand firmest who have no dependence upon self or upon creatures, but upon Jehovah our Righteousness. We must be driven more to our Bibles, and to the mercy-seat, if we are to stand in the evil day. Then we shall be able to say, like David, "The proud have had me greatly in derision, yet have I not declined from Thy law." "Princes have persecuted me without a cause, but my heart standeth in awe of Thy word."

It has long been in my mind to prepare a scheme of Scripture reading, in which as many as were made willing by God might agree, so that the whole Bible might be read once by you in the year, and all might be feeding in the same portion of the green pasture at the same time.

I am quite aware that such a plan is accompanied with many

DANGERS.

(1) *Formality.*—We are such weak creatures that any regularly returning duty is apt to degenerate into a lifeless form. The tendency of reading the word by a fixed rule may, in some minds, be to create this skeleton religion. This is to be the peculiar sin of the last days: "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." Guard against this. Let the calendar perish rather than this rust eat up your souls.

(2) *Self-righteousness.*—Some, when they have devoted their set time to reading the word, and accomplished their prescribed portion, may be tempted to look at themselves with self-complacency. Many, I am persuaded, are living without any divine work on their soul—unpardoned and unsanctified, and ready to perish—who spend their appointed times in secret and family devotion. This is going to hell with a lie in the right hand.

(3) *Careless reading.*—Few *tremble* at the word of God. Few, in reading it, hear the voice of Jehovah, which is full of majesty. Some, by having so large a portion, may be tempted to weary of it, as Israel did of the daily manna, saying, "Our

soul loatheth this light bread!" and to read it in a slight and careless manner. This would be fearfully provoking to God. Take heed lest that word be true of you: "Ye said also, Behold, what a weariness is it! and ye have snuffed at it, saith the Lord of Hosts."

(4) *A yoke too heavy to bear.*—Some may engage in reading with alacrity for a time, and afterwards feel it a burden, grievous to be borne. They may find conscience dragging them through the appointed task without any relish of the heavenly food. If this be the case with any, throw aside the fetter, and feed at liberty in the sweet garden of God. My desire is not to cast a snare upon you, but to be a helper of your joy.

If there be so many dangers, why propose such a scheme at all? To this I answer, that the best things are accompanied with danger, as the fairest flowers are often gathered in the clefts of some dangerous precipice. Let us weigh

THE ADVANTAGES.

(1) *The whole Bible will be read through in an orderly manner in the course of a year.*—The Old Testament once, the New Testament and Psalms twice. I fear many of you never read the whole Bible; and yet it is all equally divine: "All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect." If we pass over some parts of Scripture, we shall be incomplete Christians.

(2) *Time will not be wasted in choosing what portions to read.*—Often believers are at a loss to determine towards which part of the mountains of spices they should bend their steps. Here the question will be solved at once in a very simple manner.

(3) *Parents will have a regular subject upon which to examine their children and servants.*—It is much to be desired that family worship were made more instructive than it generally is. The mere reading of the chapter is often too like water spilt on the ground. Let it be read by every member of the family beforehand, and then the meaning and application drawn out by simple question and answer. The calendar will be helpful in this. Friends, also, when they meet, will have a subject for profitable conversation in the portions read that day. The meaning of difficult passages may be inquired from the more

judicious and ripe Christians, and the fragrance of simpler scriptures spread abroad.

(4) *The pastor will know in what part of the pasture the flock are feeding.*—He will thus be enabled to speak more suitably to them on the Sabbath; and both pastor and elders will be able to drop a word of light and comfort in visiting from house to house, which will be more readily responded to.

(5) *The sweet bond of Christian love and unity will be strengthened.*—We shall be often led to think of those dear brothers and sisters in the Lord, here and elsewhere, who agree to join with us in reading these portions. We shall oftener be led to agree on earth, touching something we shall ask of God. We shall pray over the same promises, mourn over the same confessions, praise God in the same songs, and be nourished by the same words of eternal life.

CALENDAR.

DIRECTIONS.

1. The centre column contains the day of the month. The two first columns contain the chapters to be read in the family. The two last columns contain the portions to be read in secret.

2. The head of the family should previously read over the chapter for family worship, and mark two or three of the most prominent verses, upon which he may dwell, asking a few simple questions.

3. Frequently the chapter named in the calendar for family reading might be read more suitably in secret; in which case the head of the family should intimate that it be read in private, and the chapter for secret reading may be used in the family.

4. The metrical version of the Psalms should be read or sung through at least once in the year. It is truly an admirable translation from the Hebrew, and is frequently more correct than the prose version. If three verses be sung at each diet of family worship, the whole Psalms will be sung through in the year.

5. Let the conversation at family meals often turn upon the

chapter read and the psalm sung. Thus every meal will be a sacrament, being sanctified by the word and prayer.

6. Let our secret reading prevent the dawning of the day. Let God's voice be the first we hear in the morning. Mark two or three of the richest verses, and pray over every line and word of them. Let the marks be neatly done, never so as to abuse a copy of the Bible.

7. In meeting believers on the street or elsewhere, when an easy opportunity offers, recur to the chapters read that morning. This will be a blessed exchange for those *idle words* which waste the soul and grieve the Holy Spirit of God. In writing letters to those at a distance, make use of the provision that day gathered.

8. Above all, use the word as a lamp to your feet and a light to your path—your guide in perplexity, your armour in temptation, your food in times of faintness. Hear the constant cry of the great Intercessor,

"SANCTIFY THEM THROUGH THY TRUTH: THY WORD IS TRUTH."

ST. PETER'S, DUNDEE, *December* 30, 1842.

JANUARY.

THIS IS MY BELOVED SON, IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED. HEAR YE HIM.

FAMILY.					SECRET.			
GENESIS	1	MATTHEW	1	1	EZRA	1	ACTS	1
,,	2	,,	2	2	,,	2	,,	2
,,	3	,,	3	3	,,	3	,,	3
,,	4	,,	4	4	,,	4	,,	4
,,	5	,,	5	5	,,	5	,,	5
,,	6	,,	6	6	,,	6	,,	6
,,	7	,,	7	7	,,	7	,,	7
,,	8	,,	8	8	,,	8	,,	8
,,	9–10	,,	9	9	,,	9	,,	9
,,	11	,,	10	10	,,	10	,,	10
,,	12	,,	11	11	NEHEMIAH	1	,,	11
,,	13	,,	12	12	,,	2	,,	12
,,	14	,,	13	13	,,	3	,,	13
,,	15	,,	14	14	,,	4	,,	14
,,	16	,,	15	15	,,	5	,,	15
,,	17	,,	16	16	,,	6	,,	16
,,	18	,,	17	17	,,	7	,,	17
,,	19	,,	18	18	,,	8	,,	18
,,	20	,,	19	19	,,	9	,,	19
,,	21	,,	20	20	,,	10	,,	20
,,	22	,,	21	21	,,	11	,,	21
,,	23	,,	22	22	,,	12	,,	22
,,	24	,,	23	23	,,	13	,,	23
,,	25	,,	24	24	ESTHER	1	,,	24
,,	26	,,	25	25	,,	2	,,	25
,,	27	,,	26	26	,,	3	,,	26
,,	28	,,	27	27	,,	4	,,	27
,,	29	,,	28	28	,,	5	,,	28
,,	30	MARK	1	29	,,	6	ROMANS	1
,,	31	,,	2	30	,,	7	,,	2
,,	32	,,	3	31	,,	8	,,	3

FEBRUARY.

I HAVE ESTEEMED THE WORDS OF HIS MOUTH MORE THAN MY NECESSARY FOOD.

FAMILY.					SECRET.			
GENESIS	33	MARK	4	1	ESTHER	9–10	ROMANS	4
,,	34	,,	5	2	JOB	1	,,	5
,,	35–36	,,	6	3	,,	2	,,	6
,,	37	,,	7	4	,,	3	,,	7
,,	38	,,	8	5	,,	4	,,	8
,,	39	,,	9	6	,,	5	,,	9
,,	40	,,	10	7	,,	6	,,	10
,,	41	,,	11	8	,,	7	,,	11
,,	42	,,	12	9	,,	8	,,	12
,,	43	,,	13	10	,,	9	,,	13
,,	44	,,	14	11	,,	10	,,	14
,,	45	,,	15	12	,,	11	,,	15
,,	46	,,	16	13	,,	12	,,	16
,,	47	LK. 1 to v.	38	14	,,	13	1 COR.	1
,,	48	,, 1 v.	39	15	,,	14	,,	2
,,	49	,,	2	16	,,	15	,,	3
,,	50	,,	3	17	,,	16–17	,,	4
EXODUS	1	,,	4	18	,,	18	,,	5
,,	2	,,	5	19	,,	19	,,	6
,,	3	,,	6	20	,,	20	,,	7
,,	4	,,	7	21	,,	21	,,	8
,,	5	,,	8	22	,,	22	,,	9
,,	6	,,	9	23	,,	23	,,	10
,,	7	,,	10	24	,,	24	,,	11
,,	8	,,	11	25	,,	25–26	,,	12
,,	9	,,	12	26	,,	27	,,	13
,,	10	,,	13	27	,,	28	,,	14
11–12 to v.	21	,,	14	28	,,	29	,,	15

MARCH.								
MARY KEPT ALL THESE THINGS, AND PONDERED THEM IN HER HEART.								
FAMILY.					SECRET.			
Ex. 12 v.	22	Luke	15	1	Job	30	1 Cor.	16
,,	13	,,	16	2	,,	31	2 Cor.	1
,,	14	,,	17	3	,,	32	,,	2
,,	15	,,	18	4	,,	33	,,	3
,,	16	,,	19	5	,,	34	,,	4
,,	17	,,	20	6	,,	35	,,	5
,,	18	,,	21	7	,,	36	,,	6
,,	19	,,	22	8	,,	37	,,	7
,,	20	,,	23	9	,,	38	,,	8
,,	21	,,	24	10	,,	39	,,	9
,,	22	John	1	11	,,	40	,,	10
,,	23	,,	2	12	,,	41	,,	11
,,	24	,,	3	13	,,	42	,,	12
,,	25	,,	4	14	Prov.	1	,,	13
,,	26	,,	5	15	,,	2	Gal.	1
,,	27	,,	6	16	,,	3	,,	2
,,	28	,,	7	17	,,	4	,,	3
,,	29	,,	8	18	,,	5	,,	4
,,	30	,,	9	*19	,,	6	,,	5
,,	31	,,	10	20	,,	7	,,	6
,,	32	,,	11	21	,,	8	Eph.	1
,,	33	,,	12	22	,,	9	,,	2
,,	34	,,	13	23	,,	10	,,	3
,,	35	,,	14	24	,,	11	,,	4
,,	36	,,	15	25	,,	12	,,	5
,,	37	,,	16	26	,,	13	,,	6
,,	38	,,	17	27	,,	14	Phil.	1
,,	39	,,	18	28	,,	15	,,	2
,,	40	,,	19	29	,,	16	,,	3
Lev.	1	,,	20	30	,,	17	,,	4
,,	2–3	,,	21	31	,,	18	Col.	1

APRIL.								
O SEND OUT THY LIGHT AND THY TRUTH: LET THEM LEAD ME.								
FAMILY.					SECRET.			
Lev.	4	Psalms	1–2	1	Prov.	19	Col.	2
,,	5	,,	3–4	2	,,	20	,,	3
,,	6	,,	5–6	3	,,	21	,,	4
,,	7	,,	7–8	4	,,	22	1 Thess.	1
,,	8	,,	9	5	,,	23	,,	2
,,	9	,,	10	6	,,	24	,,	3
,,	10	,,	11–12	7	,,	25	,,	4
,,	11–12	,,	13–14	8	,,	26	,,	5
,,	13	,,	15–16	9	,,	27	2 Thess.	1
,,	14	,,	17	10	,,	28	,,	2
,,	15	,,	18	11	,,	29	,,	3
,,	16	,,	19	12	,,	30	1 Tim.	1
,,	17	,,	20–21	13	,,	31	,,	2
,,	18	,,	22	14	Eccles.	1	,,	3
,,	19	,,	23–24	15	,,	2	,,	4
,,	20	,,	25	16	,,	3	,,	5
,,	21	,,	26–27	17	,,	4	,,	6
,,	22	,,	28–29	18	,,	5	2 Tim.	1
,,	23	,,	30	19	,,	6	,,	2
,,	24	,,	31	20	,,	7	,,	3
,,	25	,,	32	21	,,	8	,,	4
,,	26	,,	33	22	,,	9	Titus	1
,,	27	,,	34	23	,,	10	,,	2
Num.	1	,,	35	24	,,	11	,,	3
,,	2	,,	36	25	,,	12	Philem.	1
,,	3	,,	37	26	Song	1	Heb.	1
,,	4	,,	38	27	,,	2	,,	2
,,	5	,,	39	28	,,	3	,,	3
,,	6	,,	40–41	29	,,	4	,,	4
,,	7	,,	42–43	30	,,	5	,,	5

MAY.

FROM A CHILD THOU HAST KNOWN THE SCRIPTURES.

FAMILY.			SECRET.	
NUMBERS 8	PSALMS 44	1	SONG 6	HEBREWS 6
,, 9	,, 45	2	, 7	,, 7
,, 10	,, 46–47	3	,, 8	,, 8
,, 11	,, 48	4	ISAIAH 1	,, 9
,, 12–13	,, 49	5	,, 2	,, 10
,, 14	,, 50	6	,, 3–4	,, 11
,, 15	,, 51	7	,, 5	,, 12
,, 16	,, 52–54	8	,, 6	,, 13
,, 17–18	,, 55	9	,, 7	JAMES 1
,, 19	,, 56–57	10	8–9 to v. 7	,, 2
,, 20	,, 58–59	11	9 v. 8, 10 v. 4	,, 3
,, 21	,, 60–61	12	,, 10 v. 5	,, 4
,, 22	,, 62–63	13	,, 11–12	,, 5
,, 23	,, 64–65	14	,, 13	1 PETER 1
,, 24	,, 66–67	15	,, 14	,, 2
,, 25	,, 68	16	,, 15	,, 3
,, 26	,, 69	17	,, 16	,, 4
,, 27	,, 70–71	18	,, 17–18	,, 5
,, 28	,, 72	19	,, 19–20	2 PETER 1
,, 29	,, 73	20	,, 21	,, 2
,, 30	,, 74	21	,, 22	,, 3
,, 31	,, 75–76	22	,, 23	1 JOHN 1
,, 32	,, 77	23	,, 24	,, 2
,, 33	78 to v. 37	24	,, 25	,, 3
,, 34	78 v. 38	25	,, 26	,, 4
,, 35	,, 79	26	,, 27	,, 5
,, 36	,, 80	27	,, 28	2 JOHN 1
DEUT. 1	,, 81–82	28	,, 29	3 JOHN 1
,, 2	,, 83–84	29	,, 30	JUDE 1
,, 3	,, 85	30	,, 31	REV. 1
,, 4	,, 86–87	31	,, 32	,, 2

JUNE.

BLESSED IS HE THAT READETH AND THEY THAT HEAR.

FAMILY.			SECRET.	
DEUT. 5	PSALMS 88	1	ISAIAH 33	REV. 3
,, 6	,, 89	2	,, 34	,, 4
,, 7	,, 90	3	,, 35	,, 5
,, 8	,, 91	4	,, 36	,, 6
,, 9	,, 92–93	5	,, 37	,, 7
,, 10	,, 94	6	,, 38	,, 8
,, 11	,, 95–96	7	,, 39	,, 9
,, 12	,, 97–98	8	,, 40	,, 10
,, 13–14	,, 99–101	9	,, 41	,, 11
,, 15	,, 102	10	,, 42	,, 12
,, 16	,, 103	11	,, 43	,, 13
,, 17	,, 104	12	,, 44	,, 14
,, 18	,, 105	13	,, 45	,, 15
,, 19	,, 106	14	,, 46	,, 16
,, 20	,, 107	15	,, 47	,, 17
,, 21	108–109	16	,, 48	,, 18
,, 22	110–111	17	,, 49	,, 19
,, 23	112–113	18	,, 50	,, 20
,, 24	114–115	19	,, 51	,, 21
,, 25	,, 116	20	,, 52	,, 22
,, 26	117–118	21	,, 53	MATT. 1
27–28 to v. 19	119 to v. 24	22	,, 54	,, 2
28 v 20	v. 25 to 48	23	,, 55	,, 3
,, 29	v. 49 to 72	24	,, 56	,, 4
,, 30	v. 73 to 96	25	,, 57	,, 5
,, 31	v. 97 to 120	26	,, 58	,, 6
,, 32	v. 121 to 144	27	,, 59	,, 7
,, 33–34	v. 145 to 176	28	,, 60	,, 8
JOSHUA 1	120–122	29	,, 61	,, 9
,, 2	123–125	30	,, 62	,, 10

JULY.					AUGUST.				
THEY RECEIVED THE WORD WITH ALL READINESS OF MIND, AND SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURES DAILY.					SPEAK, LORD ! FOR THY SERVANT HEAREST.				
FAMILY.			SECRET.		FAMILY.			SECRET.	
JOSHUA 3	PS. 126–128	1	ISAIAH 63	MATT. 11	JUDGES 15	ACTS 19	1	JER. 28	MARK 14
,, 4	,, 129–131	2	,, 64	,, 12	,, 16	,, 20	2	,, 29	,, 15
5–6 to v. 5	,, 132–134	3	,, 65	,, 13	,, 17	,, 21	3	,, 30–31	,, 16
6 v. 6	,, 135–136	4	,, 66	,, 14	,, 18	,, 22	4	,, 32	PSALMS 1–2
,, 7	,, 137–138	5	JER. 1	,, 15	,, 19	,, 23	5	,, 33	,, 3–4
,, 8	,, 139	6	,, 2	,, 16	,, 20	,, 24	6	,, 34	,, 5–6
,, 9	,, 140–141	7	,, 3	,, 17	,, 21	,, 25	7	,, 35	,, 7–8
,, 10	,, 142–143	8	,, 4	,, 18	RUTH 1	,, 26	8	,, 36, 45	,, 9
,, 11	,, 144	9	,, 5	,, 19	,, 2	,, 27	9	,, 37	,, 10
,, 12–13	,, 145	10	,, 6	,, 20	,, 3–4	,, 28	10	,, 38	,, 11–12
,, 14–15	,, 146–147	11	,, 7	,, 21	1 SAM. 1	ROMANS 1	11	,, 39	,, 13–14
,, 16–17	,, 148	12	,, 8	,, 22	,, 2	,, 2	12	,, 40	,, 15–16
,, 18–19	,, 149–150	13	,, 9	,, 23	,, 3	,, 3	13	,, 41	,, 17
,, 20–21	ACTS 1	14	,, 10	,, 24	,, 4	,, 4	14	,, 42	,, 18
,, 22	,, 2	15	,, 11	,, 25	,, 5–6	,, 5	15	,, 43	,, 19
,, 23	,, 3	16	,, 12	,, 26	,, 7–8	,, 6	16	,, 44	,, 20–21
,, 24	,, 4	17	,, 13	,, 27	,, 9	,, 7	17	,, 46	,, 22
JUDGES 1	,, 5	18	,, 14	,, 28	,, 10	,, 8	18	,, 47	,, 23–24
,, 2	,, 6	19	,, 15	MARK 1	,, 11	,, 9	19	,, 48	,, 25
,, 3	,, 7	20	,, 16	,, 2	,, 12	,, 10	20	,, 49	,, 26–27
,, 4	,, 8	21	,, 17	,, 3	,, 13	,, 11	21	,, 50	,, 28–29
,, 5	,, 9	22	,, 18	,, 4	,, 14	,, 12	22	,, 51	,, 30
,, 6	,, 10	23	,, 19	,, 5	,, 15	,, 13	23	,, 52	,, 31
,, 7	,, 11	24	,, 20	,, 6	,, 16	,, 14	24	LAMEN. 1	,, 32
,, 8	,, 12	25	,, 21	,, 7	,, 17	,, 15	25	,, 2	,, 33
,, 9	,, 13	26	,, 22	,, 8	,, 18	,, 16	26	,, 3	,, 34
10–11 to v. 11	,, 14	27	,, 23	,, 9	,, 19	1 COR. 1	27	,, 4	,, 35
11 v. 12	,, 15	28	,, 24	,, 10	,, 20	,, 2	28	,, 5	,, 36
,, 12	,, 16	29	,, 25	,, 11	,, 21–22	,, 3	29	EZEKIEL 1	,, 37
,, 13	,, 17	30	,, 26	,, 12	,, 23	,, 4	30	,, 2	,, 38
,, 14	,, 18	31	,, 27	,, 13	,, 24	,, 5	31	,, 3	,, 39

SEPTEMBER.

THE LAW OF THE LORD IS PERFECT, CONVERTING THE SOUL.

FAMILY.					SECRET.			
1 Sam.	25	1 Cor.	6	1	Ezek.	4	Ps.	40–41
,,	26	,,	7	2	,,	5	,,	42–43
,,	27	,,	8	3	,,	6	,,	44
,,	28	,,	9	4	,,	7	,,	45
,,	29–30	,,	10	5	,,	8	,,	46–47
,,	31	,,	11	6	,,	9	,,	48
2 Sam.	1	,,	12	7	,,	10	,,	49
,,	2	,,	13	8	,,	11	,,	50
,,	3	,,	14	9	,,	12	,,	51
,,	4–5	,,	15	10	,,	13	,,	52–54
,,	6	,,	16	11	,,	14	,,	55
,,	7	2 Cor.	1	12	,,	15	,,	56–57
,,	8–9	,,	2	13	,,	16	,,	58–59
,,	10	,,	3	14	,,	17	,,	60–61
,,	11	,,	4	15	,,	18	,,	62–63
,,	12	,,	5	16	,,	19	,,	64–65
,,	13	,,	6	17	,,	20	,,	66–67
,,	14	,,	7	18	,,	21	,,	68
,,	15	,,	8	19	,,	22	,,	69
,,	16	,,	9	20	,,	23	,,	70–71
,,	17	,,	10	21	,,	24	,,	72
,,	18	,,	11	22	,,	25	,,	73
,,	19	,,	12	23	,,	26	,,	74
,,	20	,,	13	24	,,	27	,,	75–76
,,	21	Gal.	1	25	,,	28	,,	77
,,	22	,,	2	26	,,	29	,,	78 to v. 37
,,	23	,,	3	27	,,	30		78 v. 38
,,	24	,,	4	28	,,	31	,,	79
1 Kings	1	,,	5	29	,,	32	,,	80
,,	2	,,	6	30	,,	33	,,	81–82

OCTOBER.

O HOW I LOVE THY LAW! IT IS MY MEDITATION ALL THE DAY.

FAMILY.					SECRET.			
1 Kings	3	Eph.	1	1	Ezek.	34	Ps.	83–84
,,	4–5	,,	2	2	,,	35	,,	85
,,	6	,,	3	3	,,	36	,,	86
,,	7	,,	4	4	,,	37	,,	87–88
,,	8	,,	5	5	,,	38	,,	89
,,	9	,,	6	6	,,	39	,,	90
,,	10	Phil.	1	7	,,	40	,,	91
,,	11	,,	2	8	,,	41	,,	92–93
,,	12	,,	3	9	,,	42	,,	94
,,	13	,,	4	10	,,	43	,,	95–96
,,	14	Col.	1	11	,,	44	,,	97–98
,,	15	,,	2	12	,,	45	,,	99–101
,,	16	,,	3	13	,,	46	,,	102
,,	17	,,	4	14	,,	47	,,	103
,,	18	1 Thess.	1	15	,,	48	,,	104
,,	19	,,	2	16	Dan.	1	,,	105
,,	20	,,	3	17	,,	2	,,	106
,,	21	,,	4	18	,,	3	,,	107
,,	22	,,	5	19	,,	4		108–109
2 Kings	1	2 Thess.	1	20	,,	5		110–111
,,	2	,,	2	21	,,	6		112–113
,,	3	,,	3	22	,,	7		114–115
,,	4	1 Tim.	1	23	,,	8	,,	116
,,	5	,,	2	24	,,	9		117–118
,,	6	,,	3	25	,,	10		119 to v. 24
,,	7	,,	4	26	,,	11		v. 25 to 48
,,	8	,,	5	27	,,	12		v. 49 to 72
,,	9	,,	6	28	Hosea	1		v. 73 to 96
,,	10–11	2 Tim.	1	29	,,	2		v. 97 to 120
,,	12	,,	2	30	,,	3–4		v. 121 to 144
,,	13	,,	3	31	,,	5–6		v. 145 to 176

NOVEMBER.

AS NEW-BORN BABES, DESIRE THE SINCERE MILK OF THE WORD, THAT YE MAY GROW THEREBY.

FAMILY.					SECRET.			
2 Kings	14	2 Tim.	4	1	Hosea	7	Ps.	120–122
,,	15	Titus	1	2	,,	8	,,	123–125
,,	16	,,	2	3	,,	9	,,	126–128
,,	17	,,	3	4	,,	10	,,	129–131
,,	18	Philem.	1	5	,,	11	,,	132–134
,,	19	Heb.	1	6	,,	12	,,	135–136
,,	20	,,	2	7	,,	13	,,	137–138
,,	21	,,	3	8	,,	14	,,	139
,,	22	,,	4	9	Joel	1	,,	140–141
,,	23	,,	5	10	,,	2	,,	142
,,	24	,,	6	11	,,	3	,,	143
,,	25	,,	7	12	Amos	1	,,	144
1 Chr.	1–2	,,	8	13	,,	2	,,	145
,,	3–4	,,	9	14	,,	3	,,	146–147
,,	5–6	,,	10	15	,,	4	,,	148–150
,,	7–8	,,	11	16	,,	5	Lk.	1 to v. 38
,,	9–10	,,	12	17	,,	6	,,	1 v. 39
,,	11–12	,,	13	18	,,	7	,,	2
,,	13–14	James	1	19	,,	8	,,	3
,,	15	,,	2	20	,,	9	,,	4
,,	16	,,	3	21	Obadiah	1	,,	5
,,	17	,,	4	22	Jonah	1	,,	6
,,	18	,,	5	23	,,	2	,,	7
,,	19–20	1 Peter	1	24	,,	3	,,	8
,,	21	,,	2	25	,,	4	,,	9
,,	22	,,	3	26	Micah	1	,,	10
,,	23	,,	4	27	,,	2	,,	11
,,	24–25	,,	5	28	,,	3	,,	12
,,	26–27	2 Peter	1	29	,,	4	,,	13
,,	28	,,	2	30	,,	5	,,	14

DECEMBER.

THE LAW OF HIS GOD IS IN HIS HEART; NONE OF HIS STEPS SHALL SLIDE.

FAMILY.					SECRET.			
1 Chr.	29	2 Peter	3	1	Micah	6	Luke	15
2 Chr.	1	1 John	1	2	,,	7	,,	16
,,	2	,,	2	3	Nahum	1	,,	17
,,	3–4	,,	3	4	,,	2	,,	18
5–6 to v.	11	,,	4	5	,,	3	,,	19
6 v.	12	,,	5	6	Hab.	1	,,	20
,,	7	2 John	1	7	,,	2	,,	21
,,	8	3 John	1	8	,,	3	,,	22
,,	9	Jude	1	9	Zeph.	1	,,	23
,,	10	Rev.	1	10	,,	2	,,	24
,,	11–12	,,	2	11	,,	3	John	1
,,	13	,,	3	12	Haggai	1	,,	2
,,	14–15	,,	4	13	,,	2	,,	3
,,	16	,,	5	14	Zech.	1	,,	4
,,	17	,,	6	15	,,	2	,,	5
,,	18	,,	7	16	,,	3	,,	6
,,	19–20	,,	8	17	,,	4	,,	7
,,	21	,,	9	18	,,	5	,,	8
,,	22–23	,,	10	19	,,	6	,,	9
,,	24	,,	11	20	,,	7	,,	10
,,	25	,,	12	21	,,	8	,,	11
,,	26	,,	13	22	,,	9	,,	12
,,	27–28	,,	14	23	,,	10	,,	13
,,	29	,,	15	24	,,	11	,,	14
,,	30	,,	16	25	12–13 to v.	1	,,	15
,,	31	,,	17	26	13 v.	2	,,	16
,,	32	,,	18	27	,,	14	,,	17
,,	33	,,	19	28	Mal.	1	,,	18
,,	34	,,	20	29	,,	2	,,	19
,,	35	,,	21	30	,,	3	,,	20
,,	36	,,	22	31	,,	4	,,	21

SONGS OF ZION

SONGS OF ZION,

TO

CHEER AND GUIDE PILGRIMS ON THEIR WAY TO THE HEAVENLY JERUSALEM.

1. THE BARREN FIG-TREE.

WITHIN a vineyard's sunny bound
An ample fig-tree shelter found,
Enjoying sun and showers—
The boughs were graceful to the view,
With spreading leaves of deep-green hue,
And gaily blushing flowers.

When round the vintage season came,
This blooming fig was still the same,
As promising and fair;
But though the leaves were broad and green
No precious fruit was to be seen,
Because no fruit was there.

"For three long years," the master cried,
"Fruit on this tree to find I've tried,
But all in vain my toil;
Ungrateful tree! the axe's blow
Shall lay thy leafy honours low:
Why cumbers it the soil?"

"Ah! let it stand just one year more,"
The dresser said, "till all my store
Of rural arts I've shown:
About the massy roots I'll dig;
And if it bear, we've gained the fig,—
If not, then cut it down."

How many years hast thou, my heart,
Acted the barren fig-tree's part,
Leafy, and fresh, and fair,—
Enjoying heavenly dews of grace,
And sunny smiles from God's own face!
But where the fruit? ah! where?

How often must the Lord have prayed
That still my day might be delayed,
Till all due means were tried!
Afflictions, mercies, health, and pain,
How long shall these be all in vain
To teach this heart of pride!

Learn, O my soul, what God demands
Is not a faith like barren sands,
But fruit of heavenly hue.
By this we prove that Christ we know,
If in His holy steps we go:
Faith works by love, if true.

August 14, 1834.

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2. JEHOVAH TSIDKENU.

"THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS."

(*The watchword of the Reformers.*)

I ONCE was a stranger to grace and to God,
I knew not my danger, and felt not my load;
Though friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree,
Jehovah Tsidkenu was nothing to me.

I oft read with pleasure, to soothe or engage,
Isaiah's wild measure and John's simple page;
But e'en when they pictured the blood-sprinkled tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu seemed nothing to me.

Like tears from the daughters of Zion that roll,
I wept when the waters went over His soul;
Yet thought not that my sins had nailed to the tree
Jehovah Tsidkenu—'twas nothing to me.

When free grace awoke me, by light from on high,
Then legal fears shook me, I trembled to die;
No refuge, no safety in self could I see—
Jehovah Tsidkenu my Saviour must be.

My terrors all vanished before the sweet name;
My guilty fears banished, with boldness I came
To drink at the fountain, life-giving and free—
Jehovah Tsidkenu is all things to me.

Jehovah Tsidkenu! my treasure and boast,
Jehovah Tsidkenu! I ne'er can be lost;
In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field—
My cable, my anchor, my breastplate and shield!

Even treading the valley, the shadow of death,
This "watchword" shall rally my faltering breath;
For while from life's fever my God sets me free,
Jehovah Tsidkenu my death-song shall be.

November 18, 1834.

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3. "THEY SING THE SONG OF MOSES.

DARK was the night, the wind was high,
  The way by mortals never trod;
For God had made the channel dry,
  When faithful Moses stretched the rod.

The raging waves on either hand
  Stood like a massy tott'ring wall,
And on the heaven-defended band
  Refused to let the waters fall.

With anxious footsteps Israel trod
  The depths of that mysterious way;
Cheered by the pillar of their God.
  That shone for them with fav'ring ray.

But when they reached the opposing shore,
  As morning streaked the eastern sky,
They saw the billows hurry o'er
  The flower of Pharaoh's chivalry.

Then awful gladness filled the mind
  Of Israel's mighty ransomed throng,
And while they gazed on all behind,
  Their wonder burst into a song.

Thus, thy redeemed ones, Lord, on earth,
  While passing through this vale of weeping,
Mix holy trembling with their mirth,
  And anxious watching with their sleeping.

The night is dark, the storm is loud,
  The path no human strength can tread;
Jesus, be Thou the pillar-cloud,
  Heaven's light upon our path to shed.

And oh! when, life's dark journey o'er,
  And death's enshrouding valley past,
We plant our foot on yonder shore,
  And tread yon golden strand at last.

Shall we not see with deep amaze,
How grace hath led us safe along;
And whilst behind—before, we gaze,
Triumphant burst into a song!

And even on earth, though sore bested,
Fightings without, and fears within;
Sprinkled to-day from slavish dread,
To-morrow captive led by sin:

Yet would I lift my downcast eyes
On Thee, Thou brilliant tower of fire—
Thou dark cloud to mine enemies—
That hope may all my breast inspire.

And thus the Lord, my strength, I'll praise,
Though Satan and his legions rage;
And the sweet song of faith I'll raise,
To cheer me on my pilgrimage.

EDINBURGH, 1835.

4. ON MUNGO PARK'S FINDING A TUFT OF GREEN MOSS IN THE AFRICAN DESERT.

"Whatever way I turned, nothing appeared but danger and difficulty. I saw myself in the midst of a vast wilderness, in the depth of the rainy season, naked and alone, surrounded by savage animals, and men still more savage. I was five hundred miles from the nearest European settlement. At this moment, painful as my reflections were, the extraordinary beauty of a small moss in fructification irresistibly caught my eye. I mention this to show from what trifling circumstances the mind will sometimes derive consolation; for though the whole plant was not larger than the top of one of my fingers, I could not contemplate the delicate conformation of its roots, leaves, and capsule, without admiration. Can that Being, thought I, who planted, watered, and brought to perfection, in this obscure part of the world, a thing which appears of so small importance, look with unconcern upon the situation and sufferings of creatures formed after his own image? Surely not. I started up, and, disregarding both hunger and fatigue, travelled forward, assured that relief was at hand, and I was not disappointed."—PARK'S TRAVELS.

THE sun had reached his mid-day height,
And poured down floods of burning light
On Afric's barren land;
No cloudy veil obscured the sky,
And the hot breeze that struggled by
Was filled with glowing sand.

No mighty rock upreared its head,
To bless the wanderer with its shade,
In all the weary plain;
No palm-trees with refreshing green,
To glad the dazzled eye, were seen,
But one wide sandy main.

Dauntless and daring was the mind
That left all home-born joys behind
These deserts to explore—
To trace the mighty Niger's course,
And find it bubbling from its source,
In wilds untrod before.

And ah ! shall we less daring show,
Who nobler ends and motives know
Than ever heroes dream—
Who seek to lead the savage mind
The precious fountain-head to find
Whence flows salvation's stream ?

Let peril, nakedness, and sword,
Hot barren sands, and despot's word
Our burning zeal oppose—
Yet, Martyn-like, we'll lift the voice,
Bidding the wilderness rejoice
And blossom as the rose.

Sad, faint, and weary on the sand
Our traveller sat him down ; his hand
Covered his burning head.
Above, beneath, behind, around,—
No resting for the eye he found ;
All nature seemed as dead.

One tiny tuft of moss alone,
Mantling with freshest green a stone,
Fixed his delighted gaze :
Through bursting tears of joy he smiled,
And while he raised the tendril wild,
His lips o'erflowed with praise.

"Oh, shall not He who keeps thee green
Here in the waste, unknown, unseen,
Thy fellow-exile save ?
He who commands the dew to feed
Thy gentle flower, can surely lead
Me from a scorching grave !"

The heaven-sent plant new hope inspired—
New courage all his bosom fired,
And bore him safe along ;
Till with the evening's cooling shade
He slept within the verdant glade,
Lulled by the negro's song

Thus we in this world's wilderness,
Where sin and sorrow, guilt, distress,
Seem undisturbed to reign,
May faint because we feel alone,
With none to strike our favourite tone
And join our homeward strain.

Yet often in the bleakest wild
Of this dark world, some heaven-born child,
Expectant of the skies,
Amid the low and vicious crowd,
Or in the dwellings of the proud,
Meets our admiring eyes.

From gazing on the tender flower,
We lift our eyes to Him whose power
Hath all its beauty given;
Who, in this atmosphere of death,
Hath given it life, and form, and breath,
And brilliant hues of heaven.

Our drooping faith, revived by sight,
Anew her pinion plumes for flight.
New hope distends the breast;
With joy we mount on eagle wing,
With bolder tone our anthem sing,
And seek the pilgrim's rest.

March 1836.

5. "I AM DEBTOR."

When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,
When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I hear the wicked call
On the rocks and hills to fall,
When I see them start and shrink
On the fiery deluge brink,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know—
Not till then—how much I owe.

Even on earth, as through a glass
Darkly, let thy glory pass,
Make forgiveness feel so sweet,
Make thy Spirit's help so meet,
Even on earth, Lord, make me know
Something of how much I owe.

Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

Oft I walk beneath the cloud,
Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud;
But, when fear is at the height,
Jesus comes, and all is light:
Blessed Jesus! bid me show
Doubting saints how much I owe.

When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise;
The Spirit comes—the tempter flies;
Blessed Spirit! bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

Oft the nights of sorrow reign—
Weeping, sickness, sighing, pain,
But a night Thine anger burns—
Morning comes, and joy returns:
God of comforts! bid me show
To thy poor, how much I owe.

May 1837.

6. CHILDREN CALLED TO CHRIST.

Like mist on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee;
In the grave of our fathers
How soon we shall lie!
Dear children, to-day
To a Saviour fly.

How sweet are the flowerets
In April and May!
But often the frost makes
Them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade:
Are you ready to die?
While "yet there is room,"
To a Saviour fly.

When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord,
He slept in His smile
And rejoiced in His word:
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh:
Oh, seek Him in youth—
To a Saviour fly.

Do you ask me for pleasure?
Then lean on His breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry—
"If this be called dying,
'Tis pleasant to die!"

January 1, 1837.

7. "THY WORD IS A LAMP UNTO MY FEET, AND A LIGHT UNTO MY PATH."

When Israel knew not where to go,
God made the fiery pillar glow;
By night, by day, above the camp
It led the way—their guiding lamp:

Such is Thy holy word to me
In day of dark perplexity.
When devious paths before me spread,
And all invite my foot to tread,
I hear Thy voice behind me say—
"Believing soul, this is the way;
Walk thou in it." O gentle Dove,
How much Thy holy law I love!
My lamp and light
In the dark night.

When Paul amid the seas seemed lost,
By Adrian billows wildly tossed,
When neither sun nor star appeared,
And every wave its white head reared
Above the ship, beside his bed
An angel stood, and "Fear not" said.
Such is Thy holy word to me
When tossed upon affliction's sea:
When floods come in unto my soul,
And the deep waters o'er me roll,
With angel voice Thy word draws near
And says, "'Tis I, why shouldst thou fear?
Through troubles great My saints must go
Into their rest, where neither woe
Nor sin can come; where every tear
From off the cheek shall disappear,
Wiped by God's hand." O gentle Dove,
Thy holy law how much I love!
My lamp and light
In the dark night.

When holy Stephen dauntless stood
Before the Jews, who sought his blood.
With angel face he looked on high,
And wondering, through the parted sky,
Saw Jesus risen from His throne
To claim the martyr as His own.
Angelic peace that sight bestowed,
With holy joy his bosom glowed;
And while the murderous stones they hurled,
His heaven-wrapt soul sought yonder world
Of rest. "My spirit, Saviour, keep,"
He cried, he kneeled, he fell asleep.
Such be thy holy word to me
In hour of life's extremity!
Although no more the murdering hand
Is raised within our peaceful land—
The Church has rest, and I may ne'er
Be called the martyr's crown to wear:

Yet still, in whatsoever form
Death comes to me—in midnight storm
Whelming my bark, or in my nest,
Gently dismissing me to rest,—
O grant me in Thy word to see
A risen Saviour beckoning me.
No evil then my heart shall fear
In the dark valley. Thou art near!
My trembling soul and Thou, my God,
Alone are there; Thy staff and rod
Shall comfort me. O gentle Dove,
How much Thy holy law I love!
My lamp and light
In the dark night.

1838.

8. FOUNTAIN OF SILOAM.

ISA. viii. 6.

BENEATH Moriah's rocky side
A gentle fountain springs;
Silent and soft its waters glide,
Like the peace the Spirit brings.

The thirsty Arab stoops to drink
Of the cool and quiet wave;
And the thirsty spirit stops to think
Of Him who came to save.

Siloam is the fountain's name,
It means "*One sent from God*";
And thus the Holy Saviour's fame
It gently spreads abroad.

O grant that I, like this sweet well,
May Jesus' image bear,
And spend my life, my all, to tell
How full His mercies are.

Foot of Carmel, June 1839.

9. THE SEA OF GALILEE.

How pleasant to me thy deep blue wave,
O sea of Galilee!
For the glorious One who came to save
Hath often stood by thee.

Fair are the lakes in the land I love,
  Where pine and heather grow ;
But thou hast loveliness far above
  What Nature can bestow.

It is not that the wild gazelle
  Comes down to drink thy tide,
But He that was pierced to save from hell
  Oft wandered by thy side.

It is not that the fig-tree grows,
  And palms, in thy soft air,
But that Sharon's fair and bleeding Rose
  Once spread its fragrance there.

Graceful around thee the mountains meet,
  Thou calm reposing sea ;
But ah ! far more, the beautiful feet
  Of Jesus walked o'er thee.

These days are past—Bethsaida, where ?
  Chorazin, where art thou ?
His tent the wild Arab pitches there,
  The wild reeds shade thy brow.

Tell me, ye mouldering fragments, tell,
  Was the Saviour's city here ?
Lifted to heaven, has it sunk to hell,
  With none to shed a tear ?

Ah ! would my flock from thee might learn
  How days of grace will flee ;
How all an offered Christ who spurn,
  Shall mourn at last, like thee.

And was it beside this very sea,
  The new-risen Saviour said
Three times to Simon, "Lovest thou me ?
  My lambs and sheep, then, feed."

O Saviour ! gone to God's right hand !
  Yet the same Saviour still,
Graved on Thy heart is this lovely strand
  And every fragrant hill.

Oh ! give me, Lord, by this sacred wave,
  Threefold Thy love divine,
That I may feed, till I find my grave,
  Thy flock—both Thine and mine.

SEA OF GALILEE, *July* 16, 1839.

10. TO YONDER SIDE.

Luke viii. 22–25.

Behind the hills of Naphtali
  The sun went slowly down,
Leaving on mountain, tower, and tree,
  A tinge of golden brown.

The cooling breath of evening woke
  The waves of Galilee,
Till on the shore the waters broke
  In softest melody.

"Now launch the bark," the Saviour cried—
  The chosen twelve stood by—
"And let us cross to yonder side,
  Where the hills are steep and high."

Gently the bark o'er the water creeps,
  While the swelling sail they spread,
And the wearied Saviour gently sleeps
  With a pillow 'neath His head.

On downy bed the world seeks rest,
  Sleep flies the guilty eye;
But he who leans on the Father's breast
  May sleep when storms are nigh.

But soon the lowering sky grew dark
  O'er Bashan's rocky brow—
The storm rushed down upon the bark,
  And waves dashed o'er the prow.

The pale disciples trembling spake,
  While yawned the watery grave,
"We perish, Master! Master, wake!
  Carest Thou not to save?"

Calmly He rose with sovereign will,
  And hushed the storm to rest.
"Ye waves," He whispered, "Peace! be still!"
  They calmed like a pardoned breast.

So have I seen a fearful storm
  O'er wakened sinner roll,
Till Jesus' voice and Jesus' form
  Said, "Peace, thou weary soul."

And now He bends His gentle eye
His wondering followers o'er:
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, *To yonder shore.*"

When first the Saviour wakened me,
And showed me why He died,
He pointed o'er life's narrow sea,
And said, "*To yonder side.*"

"I am the ark where Noah dwelt,
And heard the deluge roar:
No soul can perish that has felt
My rest—*To yonder shore.*"

Peaceful and calm the tide of life,
When first I sailed with Thee—
My sins forgiven—no inward strife—
My breast a glassy sea.

But soon the storm of passion raves—
My soul is tempest-tossed—
Corruptions rise, like angry waves:
"Help, Master, I am lost!"

"Peace! peace! be still, thou raging breast,
My fulness is for thee"—
The Saviour speaks, and all is rest,
Like the waves of Galilee.

And now I feel His holy eye
Upbraids my heart of pride—
"Why raise this unbelieving cry?
I said, *To yonder side.*"

BEGUN AT THE LAKE OF GALILEE, *July* 15, 1839.

11. ON THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA IN THE BAY OF CARMEL.

O LORD, this swelling, tideless sea
Is like Thy love in Christ to me:
The ceaseless waves that fill the bay
Through flinty rocks have worn their way,
And Thy unceasing love alone
Hath broken through this heart of stone.
The countless smile that gilds the deep
When sunbeams on the water sleep,
Is like Thy countless smile of grace
When I am seen in Jesus' face.

No ebbing tide these waters know,
Pure, placid, constant in their flow:
No ebb Thy love to me hath known
Since first it chose me for Thine own.
Or if, perchance, at Thy command,
The wave retiring leaves the sand,
One moment all is dry, and then
It turns to fill the shore again:
So have I found Thy wondrous grace
Forsake my soul a little space;
Barren and cold, deserted, dry,
A helpless worm, to Thee I cry:
Thy face is hid a little while,
But with the morning comes Thy smile—
Jesus once more His beauty shows,
And all my heart with peace o'erflows.

These deep blue waters lave the shore
Of Israel, as in days of yore!
Though Zion like a field is ploughed,
And Salem's covered with a cloud—
Though briers and thorns are tangled o'er,
Where vine and olive twined before—
Though turbaned Moslems tread the gate,
And Judah sits most desolate—
Their nets o'er Tyre the fishers spread,
And Carmel's top is withered—
Yet still these waters clasp the shore
As kindly as they did before!
Such is Thy love to Judah's race,
A deep unchanging tide of grace.
Though scattered now at Thy command,
They pine away in every land,
With trembling heart and failing eyes,
And deep the veil on Israel lies,
Yet still Thy word Thou canst not break,
"Beloved for their father's sake."

July 18, 1839, NEAR ACRE.

12. THE CHILD COMING TO JESUS.

SUFFER me to come to Jesus,
Mother, dear, forbid me not;
By His blood from hell He frees us,
Makes us fair without a spot.

Suffer me, my earthly father,
  At His pierced feet to fall:
Why forbid me? help me, rather;
  Jesus is my all in all.

Suffer me to run unto Him:
  Gentle sisters, come with me.
Oh that all I love but knew Him!
  Then my home a heaven would be.

Loving playmates, gay and smiling,
  Bid me not forsake the cross;
Hard to bear is your reviling,
  Yet for Jesus all is dross.

Yes, though all the world have chid me,
  Father, mother, sister, friend—
Jesus never will forbid me!
  Jesus loves me to the end!

Gentle Shepherd, on Thy shoulder
  Carry me, a sinful lamb;
Give me faith, and make me bolder,
  Till with Thee in heaven I am.

July 1841.

13. OIL IN THE LAMP.

FOR A SABBATH CLASS.

MATT. XXV. 1-13.

TEN virgins, clothed in white,
  The Bridegroom went to meet;
Their lamps were burning bright
  To guide His welcome feet.

Five of the band were wise—
  Their lamps with oil filled high
The rest this care despise,
  And take their vessels dry.

Long time the Lord abode—
  Down came the shades of night—
The weary virgins nod,
  And then they sleep outright.

At midnight came the cry
  Upon their startled ear:
Behold the Bridegroom nigh,
  To light His steps appear!

They trim their lamps; in vain
  The foolish virgins toil:
Our lamps are out, O deign
  To give us of your oil!

Not so, the wise ones cry,
  No oil have we to spare;
But swiftly run and buy,
  That you the joy may share.

They went to buy, when lo!
  The Bridegroom comes in state;
Within those ready go,
  And shut the golden gate.

The foolish virgins now
  Before the gateway crowd;
With terror on their brow
  They knock and cry aloud:

"Lord, open to our call—
  Hast Thou our names forgot?"
Sadly the accents fall—
  "Depart, I know you not."

Learn here, my child, how vain
  This world, with all its lies:
Those who the kingdom gain
  Alone are truly wise.

How vain the Christian name,
  If still you live in sin:
A lamp and wick and flame,
  No drop of oil within!

Is your lamp filled, my child,
  With oil from Christ above?
Has He your heart, so wild,
  Made soft and full of love?

Then you are ready now
  With Christ to enter in;
To see His holy brow,
  And bid farewell to sin.

Sinners! behold the gate
  Of Jesus open still;
Come, ere it be too late,
  And enter if you will.

The Saviour's gentle hand
  Knocks at your door to-day;
But vain His loud demand—
  You spurn His love away.

So at the Saviour's door
  You'll knock, with trembling heart:
The day of mercy o'er,
  Jesus will say—Depart.

1841.

14. ON J. T., A BELIEVING BOY,

Who died Feb. 1842.

I LITTLE thought, when last we met,
Thy sun on earth was nearly set:
I said what I can ne'er forget,
    "Dear boy, we'll meet again."

Though thou wert tossed upon thy bed,
And sometimes criedst, "My head, my head!"
Yet still the smile came back—I said,
    "Fair boy, we'll meet again."

No hope thy weeping mother had,
Thy sister's face was pale and sad,
But thine was always bright and glad—
    Dear boy, we'll meet again.

"'Twas kind," thou saidst, "in God to die
For worms like me. Once I would fly
A darkened room—now Christ is nigh,"—
    Fair boy, we'll meet again.

"I love you well, my mother dear—
I love you all, yet shed no tear—
I'd rather be with Christ than here—
    Farewell, we'll meet again.

"I fain would live to preach to men;
But if my God should spare till then,
I would be loth to die again"—
    Dear boy, we'll meet again.

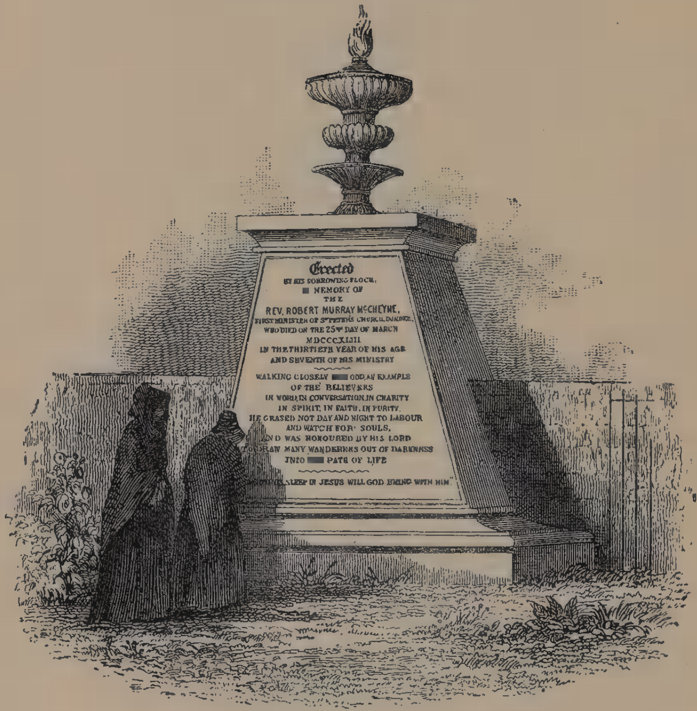
The Sabbath-sun rose bright and clear
When thine was setting on us here,
To shine more bright in yonder sphere—
    Farewell, we'll meet again.

I stood beside thy silent bed :
Thy marble brow was cold and dead,
Thy gentle soul was fled—was fled—
Dear boy, we'll meet again.

I saw thee in thy narrow rest,
The clods upon thy coffin pressed ;
The clouds dropped tears, yet in my breast
God said, "We'll meet again."

Yes, parents, smile through all your tears ;
A crown of life your darling wears ;
The grave a shady porch appears,
To where we'll meet again.

The precious dust beneath that lies,
Shall at the call of Jesus rise,
To meet the Bridegroom in the skies,
That day we'll meet again.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AND SEVENTH OF HIS MINISTRY
WALKING CLOSELY [illegible] GOD, AN EXAMPLE
OF THE BELIEVERS
IN WORD, IN CONVERSATION, IN CHARITY
IN SPIRIT, IN FAITH, IN PURITY,
HE CEASED NOT DAY AND NIGHT TO LABOUR
AND WATCH FOR SOULS,
AND WAS HONOURED BY HIS LORD
TO DRAW MANY WANDERERS OUT OF DARKNESS
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